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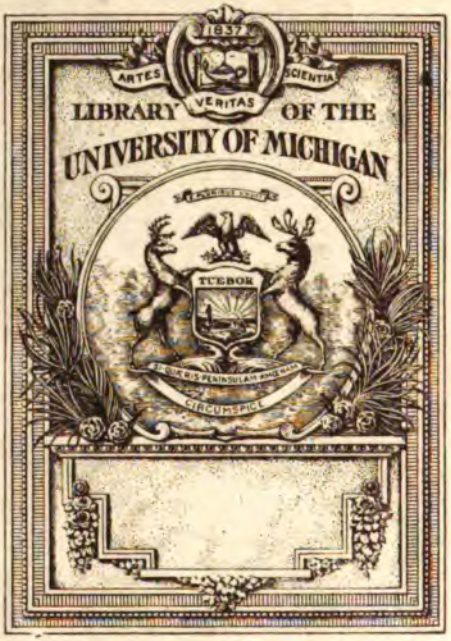


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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CV. APRIL, 1917. No. 625.

## THE FAILURE OF MODERN EDUCATION.

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, A.M.

TODAY modern education does everything for the child except to educate him. City budgets are loaded down with million dollar items for education; wonderful buildings containing shops, foundries, gymnasia and swimming pools are built and maintained at great cost; speech clinics, eye and ear clinics, lunch kitchens, dental service, experimental stations and other innovations are established and kept in operation; thousands of men and women are employed as teachers and supervisors; hundreds of specialists are assigned, at high salaries, to manage and improve the educational machine with all its multiple and intricate parts—in a word, everything humanly possible is done to provide the materials for educating. Yet when the product of this Gargantuan labor is placed under the eyeglass of practical men, it is seen that the ponderous machine has turned out merely an ill-trained youth, a few steps removed from illiteracy! "*Mons laborat,* ***nascitur riduculus mus.***"

In New York City alone the cost of public education totals more than $42,000,000.00 annually. The buildings are erected in the most modern style with cooking-rooms, workshops and playgrounds. There are employed 18,155 women and 2,813 men as teachers and supervisors. The salaries for 1917 will amount to $31,415,521.47. Yet despite this enormous expenditure of $42,000,000.00 per annum, plus the amount for buildings and equip-

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ment of former years, the return, in terms of education, is so small, so comparatively insignificant from a business viewpoint, as to stamp the whole investment one of the most colossal failures of modern times.

It is not necessary to search far for evidence to show this failure. Take a representative class graduated from an elementary school. Give them a list of fifty ordinary words such as *their, business, believe* and others of like difficulty. You will find, as the writer has found in numerous tests, that invariably more than forty per cent of the class cannot spell correctly the commonly used words of everyday life. Yet the training of the elementary school represents eight years of the child's life. Make the tests on other grounds—in arithmetic. Ask the elementary school graduate a problem such as this: If three men can do a piece of work in five days, how long will it take two men to do the same piece of work? You will discover that the ordinary pupil finds it difficult to do such an example. Yet the elementary school has worked upon him for eight years, and after the application of all its intensive methods can obtain no better results than this! And the same inefficiency exists in all other subjects in which we might reasonably expect the elementary school graduate to be grounded.

Nor is this evidence of meagre results to be found only in the products of the elementary system. Mr. Abraham Flexner, a member of the New York City Board of Education, in his monograph, *A Modern School,* states the case of high school graduates as follows: "Now in the examinations held by the College Entrance Board in 1915, seventy-six and six-tenths per cent of the candidates failed to make a mark of sixty per cent in Cicero; seventy-five per cent failed to make a mark of sixty per cent in the first six books of Virgil; every line of which they had personally read and re-read; sixty-nine and seven-tenths per cent of these examined in algebra from quadratics on failed to make as much as sixty per cent. Forty-two and four-tenths per cent failed to make sixty per cent in geometry. What would the record be if all who studied these subjects were thus examined by an impartial outside body?"

Surely such a record of inefficiency is alarming. It must be kept in mind, too, while considering these facts, that this training represents four years of intensive study; that these pupils represent the cream of the high school student body; that they have been taught by instructors supposedly specialists in their respective studies.

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Professor George Trumbull Ladd of Yale, writing on the fads and fancies of education, recently declared: "As to correct spelling, whether by eye or ear, the case is at present so hopeless that the high school or even the college graduate who can spell correctly is, to the reader of examination papers, a somewhat rare phenomenon." The same writer, in speaking of the Rhoades scholars from the United States at Oxford, said that he had received reports that "almost without exception they proved to have received in this country no thorough training in the very elements of the subjects in which they wished to specialize."

This evidence, and other facts clearly patent to the observer of modern education, point to causes that lie deep and extend universally. If the mental inefficiency, which marks the product of our present system of education, were confined to one locality, it might be laid to regional shortcomings, such as bad methods, mismanagement or poor teaching. If this were so the evil would resolve itself into a matter of some simplicity and be easy of correction. But no person who is closely attentive to conditions as they exist in education can reasonably hold that such is the case. Our vast, ponderous and extremely expensive education is producing young men and young women, who, to use a strong term in a modified sense, are mental incompetents, and this inefficiency is not limited to place or system. It is an undeniable though disagreeable fact that the child today is turned out from the schools throughout the country untrained in discipline, overburdened with unnecessary and useless information, and wholly unaccustomed to vigorous mental work. He will tell you of his "science" studies, and fail to do your simple sum in addition; he will enumerate the hours spent in clay modeling or farming or printing or foundry work, and write you a letter that is offensive in taste and ridiculous in inaccuracy; he will explain his work in studying French or German, and to your inquiry as to his reading, inform you of the latest Chaplin "movie" or the "funny" series now running in the comic section of his favorite newspaper. These are facts—not fancies—and when they appear so consistently and so universally, the conclusion must follow that they are the results of causes deep-seated and in no way accidental.

What are these causes? It is a comparatively easy thing to point out the effects, especially when they are so apparent. It is another and much more difficult problem to trace back the *modus operandi* to which these results may be attributed. Many attempts

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have been made to solve this problem, but their results have been in terms of heat rather than of light. A very definite stand in the matter has been taken recently by a group of prominent educators who wield great influence in shaping educational thought. This school, if such term might be used, holds that the influence of tradition is the underlying reason for the failure of our education to attain worth while results. It declares that tradition and not present needs is the dominant factor in shaping our curricula, and as such exerts too great an influence. Dr. Charles Eliot, in a paper published recently by the Rockefeller General Education Board, holds that tradition is the root of all the trouble in our secondary schools. He feels that many subjects are taught, not because they are needed, but because other ages have insisted upon them. A more aggressive advocate of this belief, that our education is wrong because based upon tradition, is Dr. Abraham Flexner,

Taking up the point made by Dr. Eliot, Mr. Flexner goes much farther and carries it to far-reaching conclusions. Tradition, he holds, is bad, and he would eliminate it entirely from his system of studies. He holds that our children study useless subjects, because an antiquated ideal of education calls for their inclusion in the course of study, and not because of any value they possess in preparing the child for everyday life. Taking only those "studies that serve real purposes," he builds up a curriculum, which he calls "A Modern School." All formal studies, such as Latin and Greek, or geometry, find no place in this new school. The basis of the new education, he places on four points, "science, industry, æsthetics and civics," with science "the central and dominating feature of the school."

Mr. Flexner's paper contains much food for thought, and, issued as it is by the powerful General Education Board, will exert a strong influence in shaping modern education. In his estimate of the impotentiality of present educational processes he strikes the truth in showing their general weakness and inefficiency. In his attempt, however, to correct these evils, by rejecting all tradition as an educational factor, he commits many grave errors which cannot be discussed at length here.

The proposals of these educators are ideal in purpose. They aim at the development of intellectual power. But a close analysis of their plans shows that this end cannot be adequately attained by the means they propose. In rejecting all aid from tradition, and

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grounding their school on science, industry, æsthetics and civics, they court the danger of confusing thinking power and knowledge-power. Mere information is knowledge power; the ability to use it is thinking power. The aim of education is the development of that thinking power. But this aim is necessarily endangered when all purely formal studies are laid aside for those which at most consist of the collation and assimilation of facts, and not in the conversion of these facts into terms of original thought. For this reason any such plans must fail to remedy conditions.

The very real defects in our present-day education cannot be cured by the mere *substitution* of "modern subjects" in our course of study. The quarrel is not with tradition. The real reason why our education is a failure is because its curriculum is based upon false principles of psychology—principles that are more readable than practicable. These ideals govern education today; they are "modern" and under that guise universally accepted. But in the light of actual results they cannot be justified. Succinctly, the failure of our education may be ascribed to two underlying causes: First. The principle that interest alone should govern the choice of subject. Second. The attempt to accomplish too much.

There are many other causes contributing to exert a baneful influence in our present educational work, but these are the fountain heads of most of our present troubles.

The most sacred principle of modern educational psychology is that interest should determine the choice and study of a subject. According to this idea, if a subject does not appeal to the imagination of the child, then that subject has no place in the class-room and must be eliminated from the curriculum. Therefore, courses of study have been planned, not on the theory that the child must learn to overcome things that are difficult and thereby gain in mental and moral strength, but that he will do things because they interest him. Under the present plan of education, that seems to have as its ideal the creation of dabblers in the manual arts, real mental discipline has been removed by the elimination and curtailment of those subjects which exercise the child's mentality and provide intellectual development by drill and application. The more substantial subjects, such as spelling and arithmetic, have been robbed of their effectiveness by mere presentation under attractive guise, instead of by the less attractive but more effective way of constant repetition and drill. Subjects are merely placed before the child—the whole course of study being kaleidoscopic

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in presentation, changing and shifting in new combinations and blendings in order to hold the interest of the child, now a mere observer and no longer a student. In a great number of our schools the children spend eighty minutes a day in sculpture, printing or carpentry and only fifty minutes a week in spelling. And, moreover, the child at eight or nine is allowed to choose the subject he desires to study.

A very concrete example of this tendency to make education merely a matter of interest or choice is to be found in a recently published syllabus issued for the New York City high schools. According to this new recommendation the only required subjects for a four years' course in the secondary schools are English, music and physical training! The others are all at the whim of the boy of twelve, to be accepted or rejected as he pleases. Under this arrangement the students have it within their power to eliminate any subject from the school by refusing to take it as an elective. If there are no pupils, there will be no need of teachers. As a consequence the instructors in subjects, which require mental discipline, such as Latin or mathematics, will be forced to offer attractions to win the approval of their whimsical masters. The whole educational system thus becomes a great bargain counter, and mental and moral training a joke.

Now, it would be contrary to common sense to disclaim absolutely against the value and use of interest as an educational instrument. It is one of the strongest influences working toward perfection in all lines of endeavor. We all do better in those subjects which we like and which hold our interest. But is it wise to make the boy's interest, the child's judgment, or the girl's imagination the measure of a subject's power to discipline mentally? Is it not true that many subjects at first glance seem to be difficult, and yet are truly interesting because of the mental exhilaration they give in return for hard work. Is it possible that a boy's muscles will be better developed by motoring rather than by walking? Yet this is what we are doing in education today. With the sole idea of developing our youth to sturdiness in mind and body, we start him on his journey, hoping that he will develop, under kindly instruction, strength for the rough of life. Yet from the beginning of his trip we allow him to climb aboard a sight-seeing omnibus and permit him to name the journey and its length. At the end of the trip which brings him merely to the foothills of life, we call upon him to get down from his pleasant caravan and begin with unused

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muscles the arduous climb. Is it fair, after all, that this should be so?

Yet that is exactly what our education is doing! As a consequence of this tendency to appeal to the child solely on the ground of his liking the work, we are eliminating from his course of study all subjects that tend to train his will, nourish his power of persistence and develop his determination to succeed against odds.

He now leaves school, not having learned the real lesson of education, the true secret of success—the value of hard work. Instead he is filled with vague ideas of the subject in which he has dabbled. If he has been trained at all it is, in most instances, merely in the use of the eye, the hand or the ear, with no training in the things that really count, the mind—and more important than all, the will. It is little wonder, then, that we find him sorely tried when he is called upon to do any prolonged thinking or acting that requires determination and perseverance. When he does learn this lesson, it is most times at the hand of bitter experience. And it is just for this reason—to obviate the payment of such a price—that education has been instituted.

This fear to give the child real work in the essentials of reading, spelling and arithmetic, because such drilling may not prove interesting, is one of the fundamental defects of our present system. To it may be traced much of the slovenly work of the school graduate, who spells poorly and figures worse. When the realization comes that mere knowledge is not education, then will our education begin to show fruitful results. The first step to be taken is to insist upon the teaching and drill, to the greatest possible degree, of those elementary subjects which the child must know in order to begin his work in the world. Rather have the child's will bent early to obedience and his mind to hard work than allow him an unwise freedom that eventually weakens his will and intellect, and leaves him unwilling and incompetent to do intensive work.

Life in its essence means struggle, and any education that would fit the child for life must contain some of the very elements of life, in order to afford true discipline of mind and body. It must be firm, rigorous and substantial. Until these qualities are insisted upon, and as long as education is made a sight-seeing trip, instead of a period of vigorous training, education must and will continue to be a failure. "A school or system of education," writes Dr. Thomas S. Baker in a timely article, "that does not place responsibility on the boys themselves, that attempts to present all the ma-

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terials of instruction in such a way that little or no effort is required on their part, is sure to produce spineless and incompetent men."

Second. The second serious defect is the attempt of modern education to do too much. This is a serious evil that has crept into our system under the guise of good. Formerly the child in the elementary school was trained in few subjects. He had his speller, his reader, his arithmetic, and in the upper grades his history and geography. This, with the addition of a hygiene book, constituted the range of his subjects. The sense impressions he received were consequently within this comparatively simple range, and for that reason readily assimilated, and firmly retained. It requires no proof from psychology to support the statement that the child's mind is greatly limited, and can retain only up to a certain capacity. Now, while he can and does appreciate an extended variety of subjects, he cannot digest or retain them with any degree of accuracy or profit after their passing. For example, if a child can remember clearly five sense impressions with profit, and he is shown ten or fifteen in the same period of time, he gains not a knowledge of fifteen, nor a clear concept of five, but a blurred impression, that is of no value, from all. He probably knows something in a confused way of each, and nothing accurately of any. It is as though a large spigot were turned on quickly upon a small glass—much water flows, but little is retained.

Such is the evil of modern education—much education flows, but little is retained. In order to do much for the child, the educators are overwhelming him with a multitude of subjects which leave imperfect and transient sense impressions. They are conscious of only how much they are giving the pupil, and not how much he is retaining accurately. That this is true can be readily seen from a cursory examination of the work the teacher is called upon to do every day of the school year. The following is a sample, taken at random from a practical teacher's plan book, of the daily programme in a New York City elementary school. It is the day's work for a 4A Class, that is, for a group of children of about ten years of age.

At the ringing of the bell at nine o'clock the class salutes the flag and a number of pupils recite some poems. From 9:15 to 9:25 the pupils correct their home work. The next forty-five minutes are devoted to mental and written arithmetic. The children read numbers from 1 to 100,000 and review Roman numbers to L. They

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then count by twos and threes around the room. Then they read dollar and cent signs and are drilled on quarts, pints and gallon measures. They take up the terms multiplicand, multiplier and product and study the simpler fractions. After this the children do some problems in long division and multiplication.

At 10:10 spelling is taken up. There is a review of six words previously given besides the presentation of five new words. At 10:30 spelling gives way to phonics, and the pupils study various word sounds. From 11 to 11:30 reading is taken up, followed by a language lesson in which the teacher reviews dates, and drills the children in verb formation, the plurals of nouns and the formation of sentences. At one o'clock there is practice in penmanship and various lines and curves are taught. At 1:30 the pupils begin a drawing period during which they draw trees as they are at that season of the year. Drawing is followed by a twenty-eight minute session of geography, and the children now study the compass, coast line, oceans, islands and peninsulas. The next twenty minutes are given to supplementary reading. At three o'clock the classes are then dismissed.

When one stops to analyze such a programme, he will be astounded at the vast amount of subject matter that it covers, and the complexity of sense impressions that its teaching necessitates. When he remembers that each class contains on an average over fifty pupils, he will readily understand how impossible it is for a teacher to ground any particular pupil in the work in which he may be deficient. It is a fact that teachers find it very difficult even to get through the programme on time, with no consideration at all of the weaker members of the class, who must follow as best they can or fall by the wayside.

Besides, this is a sypnopsis of a comparatively simple programme especially when it is compared with those in force in the upper grades or in the Garyized schools where many more subjects such as German, science, wood-making and other manual tasks are taken up. As it is, the plan here given omits music and drawing—two subjects required by the present curriculum.

It is clear that there is altogether too much prescribed in such a plan for one day's work. The matter covered on scheduled time is too intensive, too diversified to allow of its being thoroughly mastered by the child. He is swung along at express speed, and gets only a blurred impression of the subjects presented to him. The schedule must be maintained, at all costs, and as a consequence

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the teacher has no time in which to give any real drill in the subjects which present some difficulty to the pupils. The matter prescribed is merely presented to the child and then whirled away to give place to another subject. The pupil is sacrificed to a system in which speed and surface area are considered of greater value than less matter and more mastery.

The thinking parent, who realizes the true needs of his child, finds it hard, under these conditions, to justify the present curricula demanded by modern education. He finds it difficult to see why geometry or algebra is brought down from the high school, and given to the child who is not yet the master of addition, subtraction and division. He is at a loss to understand why chemistry, physics, botany, zoölogy in their abstract terms are taught to the child who is woefully weak in spelling and writing. He cannot see the good sense of giving the child a smattering of German or French when he does not know the elements of his own tongue.

Yet these conditions actually exist. In order to "speed up" education, the modern educators have placed chemistry, biology, zoölogy, physics, geometry, algebra, German and French in the course of studies for elementary schools. But the more serious evil lies in this: That the introduction of these subjects crowds out the less attractive but more valuable ones, and allows no time for drill on the essential principles of practical fundamentals. The remedy here is clearly apparent. There should be no hesitancy to disregard and reject entirely those merely informative subjects, which the child can and does learn from other sources. The cure does not lie in the *substitution* or *addition* of subjects, but in the *elimination* of many. Let the course of study be simplified; give the child a short range of subjects and a thorough training in each division, so that he comes as near as possible to a mastery of the work assigned to him. The value of this, namely, that the child has consciously perfected himself in a subject is immeasurable. Perfection begets perfection; by mastering one subject, the child is given a standard measure that shapes and determines his efforts in other problems. Having learned to do *one* thing well, he acquires the habit of doing all things well. He obtains a greater ability also, for the memory, intellect and will, thus developed by rigorous training in one subject, becomes all the keener in the mastery of the others. The confidence that comes to the boy after such training is an asset that is the very essence of success. Anyone who objects to the simplification of our course of study, puts himself down

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as one who is opposed to the principle that one thing well done is better than many ill done.

It must be clear, from these considerations, that real substantial changes are needed in our present system of education if it is to be freed from its "old man of the sea." These changes must go to the root of the trouble and be constructive in effect. They might be simply stated under two heads: First, let the training in our schools be real, vigorous training, firm but kind, and exempt from all coddling and pampering of the child. In speaking on education and behavior, Professor James has said, "In the last analysis, it (education) consists in the organizing of resources in the human being, of powers of conduct which shall fit him to his social physical world." If this is the end of education then we must be careful to see that the means used to attain that end are proper and efficient. Life means conduct, and conduct to be sane and helpful can be attained only after vigorous discipline of mind and body. This must be the determinant in education, discipline and interest, rather than interest alone. Second, we must clear the courses of study of all subjects not absolutely essential to the training of the child. The child has only a limited amount of time and energy, and both should be used to further the acquisition of those traits of character, and to insure the development of those habits of mind and soul, which will enable the child to reach the highest efficiency in his proper sphere of life, and give him power by the mastery of a limited number of subjects to be equal and superior to the demands of his environment.

If these recommendations of work, simplicity and continuity are insisted upon, the school graduate will go forth better equipped for life. He will probably be less informed than the present-day pupil, but he will be able to do more, because he will have the trained tools acquired by real discipline, and not the useless impedimenta of mere information. His educational dress may not be so showy as that of the boy of today, but it will wear longer and give better service.

After all, homespun and not silks and satins, is the proper clothing for the child who must work for his daily bread.

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## GRATITUDE.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

How shall I answer God and stand,
My naked life within my hand,
To plead upon the Judgment Day?
Seeing the glory in array
Of cherubim and seraphim,
What answer shall I give to Him?

I was too dull of heart and sense
To read His cryptic providence:
The intricate and strange device
Was hidden from my foolish eyes.
My gratitude could not reach up
To the sharing of His awful cup,
The blinding light of mystery,
And the painful pomp of sanctity.

But since as a happy child I went
With love and laughter and content
Along the road of simple things,
Making no idle questionings;
Since young and careless I did keep
The cool and cloistered halls of sleep,
And took my daily drink and food,
Finding them very, very good—
God may, perhaps, be pleased to see
Such signs of sheer felicity.

But if I somehow should be given
An attic in His storied Heaven,
I'm sure I should be far apart
From Catherine of the wounded heart,
Teresa of the flaming soul,
And Bruno's sevenfold aureole;
And be told, of course, I'm not to mix
With the Bernards or the Dominics,
Nor thrust my company upon
St. Michael or the great St. John.

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Yet God may grant it me to sit
And sing (with little skill or wit)
My intimate canticles of praise
For all life's dear and gracious days;
Though hardly a single syllable
Of what St. Raphael has to tell,
The triumphs of the cosmic wars,
The raptures and the jewelled scars
Of the high lords of martyrdom—
Hardly a word of this will come
To strike my understanding ear,
Hardly a single word, I fear!

But woe upon the Judgment Day
If my heart gladdened not at May;
Nor woke to hear with the waking birds
The morning's sweet and winsome words;
Nor loved to see laburnums fling
Their pennons to the winds of Spring;
Nor watched among the expectant grass
The Summer's painted pageant pass;
Nor thrilled with blithe beatitude
Within a fiery Autumn wood;
Or when each separate twig did lie
Etched sharp upon the wintry sky.
If out of all my sunny hours
I brought no chaplet of their flowers;
If I gave no kiss to His lovely feet
When They shone as poppies in the wheat;
If no rose to me was a mystic rose,
No Snow was whiter than the snows;
If in my baseness I let fall
At once His cross and His carnival—
Then I must take my ungrateful head
To where the lakes of Hell burn red.

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# SOCIALISM AND THE SERVILE STATE.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

## I.

TWO marks attach to every great change in history. The first is obvious to all. It consists in an accumulation and convergence of forces that are clearly incompatible with a still existing scheme of social arrangement. That scheme only continues to survive as a whole legal theory; parts of it, less menaced than others, outlast the rest for varying periods. But one by one each part so surviving collapses, as remaining patches of snow melt in spring, and at last the legal theory of the old state alone outlasts the disappearance of every reality upon which it formerly reposed. Thus the economic arrangement of European society was visibly doomed to change in the seventh and eighth centuries. The slave was less and less a mere slave and more and more a peasant. The independent landowner more and more caught into a web of interdependence upon greater men above him and towards lesser men below. The law presupposed and still attempted to work on the theory, once a reality, of a central government dealing only with freemen and their chattels. The social facts made that law with every passing generation vainer and yet more vain. Such is the first mark of a great moment of transition, and it is apparent to all.

The second mark consists in this: That men meet the transition through which their society is passing with varying degrees of creative determination. They do not plan the future securely, as a rule, and the extent to which they do so plan it differs to an indefinite extent: it runs from a complete negligence to a sharp and definite creed, productive of an equally definite re-arrangement.

In proportion as the men of any particular time of transition seize the greatness of their moment and perceive both the dissolution of an old arrangement and the opportunities which such a flux affords for a re-settlement, in that proportion are they likely to emerge from the change satisfied and well-poised for a long new era of well-ordered life.

Now it is very clear that the social arrangements of what is

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called "Industrial" Society are passing through a transition of this kind.

It is as well, at the outset of our observations, to remark that Industrial Society, that is, society organized under centralized capital in few hands, and depending for its physical energy upon a proletariat, is not universal—nor anything like universal. It is peculiar to certain portions only of the earth's surface, small portions, and countries which (in spite of current journalistic and financial illusions on the matter) are in no position to impose their will by arms upon the rest.

But as far, for instance, as modern England is concerned, Industrial Society is universal, and modern England is a state to which all the diseases of Industrial Society, all its imminence of change, all the opportunities of it and all the perils of it exactly apply. Much the same is true of the United States of America.

That an old scheme of things is breaking down in the industrial civilization of our time is plain to everyone. But the greatness of the moment lies in its creative opportunity; the fatal line which future industrial developments will take, if we do not appreciate that greatness, is what most men do not observe.

In every department of our lives the old machine is taking for granted a state of society which no longer exists: and that is always a legal feature accompanying change. Thus we punish such primitive forms of fraud, of monopoly, of political corruption as the seventeenth century knew; many of our major modern forms of these things go unpunished. Again, we provide for breach of contract penalties which suppose two economically free contractors, each liable to confiscation to the advantage of the other if he breaks his contract. But the enormous industrial contract of our time has for one party to the bargain a group of millions who are not economically free, and who are, therefore, alive to no such sanctions. It is the same throughout the whole range of industrial activity in England or America today.

A change, therefore, is actually upon us. We are, as is nearly always the case, achieving it in social practice before we deal with it in forms of law. But what we do not grasp is the magnitude of the business we are at. And because we do not grasp it we do not admit into this revolution of ours (for it is no less) the due element of conscious will without which no human affair, collective or individual, can properly be brought to a human conclusion.

As yet two schools alone—schools of minorities, and schools

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whose creeds are very imperfectly grasped by the mass of men—are attempting a definite reconstruction, a creation of the will in this great moment and opportunity of ours.

The first of these schools is the Socialist School. The second has grown out of the Socialist School under the pressure of real things, but is by this time perfectly distinct and even contradictory to it. It may be called the Servile School. A third issue, and one to which as yet no name attaches, is of even greater moment than the Socialist theory or the imperfect servile practice in new legislation. It may be called the Distributive or Associative State: that is, a State organized economically along the lines imperfectly achieved, but aimed at, by the Middle Ages. The ideal standing before this issue from our economic anarchy is a State based upon a wide distribution of the means of production among a determining number of the families that build up a State. Such a distribution (it is maintained) is normal to the human temper and to all we know of human conduct in the past. It is rendered stable by the coöperative instinct which a popular experience of property breeds, it is the only economic arrangement consonant with personal liberty, and it has behind it the weighty concrete argument of historical experience. It is an ideal to which I myself adhere.

That such an economic arrangement can be developed out of the present economic anarchy will be the prime thesis of this article; secondly, it will also be its thesis that, should it be developed, it would permanently establish a secure basis for the economic well-being of the families that build up the State; thirdly, that if so excellent an issue is to be determined it must be determined *now*—for the greatness of our moment consists in this: that we have a very high opportunity, but an opportunity very limited in time. Let the moment pass, not the Socialist, but the Servile State is the only other and necessary consequence following upon our negligence.

## II.

The Socialist contention is that economic circumstance is the master of social development, or at any rate the great conditioning factor of it: that the human will is impotent to change the major economic conditions of the moment; that they must be recognized as absolute before we attempt a reform; that we must pour into them, as into a sort of mold, whatever new society we desire to

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make; that we can change the stuff of economic society, as it were, but not its shape. Socialists see the means of production in few hands; they see the means of production getting into fewer hands still; they see the mass of men proletarian—that is, dependent for life upon doles normally equivalent to mere subsistence, and offered to the majority in very small amounts and at very infrequent intervals, by the minority, out of the total produce of labor.

All this they conceive as being unchangeable. It is economic fact and its own master. In its present form it is, of course, intolerable, for it means that the great mass of men have no certainty for the morrow, and a large minority—an increasing one—has not only no certainty, but not even a sufficiency of mere subsistence. The result is the abomination of poverty we see around us.

The Socialist, regarding the major lines of this as immutable and seeking to make life tolerable again, picks out what is, in his view, not immutable but subject to direct human enactment. "Let the means of production," he says, "be taken from the minority that now possesses them. Let their possession be vested in the State, and let the machinery of production be controlled by men elected as our politicians are elected today for public office. Then will the whole matter be solved. There will be no uncertainty, for the elected politicians who will control the machine of industry will have no competitive motive, and, being elected by the mass, will see to it that the mass has a sufficiency given it out of the total produce of labor. Given that, the control of the elected politicians by the masses could be sufficiently exact," says the Socialist, "and everything that man requires of his economic effort is fulfilled under this scheme. It would be possible (always supposing the politicians to be in a sufficient dread of the public and that public to be just to minorities) to enrich the whole of life, to give leisure to every family, to remove every sort of insecurity, save such as cannot be detached from the duration of human life."

In his contention that the machine, with its great body of permanent officials and elected politicians to control them, would provide a minimum and secure a minimum for a time, the Socialist is by every analogy of social history right. In every prison, school, workhouse, we can see for ourselves officials working such machines without too much self-seeking, and controlled by a system of checks from too much private advantage.

In his contention that the means of production are in a very few hands, and are tending, under our system of morals, to get into



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fewer hands, the Socialist is again right; and nothing is more futile or comic than the attempts men make to meet the Socialist contention by any denial of this, and by pictures of the present State which pretend it to have as a "backbone" something called the "public"—a mass of citizens, owning and contented and free.

The Socialist is right in much of his protest against the organization of present-day society, and in his contention that the new machine he advocates would eliminate those particular evils, and would (until it grew rusty) grind out *sufficiency* and *security* for all.

But the scheme of the Socialist involves the negation of a certain human institution of no little importance; an institution upon which depends a whole host of things which men have found just as necessary as bread; an institution which they have never in any phase of their being foregone, save with the deliberate intention of doing something exceptional, opposed to their general nature, and singled out as a peculiar, difficult and anomalous feat. This is the institution of property.

If you could get rid of the psychology peculiar to human lovers, then no doubt you could establish "free love" on the one hand, or "eugenics" on the other. If you could get rid of the human attachment men have to the human groups that made them what they are, then no doubt you could get rid of war. If you could get rid of the human necessity for eating and drinking, you could solve at a blow heaven knows how many of the troubles that affect humanity. And if you could get rid of the human institution of property, of the human instinct from which it arose, and of the human purposes which it serves, then you would as a necessary consequence develop (whether in a primitive or a complex condition of industry matters not at all) the scheme of production which the Socialist advocates. For that scheme has all the advantages which can attach to production for the purpose of human consumption—rapidity, security, calculability, efficiency of control, universal knowledge of requirements, etc.—if a human community be indeed only a community organized for consuming wealth.

But this institution of property—even if, as some Socialists maintain, but a memory or survival—does exist. It attaches to land, to the means of production, to instruments, quite as much as to objects of consumption, and that for a reason which will be developed in the succeeding parts of this article, when it will be

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attempted to be shown why this particular institution bears the strength it does, and how, standing against and thwarting the Socialist effort, it *canalises* the results of that effort out of their original channel and diverts them towards what becomes, in practice, less and less the *Collectivist* and more and more the *Servile* State.

## III.

We shall see, as we go further in this inquiry, how the Socialist theory, in spite of the enormous driving power behind it (which consists in its lucidity, combined with its motives of pity and justice) begins, the moment it enters the field of practical results, to be diverted from its true object and to produce in actual life, not the Collectivist, but the Servile State.

When it appears in the human field of daily life its impetus is deflected by something human, and that something human is the institution of property. It is because property is all that it has been and must be as a human institution that the Collectivist, or Socialist, theory fails to establish a political result consonant to itself. It is the strength of property in human life, the firmness of its roots in the human mind, which does not permit any scheme to obtain a human realization unless it allows for that great human thing.

Now what is this major human institute which so stands in the way of all schemes, perfect, sure for its exclusion, and which wrecks in particular the practical effort of the Socialist to reform our present intolerable system of production? It is essential to grasp what property is if we are to understand at all the nature of the problem before us, and the causes that lend to the present crisis in industrial civilization the opportunity which it presents.

We must, of course, neglect the mere error which connects the idea of property with the privilege of the few. In so far as but a few of the freemen of a community own property, in so far the principle of property in that community is wounded. When (as is the case of modern England or America) very few indeed own and the mass is ignorant of this elementary factor in citizenship, then property as an institution in the State is sick or dying; and to talk of the "defence of property" under such circumstances when one really means "an apology for the exclusion of most citizens from citizenship" is to express a contradiction in terms.

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But even though we neglect mere muddle-headed confusion over the word "property" with the present congestion of ownership in a few hands, and even though we confine our criticism to more intelligent opposition, we shall find that wherever property is denied or belittled in its human import, that denying or belittling is due to a narrow lack of comprehension.

Thus there is the typically sophistical view that property is "the extension of personality." It is nothing of the kind, any more than boats are things with sails. Some forms, but only some forms, of property *include* this sense of an extension of personality. Only for some kinds of property need we profess affection or personal recognition or even personal acquaintance; and it is the daily experience of all sane men that when we suffer a lesion in our sense of property (when, to put the matter plainly, we are robbed) our indignation at the injustice has not necessarily anything to do with our attachment to, or even comprehension of, the object of which we are unjustly deprived. Nay, it need not be an object at all; it need be but a right or even a future claim to establish. The sense of injustice, if we are tricked or forced out of it, is the same as the sense of injustice when we lose an object loved, though in the latter case additional emotion proceeding from personal attachment arises.

Property is not a sentiment only or necessarily attaching to things covered by or usual to our daily and personal habit. Neither is property, as others again pretend, most insufficiently, a mere power to consume, the loss of it a mere loss of power to consume, and our indignation at that loss mere disappointment of greed.

This detestable crudity is common on the lips of those innumerable unfortunates in England and America who have never known what property might bring, and on the lips of those contemptible men who by some accident of cunning or worse have acquired powers of material enjoyment superior to the circumstances of their birth. It is, again, the view of dependents, men born to be dependent, for whom a fixed purchasing power, doled out at fixed intervals of time, is the sole economic aspect of life. That property includes this function of consumption is self-evident: that property is synonymous with so small a thing can only be held by those who know nothing of the story of mankind or even of contemporary life.

A man possessed of property which, by whatever economic ac-

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cident, provides him with an independent supply is in a position morally select from a man not so possessed; nor will you find a society wherein property is well distributed, though the economic values consumable in it be small, content to exchange its lot with a society in which the economic values consumable are far higher, but in which property has been allowed to lapse into few hands.

On the contrary, rather than allow such a conversion from the propertied to the salaried condition, not only societies but individuals have desperately fought, and, save on a few historic occasions of specific and definable disaster (such as that of the English peasant in the sixteenth century), their fight has been successful because it was normal to man's breed.

What, then, is this institution, and what is its full definition? It is an institution concrete, organic, complex as is man: fitting him close like a garment, as does every other institution which man has developed in his social action to satisfy a general need—and that need was the need of the sub-unit within any society to react upon and to influence, to mold, and, under the freest circumstances, actually to direct the powers of the whole.

Thus the family, the hardest and clearest unit of all, was desperately determined to own; for, if it did not own, three mighty teachers—instinct, common sense, and experience—quickly taught it that it would find a master in whomsoever else should own—whether you might call that "someone else" the despot of the State, or the slave-driver, or the foreign tyrant.

Thus, also, every corporation other than the family forming healthily and recognized sub-units within the State (as religious bodies in pagan or in Christian lands, and a hundred other forms of coöperative life) desired to own and insisted upon ownership.

More curious still, and perhaps more instructive, is it to note that even the individual within any of these units must also claim ownership (whether tolerated or legally expressed makes no difference) lest his life be unfree. In some small measure the young child against his parents, in a much larger measure the adolescent, always the mother and the wife, appear possessed of some such fence or ring defending them against the will of others.

The attempt to distinguish between this craving for property in things consumable in enjoyment and things consumable in production is academic, not real; no man has ever felt it. If anything, the instinct which rightly couples ownership with freedom is stronger in the case of capital or land, of instruments and of the

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soil, than in the case of things to be worn or eaten or contemplated, or in any way personally consumed. By the first we are defended in our honor, our virility, our courtesy, and our self-regard, that is, to existence worth having; the second to existence only.

Property, then, has in every healthy society, and in all the historic time of which we have exact record, existed by the guarantee of what we call in private life our honor, in public our freedom. In States such as those of the miserable and cancered modern industrial type the decay of property is at once apparent in that decay of that honor and of that freedom. The mass of citizens cease to be of influence upon the conduct of the State; the mass of men have learned to sell themselves.

Those coöperative sanctities of guild and custom which apparently restrict property under simple and healthy conditions of communal life are, to the adequate student, its peculiar safeguards, and exist only in order to maintain the right to own and to see that that right shall be confirmed and continual experience spread throughout the commonwealth.

It may be argued with great force that certain conditions in our particular diseased society forbid the immediate or even ultimate reëstablishment of property, and that in despair of its reëstablishment something inhuman indeed but less vile than what we have, must be attempted. With this very powerful contention, the contention of the physician who advises abnormal remedies to the sick man, we will deal later.

Let it be permitted for the purpose of any general survey that this human institution of property has been and still is, even in decaying societies where it is most abused, of the very stuff of human morals. It is, at any rate, this obstacle of property, standing rooted in the centre of men's affairs, which has canalized and deflected the Socialist effort of our time. That effort has had to reckon with property, has been compelled to capitulate to it, even in its most degraded and diseased form. As a consequence of that capitulation a society bitten with Collectivist theory produces today, not a Collectivist, but a Servile State in which the many shall be permanently subject to the few; the many forever dispossessed, the few forever their masters.

That this Servile State is the master peril of our time, and also that it can be avoided if the greatness of our unique moment be seized, is the thesis of what follows.

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## IV.

Property is an institution essential to political freedom. *Several* property—that is, property owned by a free family or a group of such *against* the community—is coördinate with our conception of liberty. No class of freemen has long survived without it. No society ignorant of freemen severally possessed of instruments and of the soil, and so constituting the State, can be discovered in the long record of Europe. European societies may be *imagined* ignorant of freemen and several property in land and tools and stores. Historically none exist.

At the basis of Collectivism (or Socialism—for, save as meaning Collectivism, the word "Socialism" is too vague to use) lies a negation of several property in instruments and in the soil. This negation is not the positive foundation of Socialism, but it is a necessary condition of Socialism. Postulate the several possession of land and goods as normal to our blood and you cannot—whatever your feelings against the present state of society—accept the Socialist remedy. Conceive of such possession as accidental, as something which European men can learn to do without and yet remain themselves, and the Socialist remedy for our sufferings follows, as irresistibly in practice as is a mathematical demonstration in theory.

It might be imagined, then, that this institution and that theory would meet and clash: that Socialists in power or Socialism in action would necessarily be compelled to attack, deny, destroy the institution which was a direct negative of their fundamentals; and so it would be if the Socialist held a creed or if Socialism could boast an instituting force.

But it is not so. The most ardent adherents of Socialism still hold not a creed but a theory, and this theory breeds no instituting force. Property, therefore, proves itself the master wherever the struggle is joined. Property deflects the Socialist effort, changes its direction and its nature, molds it, as a solid form molds the fluid that meets it. Of property, its prime contradiction, Socialism in action takes the most particular and deferential heed. Socialist action, in practice, begins by bowing to and admitting property, and this attempted compromise between a thing and an idea, not only irreconcilable but flatly contradictory, results, of course, in the ruin of the idea. What emerges from the blend is not a Col-

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lectivist Society nor the beginning of one, but the very definite origins of a society whose principle of existence will be *the orderly and compulsory production by non-owners of surplus wealth socially guaranteed to owners.*

This formula is at once inclusive and exclusive. It expresses all elements necessarily present in the new society which is in process of birth, it admits no elements not necessarily present. Thus the non-owners will probably be a large majority, the owners a small minority, in such a society; but the essentials of that society consist not in the proportion of owners to non-owners, but in the order and compulsion of the non-owning workers.

Again, it would be loose to write "wealth" without the qualification "surplus." The non-owning workers, however harshly compelled, must live.

Again, it is no definition of any possible State that wealth in it shall be thus produced by compulsion unless the compulsion be organized, that is, orderly; for order alone can give that security without which compulsion would be inapplicable.

Again, mere order without compulsion would lead neither to this novel society nor to any other. The exact tabulation, numbering, etc., of the non-owning workers would be ineffectual to their regular and uninterrupted production were that production not ensured by penalties. Freemen non-owners will necessarily attempt to obtain for their labor the highest price; that is, they will continually attempt to encroach upon that margin of surplus to enjoy which is the owner's whole economic purpose. Freemen non-owning are an anomaly. Their discontent, their lack of security, coupled with their power to bargain and their legal right to grant or withhold a labor of which they cannot accumulate and control the result nor enjoy the full fruit, necessarily make of an economic society over which the political freedom of the non-owner lingers, welter and an anarchy increasingly intolerable.

Finally, the surplus wealth enjoyed by the owners in such a society is socially guaranteed; did not the forces of society guarantee its reception, it would never be received. It is not the sagacity, the physical strength, or the ability in any function of life which ensures to one man a part of what another has produced by his labor; it is the law and the punishments enforceable by the law.

For a society thus organized so as to repose upon the orderly and compulsory production of wealth by non-owners for the bene-

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fit of owners some name must be found, that we may recognize and discuss it. The name most accurately consonant with the genius of our language is *The Servile State*.

The only two kinds of labor in another's interest known to man are the labor that is due in performance of a *contract* with that other of length neither unreasonable nor indefinite, and the labor which that other or someone acting for him *compels* the performance of without regard to the performer's will.

To the first we attach in English the title of *free* labor: the second we call *servile*. That contract as much as compulsion must be enforceable by penalties is obvious, for the gulf lies not between penalties more or less severe, but between the motive of their imposition. You may punish a man with death for breach of a voluntary contract of labor and yet leave that labor free, with all the economic consequences attached to free labor. You may punish a man with nothing harsher than a severe diet for a refusal to work under compulsion, and yet, if he yield to such pressure, establish his labor as servile.

Note that the *word* servile will never be used when, or if, the change comes upon us. It has ancient connotations which Europeans remember with distrust and bears an ill savor. Other words have already appeared. We have "the class with (say) eight hundred dollars a year," the "labor colony," "compulsory arbitration." Behind all these, whatever name is used, the *thing* is slavery.

So the Romans would not have a "king"—but they were not averse to an emperor at last.

## V.

We have seen that the fundamental institution of property, with its profound roots in every part of our law, custom and tradition, and its close grip on all our popular morals has and must deflect any theoretical Socialist action in Europe; has and must canalize that theoretical action towards a direction quite different from its original intention; has and must produce a *third* thing utterly different from the Collectivist and even from the old proprietorial conceptions of the State. This novel thing which is upon us we have said was best described in English by the term *The Servile State*. Two warnings essential to the discussion of this matter are here properly to be introduced.

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The first is that the word *servile* in this strict definition connotes neither positive nor relative evil. The Servile State may be in any man's judgment a better or a worse thing than the anarchy called industrialism or the fixed equilibrium of a State of free owners. Its good or evil, its advisability or rejection are matters to be separately discussed. Our immediate business is only to see it for what it is, and to appreciate that its beginnings are already upon us.

The second is that the economic welter in which industrialism has struggled for two generations cannot, save by metaphor, be called "servile"—and metaphor is the ruin of clear thinking, or rather, an excuse for muddled thinking and for the substitution of emotion for intelligence—inexcusable in those departments of energy where definition is the object of the mind.

You may say, if you wish, that the laborer is "virtually" compelled, is a "wage-slave" and so forth. But between the servile condition and the free there is a sharp boundary. You are on the one side when the courts will not enforce labor in the absence of a definite and limited contract, on the other when they will.

This boundary our society is now on the act of crossing; but before proceeding to consider the consequences of such a step, whose opportunity lends so grave an import to our day, let us see how a conclusion so singularly different from the Socialist ideal has begun to arise and will undoubtedly expand in the future out of Socialist action.

The Socialist ideal was (and is) that of a State in which the means of production should be held in trust for the community by its officers, put to use by the members of the community at work under the direction of such officers, and the produce distributed according to any one of many schemes, indifferent to pure Socialism. That produce might be evenly shared, it might (more reasonably) be competitively shared according to the abilities in manual skill or directing power of the citizens employed.

In this ideal the prime necessity was the absence of several ownership in the land and the instruments of production, but the consequences attached to such a society were the objects and motives of its supporters. These were security, sufficiency for all, economy of production, the coördination of economic effort, etc. The motives which impelled a man towards Socialism were thus various. It was not a general scheme of life, a *body* whence a foison of development might organically spring; it could not

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therefore inspire and live, as a city or a State, as Islam or the Catholic Church, have done. It was a system, and it satisfied in varying men very varying and sometimes morally opposite demands. Some, and some only, principally hated as unjust the advantage which permitted the owner in our diseased society to exploit the non-owner; others were much more nearly concerned with other things.

One man was appalled by the lack of *security* in the modern world. He saw its proletariat permanently ridden by a nightmare and its very owners rich today and ruined tomorrow—with all the abominations of the heat which panic breeds. Socialism would remedy that.

Another was appalled by the lack of *sufficiency*. He saw a human family huddled in one room and starved. It sickened him. Socialism would remedy that.

Another was irritated by the lack of *order*. How fair was a great estate all so neat and well managed, with its great house in the architecture of St. Pancras station, its exact accounts, its graveled roads and its laurels, its model dairy, its well-managed farms! How infinitely better than the hugger-mugger of a peasantry! Well, Socialism would turn his country into that—but "that" on still grander scale.

Another had a violent appetite for numbers, calculations, tables, etc. Socialism offered him an orgy.

Now each of these men could satisfy his chief desire without insisting on the full claim which Socialism put forward. True, each set out with the full claim in his mind, and each, very visibly, expected it to be met at last, believing, before he came in touch with reality, that no obstacle to its realization existed save the imperfect comprehension of men. But when a very serious obstacle indeed was met by him at the very threshold of his adventure, he paused to ask whether that obstacle would, if he admitted its continued existence, compromised with it, forebore to destroy it, allow him in turn to satisfy his demand. That obstacle was the profoundly rooted human institution of property.

"I cannot have Socialism as I have heard it preached and let property stand," thinks he, "but, after all, the *practical thing*" (which means in such men's minds the thing *they* want) "is statistics" (or sufficiency, or security, or order, or economy, or what not—according to his special feeling).

He soon discovers that he can have his darling social result—

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and yet leave property standing. The family can inhabit not one room but five—still owned by another man. The laborer can be guaranteed the regular, not the intermittent, use of the machine—which another man can yet consistently continue to own and to draw profit from. Order? The owner is delighted that the State should help him to establish it. Economy? Why, that ideal is his very own—it is the life of his industrial system.

Each and all of these men find themselves satisfied by a system which leaves the owner still owning, still gathering his surplus values from the total value of produce of labor, but owning in a society which guarantees security and sufficiency to all, which has all in perfect order, all tabulated, analyzable, organized.

The product of all such demands combined with the maintenance of a restricted owning class is precisely the Servile State and none other. The combination of the principle of property with those other principles of exactitude, economy, sufficiency, security, etc., for the proletariat, imposed upon a social condition where ownership remains in the hands of a few, produces that new thing, *a society where non-owners of the means of production produce in an orderly manner and under compulsion, values the surplus of which is socially guaranteed to the owners of the means of production.* Neither party to the alliance—the various types who thought themselves "Socialists," nor the owners of land and capital—directed themselves towards such a goal. In company both arrive at it.

## VI.

We said at the close of the last article that the reader, though intellectually convinced of the probability that our industrial (or capitalistic) societies would tend towards the Servile State, might still ask whether any particular example of its advent was before us. The examples are numerous: the Servile State has already begun. If its origins now apparent are unchecked in their growth, it will flower and will at last bear fruit and be perfect according to its kind, and slavery, the aboriginal institution from which we sprang, will be restored among us.

I will ask my readers to consider three matters in this connection.

First, the root of all, the state of the public mind in England and America towards the capitalist and the proletarian; secondly,

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the public acts to which that state of mind is already necessarily led; thirdly, the immediate proposals, the suggested laws, which are already half accepted and whose accomplishment as laws are imminent. (I shall take specific examples of such laws from English experience, as with this I am naturally more familiar; but the reader can duplicate such examples in any contemporary legislation in his own country.)

As to the first of these, the state of mind, which is the root of all. We note in the modern industrial state no conception of property save as the privilege of a few.

Conversely all the efforts of those who desire to raise the majority of their fellowmen and to restore their dignity are directed not towards ownership, nor towards Collectivism, but towards the security and sufficiency of the proletariat *remaining proletarian*. In the concrete, "to raising wages and making employment regular."

Again, our industrial society recognizes large property as sacred: not property in itself at all. Its readiness to compensate for loss increases in potential with the amount of the loss. Great interests destroyed by some public act are always fully recouped and usually with a bonus added (*e. g.,* Irish land and land purchased for railways). Small interests are barely recouped. A million tiny interests are not repaid at all, as the street vendors, the little shops in "improved areas," the carters and carriers whom a railroad destroys, etc. Our whole legal system presupposes that the poor man will hardly use the law at all of his own initiative.

Finally, you have upon the mental side of the thing, the *religious,* if I may so term it, aspect of wealth. By which I mean the habit of mind by which men in our industrial society are really thought to be in some way mystically superior to their fellowmen, if by any means they have acquired the legal disposition of the means of production; respect is thus paid them in proportion to the interests which they have so acquired. A different tone is adopted towards these men by every public organ and even by the judiciary. The purchase by these men of administrative and legislative bodies is in many communities thought normal.

But the state of mind in a society, though it is the root of all, is not a thing susceptible of positive proof. The acts necessarily following upon that state of mind are susceptible of positive proof.

Consider three of these acts now apparent: the nature of modern public enterprise in the industrial states; the forms taken

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by relief; the experiments in the formation of novel economic institutions.

Modern public enterprise boasts that it tends towards municipal ownership and State ownership. It does nothing of the kind. It tends and now actually exercises not State and municipal ownership, but State and municipal profit gathering for capitalists! A town proposes to "own" its tramways. Desiring to "own" its tramways, what does it do? Does it confiscate them to its use? God forbid! That would be Socialism. Does it put a tax upon the rich and with that tax gradually purchase the tramways? Good heavens, no! It *borrows* the tramways at so much per cent; in other words it guarantees the owners of the rails, the vehicles, etc., a fixed toll to be levied from the commonwealth free of their old risk and trouble. It solemnly consents to a tax upon the community and makes itself the gatherer of that tax. But the town does so (a critic may say) under a sinking fund, which will at last make it full owner. To this there are two replies: First, that the sinking fund simply means that much more than the toll they would ordinarily have got is yearly paid to the original owners, so that there is an exactly proportionate surplus available for reinvestment: in other words, the system leaves the original owners and capitalism in general a little stronger than they and it were before.

Secondly, that the rate of new borrowing for new experiments is carefully arranged to be very much more rapid than any chance of repayment can be. The few rich capitalists have found that they can trick the community by so simple a trick as "municipal enterprise," back it for all it is worth—while it pays them—and now after some seventy years of such experiments, States and towns are far, far more strictly tied to the few owners of the means of production than they were at the beginning. It was intended that they should be so tied.

With forms of relief it is the same thing. We tax the whole community to provide pensions. We are content to tax it to provide security. But never by any chance do we provide *property*. No scheme to set up even the beginnings of an independent manhood are so much as discussed. The thing would be thought grotesque. In all these schemes of relief which have come into actual being, there is not one that does not tend to make the relieved man more and more the plaything of officials, which officials, note, are not, emphatically not, the officials of a State be-

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ginning to be Collectivist, but are more and more the officials of a State owned and run by the possessors of the means of production.

With social experiments it is the same thing. To create small freeholds with public money is something futile, reactionary, out of date, laughed out of court. We must make the small owner a tenant, not as silly boys at the university are told, "of the State," or of the county, or of the towns, any more than Irish peasants of old were tenants of that absurb abstraction "the absentee landlord." The new bodies on whom our experiments are made are tenants of those to whom the community is mortgaged, just as the Irish tenants of old were, in economic reality, the tenants of London, Paris, or Frankfort moneylenders.

There is no act of the new beginnings which makes for the creation of one farthing's worth of property in the mass of the proletariat, or which has put an additional pound's or dollar's worth of property into public hands; and conversely there is not one which does not within its power make of the proletariat a thing to grind out toll, nor one which prevents that toll being increasingly paid to the increasingly few owners of the means of production.

The third part of the argument must now be presented. If the mental attitude, the "taking for granted," of your modern Industrial State points towards the Servile State; if its latest acts show examples of the actual beginnings of the Servile State, the new proposals immediately before us are still more clearly and universally of such a character.

I will take as a typical example of such legislation (an example which, as I have said, can be duplicated in the legislation of any other industrialized country besides England) the more or less recent English Minority Report on the Poor Law. This report was drawn up by capitalists with the leave and approval of capitalists, received its backing in England in the country houses, and its chief provision openly recommends the compulsion to labor of such men as are not possessed of the means of production. This report was only just prevented by prompt discovery and denunciation from becoming law. The constantly recurring insurance bills, of which the present mortally wounded English experiment is but a type, take for granted the compulsory and organized taxing of the proletariat, a complete inquisition of the populace by local comittees of the well-to-do; the dependence of wage-earners upon capitalist masters, who shall be responsible for all details of the lives of the populace and all measures for their financial coercion.

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Numerous bills, forerunners of any number more, with their provisions for compelling the proletariat to work at a wage fixed in spite of them, make their constant appearance in every legislative body the world over, bills which recognize and act upon the conception of the State where those few who own shall be guaranteed in ownership, and those many who labor shall be compelled to labor.

All are expressions of one spirit, all—whether of reforms proposed, of acts in being, or of mental states—all proceed from these two general conceptions combined: first, that the wealthy possessors of the means of production must be left secure, guaranteed almost in proportion to their wealth; secondly, that the populace minister to them is best organized, tabulated, policed, controlled, and *the great mass of the proletariat compelled to an unfailing and secure labor.*

That is the Servile State.

## AN ARCHANGEL'S QUERY.

BY AUGUSTUS DAVID MALLEY.

ALOFT before the Gate I stand and gaze
Upon the vast returning host of saved souls;
On those who now from frontier fight,
From dark morass, at last come back to us.
A fighting legion rare in truth were they,
And not untried by sin, and temptings sore;
The weight of flesh, false sight,
And heart impared by Adam's fall.
I feel not what this strife of earth
May mean:
And God Himself hath wedded
With this dust;
Now home they come, these soldier souls,
To take their seats,
Midst heaven's patriarchs.

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# BROTHER POTAMIAN.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.

THE twentieth century at its opening promised to be the era of electricity, and to show a magnificent development of electrical science, an expectation which has been amply justified by the sequel. Just at this time the Latimer Clark Collection of works on electricity was presented to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. The gift was made by Professor Schuyler Skaats Wheeler, who said in the deed of gift: "My object in securing the collection was to present the books to our Institute, and make it the custodian of the most complete electrical library in the world." There is no doubt that Dr. Wheeler accomplished his object. Mr. Latimer Clark of London had been engaged for many years in making a collection of books on electricity. Time, money and patient search had been as nothing in the quest for everything that pertained "to the historical or technical side of electrical science or the electrical arts," and his efforts had their reward in a unique collection of books.

A library of this kind is immensely valuable, and indeed it is probable that no amount of money could duplicate Mr. Latimer Clark's collection. Such a library, however, to be available needs not only to be placed where it can be readily consulted under the freest possible conditions, but it requires absolutely an annotated catalogue to act as guide to those wishing to consult it. Dr. Wheeler, therefore, stipulated, as the conditions of his gift, that the library should be properly housed, and a complete catalogue be prepared at once in the name of the Institute, a bound copy of which was to be placed in the hands of each of its members.

The question was to find a man who could do this properly. The compiler of such a catalogue must be well versed in the physical sciences, and above all in the science of electricity. He must also know the history of science and particularly of electrical science. It is needless to say a great many scientists are entirely ignorant of the history of their own department of knowledge, else we would not hear so much of the Church's opposition to science. Besides this, a wide knowledge of modern and ancient languages



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was requisite since these books are written in all languages, and most of them prior to the nineteenth century in Latin, that being the academic or universal language which formerly every scholar wrote and every scholar read.

Where in America could a broad scholar of this calibre, literally an "Admirable Crichton" of knowledge ancient and modern, linguistic and scientific be found, who would, moreover, be willing to give the time and take the pains necessary to the making of such a catalogue. It was typically the work of a recluse; exactly the sort of patient, scholarly work that the monks of the olden time did for the preservation of the classics in copying and collating manuscripts, or the Renaissance scholars in cataloguing the variations of readings in manuscripts in their time. So it is not surprising that the Institute of Electrical Engineers had recourse to a "monk" of the modern time who bore the humble title of "Christian Brother." Brother Potamian of New York City, for years teacher of physics and electricity at Manhattan College, the Christian Brothers' famous old school, accepted the task, and accomplished it not only acceptably, but in a manner that greatly enhanced the value of the library. Scientific scholars everywhere welcomed his work as a fundamental contribution to the bibliography of science. In the preface to the *Catalogue* the managing editor said:

> It is difficult to find terms in which to express adequately the debt of gratitude that the members of the Institute owe to Brother Potamian for his devoted labor in their behalf as represented by the descriptive and critical notes accompanying the title entries of the *Catalogue*. The work involved in the task extended over seven years, and was performed in a spirit akin to that which animated the scholarly writers of the early periods (the monks of the Middle Ages) who are so largely represented in the library, and who had no other incentive to their sustained labors than innate love of learning and the desire to share knowledge gained with others. Works of the ages when Latin was the language of learning have become sealed books to the modern scientific man, and Brother Potamian in pointing out in detail the contributions of other writers to the body of electrical and magnetical knowledge has not only done justice to the memory of men who were forces in their generation, but in so doing has also enabled the reader to appreciate as real personalities what otherwise might be to him mere names of the past devoid of present human interest. But delving into

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> famous old tomes and delectable examination of the rarities of electrical literature, were but incidents in the course of the work accomplishd by Brother Potamian. Months and years passed in the painstaking search for hidden gems, for matter of notable interest in every book in the collection, however slight might be the promise of reward for the labor bestowed. Naturally the result of a search of this kind, if reckoned in terms of volume, can be but slight in proportion to the time spent in carrying out the work. That in the present case a rich harvest of results have been garnered in, will appear from the brilliant introduction of Brother Potamian to the following pages which is in itself a contribution of the highest order to electrical literature, and one also that will cause revision of judgments on priority in various lines of electrical discovery.

Brother Potamian's introduction thus mentioned in the editorial preface is a monograph of thirty-five pages on the bibliography and literature of electrical science that is probably unexcelled as a compendium of information. Following a preliminary sketch of the career of Mr. Latimer Clark, of special interest because Clark was a pioneer in the development of electric telegraphy and made a number of important original observations, comes a *résumé* of the more important works in the library. This constitutes in itself a very valuable history of the development of our knowledge of electricity. Brother Potamian dwells particularly on the fact that Mr. Clark discovered that "the force of a weak battery passes with equal rapidity along the line of a telegraph cable as that of a strong battery." He it was who "with a single Galvanic cell, consisting of a copper gun cap, a strip of zinc and a few drops of acid, sent messages not only to Newfoundland from Valencia, but there and back, twice traversing the breadth of the Atlantic."

In this introduction Brother Potamian corrects many false impressions as regards the history of electrical inventions. He traces, for instance, the gradual growth of the idea of transmitting signals by electricity to a distance, and shows how step after step was made by the simplification of practical applications, from the time when Volta suggested the use of his electrophorus in 1777, through Soemmering's work at Munich in 1809, Ampère's in Paris in 1821, Henry's operative bell-signal telegraph in America in 1832, the needle telegraph of Gauss and Weber in 1833, and the Cooke Wheatstone apparatus of 1837. There was actually a

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telegraph line for public service operated in England between Paddington (London) and Drayton, some five years before the first line was opened between Washington and Baltimore in this country, though this fact is sometimes forgotten by over enthusiastic American writers on the subject.

So, too, the telephone is shown to be a gradual development. As early as 1854, more than twenty years before Graham Bell began his experiments, Charles Bourseul of Paris claimed to be able to transmit the spoken word even to a long distance. "His apprehension of the fundamental principle of the telephone was clear and accurate, and his brief description of it very much the same as we give today." He said: "One person will have to speak to one of the plates while the other holds the second to his ear, this enabling the former to converse as if in private with his distant friend."

A single paragraph of this introduction will show how packed it is with detailed, accurate information. In discussing the invention of the terms used in electricity and allied sciences Brother Potamian says (p 35):

> Verbal curiosities hastily gleaned from works in the Library would include the coinage of the term *affinity* by Albertus Magnus, *barometer* by Boyle, *gas* by van Helmont, magnetic *inclination* by Bond, electric *circuit* by Watson, electric *potential* by Green, *galvanometer* by Cumming, *electromagnet* by Sturgeon, and *telephone* by Wheatstone. The term *electricity* occurs for the first time in Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica,* 1646, page 51, and the plural noun *electricities* on page 79; *magnetism* occurs in Barlowe's *Magnetical Advertisements,* 1616; while Ἠλεκτρομαγνητισμος, *electromagnetismos,* is the astonishing title which Father Kircher gives to a chapter of his *Magnes sive de Arte Magnetica,* 1641, beginning on page 640.

The arrangement of the *Catalogue* proper is chronological. The first paragraph treats of the oldest book in the collection, a volume of the *Encyclopedia* written by Vincent of Beauvais, one of the three great encyclopedists of the thirteenth century. The *Catalogue note* is typical of Brother Potamian's work. It describes the book, its relation to other books by the same author, gives the bibliography of this particular volume, and cites various special passages which have a relation to the history of magnetism and electricity, and more or less distantly related scientific phenomena.

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Vincentius, Bellovacensis (Vincent of Beauvais) (1190-1264), *Speculum Naturale.* One volume in two parts. Two columns to page, 66 lines to column. 367-327 1. Folio. Argentorati. (The peculiar "R" printer (Adolph Rusch?)), Strasburg (1473). Part of a famous encyclopædia of the Middle Ages; other volumes of which were entitled: *Speculum Morale, Speculum Historiale* and *Speculum Doctrinale.* Book v.: Thunder, ch. 55; lightning, ch. 59; shooting stars, ch. 72; rainbow, ch. 74; Book ix.: the magnet in general, ch. 19; magnetic quotation from St. Augustine, ch. 20; uses of the magnet in medicine, ch. 21; a species of "adamant" (magnet) useful in navigation for directive purposes (mariner's compass), ch. 40. As in the case of many early incunabula, no title page was printed. The date 1468 has also been assigned in the present edition. This monumental work was printed no less than ten times between 1468 (?) and 1497. (See No. 1349, Bourgeat.)

Following Vincent of Beauvais' work we find that of Sacrobosco, John of Holywood, by some said to have been an Irishman, who after being at Oxford was Professor of Mathematics at the University of Paris sometime in the thirteenth century. Then come a famous edition of Albertus Magnus, that of Venice 1494, copies of which are very rare; other volumes also by Albertus Magnus published at Vienna 1514 and Augsburg 1519; volumes by Nicholas of Cusa the great Cardinal mathematician of the fifteenth century; of Purbach the great Renaissance mathematician; of Marbodeus, the Archbishop of Rennes whose series of poems on precious stones contains one on the lodestone; and so on through the centuries. Although the *Catalogue* of an electrical library it contains bibliographic information concerning works on nearly every subject under the sun, and by most of the great authors of the past. Pliny, Aristotle, Jerome Cardan and Agricola, Petrus Peregrinus, Ptolemaeus, Porta, Gilbert and Scaliger, Goclenius, Branca, Cabeo and Galileo, Francis Bacon, Father Kircher, Descartes, and hosts of others are here represented.

A brief *résumé* of some of the items will best instance the precious information brought out by Brother Potamian in the course of the *Catalogue.* Under Number 90, he calls attention to a series of poems, *Prolusiones Academicæ,* written by Father Strada, a Jesuit priest, and published at Lyons in 1617, in which the anticipation of the magnetic telegraph is very striking. This telegraph consisted of two needles stroked by the same lodestone, and attached

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to two separate alphabetical dials situated at a distance from each other. In the priest poet's imagination, the two friends seated before these dials at a prearranged hour of the day communicated with each other by spelling out the words each on his own dial, the needle on the other always corresponding to the movements made on the primary dial. The note made by Brother Potamian on this subject refers to books published at various times, containing similar anticipation, all to be found in this Wheeler Library. One of these is Porta's book written by Joannes Baptista de la Porta on *Natural Magic,* and published at Naples in 1589.

An extremely interesting note is that on the *Biblia Naturæ* of the famous Dutch biologist, Swammerdam. This work, published long after its author's death, contains the record of a series of experiments on frogs' legs, in which Swammerdam obtained in 1658 muscular contractions by contacts with silver and copper wires. This preceded Galvani's experiments by more than a century. The plates of this book are of such great interest that some of them have been reproduced in the *Catalogue.*

Similar anticipations of very modern ideas in science are discovered and pointed out as occurring in many unlikely places. In Swedenborg's works, the founder of the religious sect of the Swedenborgians, are discussions, with diagrams and illustrations, on "the causes and mechanism of magnetic force, the law of distance, magnetic declination, its causes and how its value may be calculated," and Brother Potamian shows that Swedenborg nearly two centuries age regarded light and heat as *undulations in the ether of space.*

The illustrations of the *Catalogue* alone are of immense interest and value. Frontispieces of many of the great books have been copied, typical pages have been reproduced, portraits of distinguished contributors to science given or characteristic illustrations of distinguished work. As many of these old illustrations were magnificent steel or copper plates, they reproduce very well, and the *Catalogue* is handsomely illustrated. In no single work that I know could one learn more about the history of science in condensed form and the history of book-making down the centuries than in these two volumes of Brother Potamian's *Catalogue.* Surprises meet one in many places. Petrus Peregrinus' attempt at a perpetual motion engine, Mussenbroek's lines of force around a magnet, Swammerdam's frog prepared for experimentation are but a few of the wonders.

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Brother Potamian had enjoyed some magnificent opportunities for the accumulation of first-hand information in science. Born in County Cavan, Ireland, seventy years ago, he came to America when very young and went to St. Bridget's School, New York City. His talents attracted the attention of his pastor and of the Principal of the School, Rev. Brother Chronion. Aptitude for study, an inclination to piety and a quiet, grave demeanor marked him out as one destined for a religious or sacerdotal career, and for a time it seemed as though he would be a priest. His predilection for teaching, however (everyone brought closely in contact with him soon recognized in him the born teacher), led him to become a Christian Brother. He perfected his education among the Brothers in Montreal and taught later in Quebec, so that French became almost as his native language. Opportunities were given him for the study of physics and chemistry as well as geology and the higher mathematics. German and Spanish he picked up for himself that he might read scientific books in these languages.

After teaching in Quebec, Brother Potamian was sent to England to teach in St. Joseph's College, London. For more than twenty-five years he continued his educational work in the English capital, neglecting no opportunity afforded him by his position in this centre of educational and specially scientific work. By special scientific studies he qualified himself to pass his examinations at the University of London for the degrees of Bachelor, Master and Doctor of Science. This brought him in contact with leaders of English scientific thought. As Professor of Physics, then as Vice-President and, later, President of the college, he became widely known in English educational circles.

He was brought into close relations with some of the leading scientists of England, Lord Kelvin and his brother, James Thompson, St. George Mivart, Huxley and Tyndall. He was well and favorably known by Cardinals Manning and Newman, so one may easily understand what a magnificent development he secured for himself while laboring so successfully for the advancement of his college.

The college was soon well-known to Catholics throughout England, and in 1880 new buildings were carefully planned and erected at the cost of over half a million of dollars. It became one of the show schools of England, because Brother Potamian knowing the great advance made by American inventions and improvements in such things, insisted upon importing all the school furni-

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ture and equipment from this side of the water. Educationally, also, the school attracted attention, as Brother Potamian's pupils went up year after year for the Oxford and Cambridge examinations with unusual success. No wonder he was selected as an educational representative at International Exhibitions by the English government on four different occasions: Vienna in 1873, Philadelphia in 1876, Paris in 1889, and Chicago in 1893. At the World's Fair in Chicago he was a member of the Jury of Awards.

Under Brother Potamian's guidance St. Joseph's College was looked upon as a most desirable institution from which to graduate. Many leading Catholic, professional and business men of our generation in London are proud to claim it as their Alma Mater, and to recall with pride and reverence the influence, spiritual as well as intellectual, which Brother Potamian had over them during the precious years of schooling there.

In 1896, Brother Potamian was recalled to New York. A change in teaching methods at the Christian Brothers' Colleges was soon to be effected, and Brother Potamian proved to be just the man to organize the newer scientific curriculum which was to replace the classical undergraduate work of former years. The splendid Scientific and Engineering Course which exists at Manhattan College, New York, today, and which has enabled it to rank with other scientific institutions, is largely due to the talent for organization, the untiring energy, the generous zeal, the mature scholarship and broad educational experience of Brother Potamian.

It is not surprising that other schools should have looked to him for help, and that Catholic educational institutions of many kinds should have benefited by his large-hearted enthusiasm for the intellectual life of Catholics and the highest interests of the Church. He was a frequent and very popular lecturer at the Catholic Summer School, Plattsburg, New York. His lectures were always eminently scientific, thoroughly up-to-date, containing often an immense amount of abstruse, mathematical and fundamental scientific principles, yet so given as to be clear and interesting even to those unfamiliar with scientific methods and scientific literature, and to stimulate to further inquiry.

No wonder that academic distinctions came to him, and that prominent Catholic institutions of learning felt that they were honoring themselves in honoring him. Besides the degrees of Bachelor, Master and Doctor of Science from the University of London already noted, Brother Potamian was given the Doctorate

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in Science by Fordham University, New York City, some ten years ago, and later the same degree by Villanova College of the Augustinian Fathers not far from Philadelphia.

The passing of such a man is an immense loss to the Catholic scholarship of America, and an even greater one to the Society of Christian Brothers which he adorned by his virtue and scholarship. In the midst of scientific work, with academic honors thick upon him, in constant association with great scientists, he remained ever a humble, simple Christian Brother, whose religious duties were more to him than all else, a kindly, courteous, cultured Christian gentleman whom to know was to love and to associate with a liberal education in itself.

His manifold duties as teacher and administrator in educational work left him little leisure for writing, yet he was a contributor to the well-known scientific publication, *Engineering*, and his articles were watched for by many who recognized that he always had something to say, that he knew how to say it, and when he had said enough. A volume called *Makers of Electricity* was the outcome of his desire to confide to a more permanently popular form some of his immense store of information.

In the history and bibliography of electricity practically nothing escaped the diligent reading and careful study of Brother Potamian. In this volume, *Makers of Electricity*, in which I had the privilege of collaborating with him, he pointed out a number of historical details in the development of the science of electricity and magnetism which had either not been noted previously or were very little known. For instance, about the time Franklin was making his experiments which proved the identity of lightning with the almost toy-like manifestations of electricity with which men had been experimenting up to this time, a Bohemian priest was also engaged in similar experiments. His name is scarely known. Father Procopius Divisch (Prokop Diwisch) studied with the Jesuits at Zniam in Moravia, and then entered the Premonstratensian Order at Klosterbruck. For some years he taught philosophy and theology and then became parish priest of Prenditz, not far from Austerlitz. He became interested in electricity and especially the Leyden Jar, because of its supposed therapeutic properties. He used the jar to cure his parishioners, and attracted much attention and not a little criticism. Physicians said he was interfering with their practice, and clergymen that he was indulging in work unsuited to the cloth.

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Nevertheless, his interest in the whole subject of electricity led him to erect a lightning conductor or "meteorological machine," as he called it, at Prenditz in June, 1754. This was a mast one hundred and thirty feet high, with a number of metallic points, over three hundred in all. In the midst of lightning storms curious plays of sparks on his machine could be seen. This so excited the suspicion of the farmers of the neighborhood that attributing the very dry summer that year to Father Diwisch's *machine,* they gathered together and wrecked it. Not, however, before the good Premonstratensian had demonstrated very clearly that the curative electrical sparks with which he had benefited his parishioners were essentially the same as the lightning bolts from heaven.

Brother Potamian also drew attention to the fact that Columbus, the discoverer of America, was also the discoverer of the fact that the magnetic needle does not turn to the pole of the world but to the magnetic pole of the earth, which is very different from the Pole Star or from the North Pole of the earth. Columbus noticed on his first voyage, when he was about a month out from Palos, on the memorable night of September 13, 1492, that the compass needle of the *Santa Maria* pointed a little west of north instead of due north. Picture his anxiety when he found that even the compass supposed to be so true to the Pole,

Though mountains rise between and oceans roll

was abandoning him in the midst of the trackless ocean. On September 17th the pilots reported, after having taken the sun's amplitude, that the variation of the needle had reached a whole point of the compass, the alarming amount of eleven degrees.

Columbus discovered a point in the ocean where the magnetic north and the true north absolutely corresponded. This came to be known as the Columbian line, from which it was proposed to reckon longitude east and west, taking this for the prime meridan.

Those familiar with the interesting data of Brother Potamian's *Makers of Electricity* will welcome a companion volume, *Makers of Astronomy,* which the Fordham University Press will probably bring out in the near future as a further memorial to his thoroughly accurate knowledge and broad scholarly interest in the history of science.

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## THE TREASURE OF THE MESSIAS.

BY JOSEPH A. MURPHY, D.D.

THE messenger from Egypt stood patiently waiting while Joseph ran to communicate to his uncle the contents of the letter he had just received. It bore marvelous and welcome news to Joseph, for it was the command of his father ordering him to return to the land of Egypt, to his father's house. Slowly he spelled out the contents of the note to his uncle:

"Come home, my son, for I am grown old and sick. You have learned the most excellent Law in Jerusalem and are now come to man's estate. Leave, therefore, your uncle's house where you have been so tenderly nurtured since your mother's death. Bid them farewell, my son, and leave with my messenger when the caravan starts for Egypt."

His uncle wept when he heard the news, but Joseph secretly rejoiced, for he had long been eager to rejoin his father. Yet he hated to leave Jerusalem, for he was a pious youth, well versed in the Law, and his boyish dream had ever been to serve Jehovah and the nation. The sight of his uncle's tears moved his heart to sorrow at the thought of parting from the only home he had ever known, yet he had long yearned to see his father, who through all the years of his boyhood had provided most generously for him. No money had ever been spared where the lad was concerned, and regularly the messengers from Egypt had brought him plentiful supply of gold and, what was better, affectionate letters written in the quaint, crabbed characters of his father's hand. He knew his father was a man of wealth and power in pagan Egypt.

"Look well upon the holy Hill of Sion," wept the uncle, "never more will your eyes behold it. Never more will you take part in the sacrifices of the Temple, my son, my son. You go to live in the house of bondage of our forefathers. It will hold you in slavery as it has held your father, for never have my eyes beheld him since he left the land of God for the accursed land of Egypt. I know I shall never see you again."

The youth mingled his tears with the tears of his aged uncle to whom he was devoted.

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"I will return, uncle, I promise you. I shall never permit trade to absorb my life. I have a good knowledge of the Law and know that the place of sacrifice is Jerusalem, and to Jerusalem I promise that I will return." He looked around to make sure that there were no listeners and his voice sank into a whisper. "You know the dream of my life, uncle. You know that the young men hope some day to rise against these haughty Romans who have deprived us of liberty, and that they hope to restore the kingdom of Israel, nay even to build a newer and most lasting kingdom whose boundaries will reach the ends of the earth. Jerusalem will be the queen city of the world. The Gentiles shall be our inheritance.

"Is not the time of the Messias and the glorious kingdom near at hand? Will the prophecies be void? Are we not waiting patiently for the day when the Messias will raise the standard of war, and we will drive the usurper of the throne of David into the sea?"

The uncle started fearfully at these words of treason, as he did not know that the young men were talking thus boldly, and for the moment he was almost consoled at the thought of Joseph's leaving Jerusalem, for grave danger threatened those who played false to the Roman power. The old man was of the Sadduces, who cultivated the Roman authorities, though secretly they hated the Gentile conquerers as much as the Pharisaical Nationalists.

"When that day comes, uncle, I shall return from the uttermost parts of the earth to Jerusalem, I promise you, and I believe it is not far off. But the messenger meanwhile waits on us and I must give him my answer." He looked at the old man appealingly. "What shall it be?"

"There is only one answer. You know the Law, my son. Your father commands you, and there is nothing for you to do but to obey. Go back to him in the name of Jehovah, and with my blessing, for you have been as dear as a son to me. Give a good report of us to your father, that he may know how we have cherished you."

The messenger who had squatted cross-legged on the floor during the prolonged colloquy between Joseph and his uncle, rose quickly to his feet as he saw Joseph approach, and bowing profoundly before his young master he awaited the answer.

"My father has commanded me to return to him. I shall leave with the caravan. When do you purpose to return?"

"Whenever it pleases you, my lord. We but await your pleasure."

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"In three days I shall be ready," answered Joseph.

He was anxious to start on the trip across the desert homeward to Egypt, but there was one thing he must accomplish before he left Palestine. In the valley of the Jordan there had arisen a great Prophet. All Jerusalem was going out to hear him. The Jordan was only a few hours' distant. Might he not learn from this Prophet something about the coming of the Messias? Would that He might hasten! Would that He were here to relieve the people from the hated foreign yoke, and reëstablish the kingdom of David.

And so Joseph went down to Jericho and the Jordan Valley. The day was warm, but on the Mount of Zion a refreshing breeze was blowing. He crossed the Valley of Jehosophat, spitting on the ground as he passed the tomb of Absalom, the rebellious son of David, and then toiled up the high Hill of Olives and over the road through Bethany. From there he began to descend. Downward, ever downward, he wound his way among the hills as he followed the road in its drop of nearly half a mile in the short distance between Jerusalem and Jericho.

Although he was accustomed to the desolate hills of Palestine, he was stirred by the wild and lonely grandeur of the desert which he was traversing. The great hills, worn into fantastic shapes by the torrential rains, showed in their varied strata tints and hues of dull red, orange, blue and saffron, as if a rainbow had fallen from the sky, to be shattered into fragments on the stony hills below. The buzzards feeding on the carcass of a horse rose heavily in the air at his approach, and wheeling low returned to their carrion prey when he had passed. The savage desolation of the scene was depressing, but he called to mind the great men of Israel who had passed over the very road he was traveling—the old highway from Jerusalem down to Jericho. He conjured up memories of King David who had fled over this road before the face of Absalom. How he wished in his youthful heart that he might serve Israel like his hero, the minstrel of the court of Saul, the slayer of Goliath.

As he neared Jericho he met many people on the road returning from the Jordan, and always he asked if the Prophet were still there, and always he received the same response, "He preaches penance and baptizes in the Jordan."

Arriving at Jericho, tired but happy, he slept at the inn, and on the following day he attached himself to one of the numerous groups of people who went out into the wilderness to hear John

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the Baptist, for he was the new Prophet in Israel. Hundreds had assembled to hear the thrilling sermon of John, the only word he had for his age, "Do penance for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." The sight of the ascetic figure of the Prophet, worn by long fasts and rigorous vigils, roughly clothed in a garment of camel's hair, touched the multitude. His voice, now denouncing, now pleading, his gestures, his rapt expression, his mysterious looks and words filled the assembled throng with awe. They tore their hair and beat their breasts with the unaffected vehemence of the East. Many John baptized that day and added to his disciples.

Among them was Joseph. He had fallen under the spiritual sway of the preacher, whose mysterious words had penetrated his soul. His first thought was that this must be the Messias Himself. He ran to the feet of John, beseeching him to baptize and enroll him among the disciples.

"Art thou He Whom we expect?" he asked gazing full into the eyes of John, "or are we to look for another?" The burning thought of his heart sprang naturally to his lips: "Art thou the Messias?" he queried eagerly.

"I am not the Christ," confessed John gently. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord. He that shall come after me is preferred before me, the latchet of Whose shoe, I am not worthy to loose."

Joseph was disappointed, yet consoled. This was not the Messias, but His forerunner. Was not the Kingdom close at hand? Was He not to come soon? Was not this His herald? Surely this heaven-sent preacher, this man of God could not deceive, and was not he preaching, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths; do penance."

His heart leaped at the prospect. He saw again the people delivered by the Messias, as of old they had been freed by the heroic David and the Maccabees. Although loath to leave the inspiring influence of John the Baptist, he turned to obey his father's will and set out for Egypt. At Alexandria he was met by another of his father's agents, a prosperous Hebrew trader, in whose company he journeyed to Heliopolis, where his father had lived over a quarter of a century. Something very like fear gripped his heart as he neared the town of Heliopolis. What would his father think of him when he saw him? How receive him? Joseph had been a mere infant on the death of his mother, and he had been sent out of this pagan land to be brought up in the true faith in the

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household of his uncle. But his fear melted into pity at the sight of his father, when the old man, worn and feeble, tottered forth from the house to greet the son from whom he had been so long separated. But the hands which Joseph felt on his shoulders, and the eyes which looked earnestly into his were clear and keen. The father gazed earnestly a moment, and then embraced and kissed him.

"My son, my son," he cried, and taking him by the hand he led him into the austerely furnished house.

The father appeared to be overcome by his feelings, and said nothing until the servants had bathed the feet of Joseph, and put a new robe on him. Then the old man dismissed them abruptly. He hesitated a long time and his voice was filled with emotion as he began:

"My son, the joy of my life, the apple of my eye—but no, I must not call you such—not yet—not yet. I have a heavy test for you."

The look of yearning love with which he had been regarding his son remained in his eyes, but his face became stern.

"Years I have been here, many years. I have toiled and I have labored, day in and day out. I have grown old and feeble amassing wealth." His voice sank to a whisper. "The God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob has blessed me, and you are my son and heir. My wealth will be yours, and I am rich—very rich," he went on in a rapid whisper, "but it must never be yours, as it is not mine." His voice rose and he grasped his son by the arm. "It is not mine. Do you understand? It is not mine." He saw the mystified expression on the face of his son.

"Ah, you do not understand. I have not explained."

The keen look of the trader faded away, and the stern lines of his countenance relaxed. He seemed another man. His face was illumined by the nobility of the ideal he had conceived, and which had become the ruling thought of his life.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," he began, "and so I have always called my wealth the treasure of the Messias. It is His, not mine, to be used for His purposes, not mine—not yours, do you understand?" he asked almost fiercely. "Will you surrender it?"

"Willingly, father. It has also been the desire of my life to serve the Messias," answered Joseph earnestly.

The old man did not appear to hear, but went on: "You saw

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did you not as you entered the town the cursed Temple of the Sun-God?" The old man spat fiercely on the ground. "Oh, the lewd abominations of the Gentiles! How I hate them! And these Egyptians who persecuted our fathers—"

The young man interrupted eagerly this tirade of hate: "But they honored our father Joseph and made him second—"

"Silence," commanded the father sternly. Then more gently, "Is it so they train the young men in Jerusalem today—to interrupt their elders? But enough, I must explain.

"You passed the Temple of the Sun-God," he began in a low voice which rapidly raised in his excitement. "Did you notice the shattered columns on the side? Did you see the great crack in the eastern wall? 'An earthquake,' they say, 'caused it.' An earthquake! Oh, most excellent earthquake that shatters the abominations and crumbles the pride of the Gentiles to the dust. Oh, most excellent earthquake which proceedeth from the hand of God!

"For thus it happened, my son, as we Hebrews here know well. Out of our Land of Promise there came a man, a woman and a Child, flying before the face of cruel Herod. When that Child entered Egypt the earth shook, the temples of the Egyptians were shattered and their gods thrown prostrate to the earth. Do not tell, do not breathe it," he whispered fearfully looking around. "The pagans would kill us, but it was the hand of Jehovah that shook the earth."

"Where is the Child now?" asked Joseph, impressed by the story.

The old man wrung his hands. "Alas, I know not. For two years the Child was here, and here I learned of Him, for all this happened before I came. One night the man and the woman and the Child returned as mysteriously as they had come. 'Out of Egypt have I called My Son,' said the Prophet of old."

"Do you think then that the Child was the Messias?" queried Joseph eagerly.

"It must have been the Messias Himself or His messenger. I began then to prepare for the day when the Messias would raise His standard. I have schemed and labored. I have outwitted the native Egyptians and grown rich at their expense." He chuckled mirthlessly while he rubbed his withered hands together. "I have followed the example of our fathers on the night of the Exodus, and spoiled the Egyptians. But not for myself," he whispered,

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"not for myself. I am only the custodian of the treasure of the Messias."

He rose to his feet, and grasping his son by the shoulders almost shouted: "And not for you, not for you! You too must be the custodian of the treasure of the Messias. He will have need of gold. He will have great work to do. We are only His servants. Swear to me, my son," he pleaded, "swear that you too will be His servant and that you will use the gold to restore the kingdom of Israel and to vindicate the Law. Swear to me that you will use it against the Romans, against the world, when the Messias-King raises His standard. Swear on the Holy Law." He tottered across the room to a cupboard in the wall, and opening it he took down a beautiful parchment roll.

The son hesitated a moment. Ringing in his ears he seemed to hear the words of John the Baptist, "Do penance, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Then on his inward vision there flashed the picture of the ascetic preacher. For an instant he contrasted him with his father, on whose face the lines of cunning and avarice were so plainly marked. "Do penance," was John's preparation for the Kingdom. "Amass wealth," his father's. But he dismissed the thought. After all John was only a holy man; his father—a wise man.

"Swear," pleaded the father.

The son, deeply moved, placed his hand upon the most excellent Law and swore:

"The God of Abraham judge."

The old man was deeply touched. His son had stood the test. His own lifework was over and he had passed on his mission to his son. The few remaining days of his life he spent in peace of mind, and when Joseph closed the tired eyes of his father, the old man had died in the comforting thought that his work would live after him.

Joseph, engrossed as he became in the business of trading, for he was a middleman between the desert and the great port of Alexandria, nevertheless asked at every opportunity about the Messias. He heard with grief of the death of John the Baptist, as the influence of the preacher had always remained living in his soul. Then he heard of the rise of a new Prophet in Israel. He heard of His marvelous preaching, of the crowds which followed Him, of the lame walking, the blind seeing, of devils cast out, and even of the dead raised to life. He learned that the Prophet was born



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of a Virgin in Bethlehem, that He was called a Nazarite, that He was a Prince of the House of David. The more he heard, the more convinced Joseph became that at last the prophecies had been fulfilled and that God had visited His people.

He began to prepare to carry out the will of his father, and sold his land and house, his horses and camels, and his vast stores of merchandise. He converted nearly all his possessions into gold and precious stones; he drove hard bargains; he haggled and delayed, for he wished to augment as much as possible the treasure of the Messias. The Romans were strong and powerful and rich. The Imperial Eagle dominated the world. It would be a hard struggle to establish the new Kingdom, and so he schemed to amass as much treasure as he could. Finally he was ready, and journeying to Alexandria he set sail for Jaffa.

The ship loaded with the last of his rich merchandise, which he expected to sell in Jerusalem, sailed bravely out of the port, only to run into a terrific storm. For two days the boat was tossed and battered by the sea, and finally was shattered on the reefs of Jaffa. Joseph was dragged out of the waves by some of the hardy fishermen of the coast, but nothing was left of the treasure of the Messias save the bag of gold at his waist. The merchandise and the precious stones went down with the wreck.

Worse still he learned at Jaffa that the Messias was in grave danger. Mounting a horse at once he overtook a caravan which was leaving for Jerusalem and rode on with it. Alas! it traveled at a snail's pace, and he had to pay an exorbitant price to the leader of the caravan for the privilege of protection from robbers. He paid it willingly. He was beginning to realize that money was not the most important thing in life. The Messias was in danger.

When he arrived in Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate the city was in an uproar. He made his way quickly to his uncle's house, where he was received as a long-lost son, but the household was in dire distress. There he learned the dreadful tidings. The Prophet had been arrested the evening before, tried before Herod and Pilate, and sentenced to die that afternoon.

Joseph rushed to the house of Pilate—the sorrowful Way of the Cross had already begun. Into the blazing heat of a noonday sun, tired and fasting, he rushed, crying out his very soul. The crowd assembled in the narrow street divined in some way that he was a friend of Christ. They pushed and jostled him, they tore his garments. Some cast stones at him. Once he stumbled and

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fell, and the gold in his purse rolled on the pavement. The crowd eagerly grasped it.

All unnoting the gold he picked himself up, befouled by the mud of the street, and hurried on—on. Women shrank from before him. "He is mad," they cried. Nearer and nearer he pushed through the crowd to the Messias. He had reached the Roman soldiery who blocked his way. "Dog of a Jew," cried one of the brutal soldiers, bringing the butt end of a spear heavily down on his head. With a groan Joseph sank unconscious to the ground.

Some women pitying the friend of Christ carried him out of the way of the wild, bloodthirsty mob, and stanched the flow of blood from the wound in his head. When he recovered consciousness he sprang wildly to his feet.

"Messias! Oh, they will crucify Him."

Into the street he hurried. It was nearly three o'clock. He knew the place of Crucifixion, Golgotha, and stumbled blindly the short distance left. He would save Him. He would use his gold. Oh, but he could not save Him. He began to realize the dreadful truth. He was too late. The uselessness of his lifework appalled and unnerved him when he saw that the Messias was already crucified. He saw the blood-stained Body on the Cross, and even as he stood there, heard the words, "It is consummated." The Messias-King was dead.

With dazed eyes and fear-sick heart, he saw the rocks rent asunder, and great storm-clouds gather. The artillery of heaven thundered and sheeted ghosts walked. People fled awestruck.

"This was truly the Son of God," cried a nearby centurion. A great light began to dawn. "This was truly the Son of God."

Joseph fell on his face, paralyzed with fear, and yet he felt a great burden lift from his heart. Surely He at Whose death all nature moved had not needed his petty help. "Do penance, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," rang in his ears. He saw now the profound truth, that Christ's Kingdom was not of this earth. In the light of the Cross he realized that his father, the wise man, had been wrong in his preparation for the Kingdom, and that John the Baptist, the holy man, had been right. The earthly treasure of the Messias, God had thrown away. God did not want earthly treasures to establish the Kingdom. He wanted the treasure of the heart and soul, of consecrated life and service. "Do penance."

At the foot of the Cross, Joseph renewed his vow to serve the Messias-King. "Oh, my God," he cried, "I will begin anew. I

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will serve Thee, Messias, King of Heaven. Thy Kingdom is of the soul. Witness, oh, my father, I am faithful to my oath and my mission. The God of Abraham judge."

In the little community of Christians in Jerusalem, so poor that Paul had to beg for them, lived Joseph, the once wealthy trader of Egypt. He was the poorest of them all, but the happiest in the service of God, devoting his life, as he had hoped even when a boy, in spreading the Kingdom of the Messias, and as he had vowed when a man, in accumulating the true Treasure of the Messias.

## "NOLI ME TANGERE."

BY U. H. KILLACKY, S.J.

MARY, cling not, I pray!
Cling not so!
Thy Master will not go
From thee away.

Rabboni, as I trust the day,
So do I set Thee free
To go, if so Thou wilt,
Away from me.
But give me wings to follow where Thou art.
My love will orphaned be without Thy Heart.
How can I guided be without my star?
I shall derided be with Thee afar.
Yet, Master, though I cherish love,
Behold, I yield to Thee,
If but Thou be not long
Away from me.
For whereto shall I turn when Thou art gone?
With anxious love no more to wait the dawn!
Oh, let me cease to live! Not death I fear
But life that naught can give without Thee near.
Yea, Lord, though Thou did'st love me not,
For yet one boon I pray:
Let me go hence with Thee,
If so I may!

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## FRANCIS THOMPSON'S "AN ANTHEM OF EARTH."

BY FLORENCE MOYNIHAN.

NONE of the poems of Francis Thompson, with the exception of *The Hound of Heaven,* equals in spiritual significance the *Anthem of Earth.* Written in 1894 as an experiment in blank verse it has for us today an interest beyond that of its technique, though the latter, flawed indeed by halting lines of prose, is a remarkable *tour de force.* No doubt the metrical faults are due to the waning of his poetic powers, for he confesses himself in the poem:

> One poet with sick pinion, that still feels
> Breath through the Orient gateways closing fast,
> Fast closing t'ward the undelighted night.

The poem, however, is valuable chiefly because of its content—its temperamental sensing of the enigma of life, its emotional evaluation of human experience. It registers the impressions caused by life as it beat on the sensitive pulses of the poet. It is a poetic autobiography in which are sounded the abysmal deeps of his personality. As such it is a revelation to us of the differing ethos of Thompson, which makes his work a thing apart in English literature.

Francis Thompson was a poet with a strong æsthetic sense who made of beauty a key to religion. He had the rich sense-endowment of Keats, to whom color and odor and sound were as the breath of his nostrils. Yet, unlike Keats, his sensuousness was disciplined by a Catholic asceticism. Regarding the things of sense as but the rubrics of the spirit, he came to view the outward shows of earth and sky as an epiphany of God's handiwork, to discern in the sights and sounds of nature the image and voice of God. As in nature so in human life the senses were for him sacramental signs of the spirit: a beautiful face was a glimpse of depths of soul unfathomed. Love was but the power to catch sight of this beauty of soul which shines through and actually molds the beauty of face and form. Finally his æstheticism becomes mystic, and rising to compass the complex elements of life, expresses the ascetic value of sorrow and suffering:

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Sadness is beauty's savor, and pain is
The exceedingly keen edge of bliss.

Through what stress of life-experience his facile poetry of the senses was chastened into a spiritual austerity we learn from the two poems—*An Anthem of Earth* and *The Hound of Heaven.* The former of these contains his conspectus of life, and forms the setting for the philosophy of the latter. Both record the process of the discipline through which final illumination was vouchsafed.

The *Anthem of Earth* opens with a Miltonic address to earth marked by a cosmic sweep and impulse. Then the poet takes up his immediate theme of the relations of man to the universe. "In nescientness, in nescientness" man puts on the "fleshly lendings" of Mother Earth, all unwitting of the stern obligations with which he is thereby invested:

Indeed this flesh, O Mother
A beggar's gown, a client's badging
We find, which from thy hands we simply took,
Naught dreaming of the after penury,
In nescientness.

Next follows a period of irreflective joy in the boon of existence which has been granted to him:

In a little joy, in a little joy
We wear awhile thy sore insignia
Nor know thy heel o' the neck.

Here the poet becomes personal, and describes his own delight in nature as the glee of a child who revels in the beauty and wonder of the world. With his shaping faculty of imagination he can mold it to his fancy and color it with his varying thought:

Then what wild Dionysia I, young Bacchanal
Danced in thy lap!.....
I brake through thy doors of sunset
Ran before the hooves of sunrise,
Shook thy matron tresses down in fancies
Wild and willful
As a poet's hand could twine them.

He can, like Shelley, summon to his bidding a whole "wassail of orgiac imageries"—the presences who inform the world of nature, the changes of which he interprets in terms of their moods joyous or sad, willful or wistful. Then, too, he finds solace in the play of

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human sympathy with his fellows, in the beauty and grace of women and children. Thus, as in *The Hound of Heaven,* he is beguiled not only by love of nature but by love of man.

At length attaining the full stature of manhood, he grows conscious of the disabilities of mortality—its heritage of sin and woe, and becomes undeceived "in a little thought, in a little thought." Now does nature no longer seem to him a kind foster-mother, but a siren inconstant and beguiling, reflecting the wayward moods of her lover to his undoing:[1]

> Hope not of Nature; she nor gives nor teaches;
> She suffers thee to take
> But what thy own hand reaches,
> And can itself make sovereign for thine ache.
> Ah, hope not her to heal
> The ills she cannot feel
> Or dry with many-businessed hand the tear
> Which never yet was weak
> In her unfretted eyes, on her uncarked cheek.

Man, too, the paragon of animals, has become for him the poor creature of Hamlet's brooding fantasy: *pulvis et umbra.* Here the blank verse rises nobly in Shakespearean accent to the height of its great argument:

> Ay, Mother! Mother!
> What is this Man, thy darling kissed and cuffed,
> Thou lustingly engender'st,
> To sweat, and make his brag, and rot,
> Crowned with all honor and all shamefulness?
> From nightly towers
> He dogs the secret footsteps of the heavens,
> Sifts in his hands the stars, weighs them as gold-dust,
> And yet he is successive unto nothing
> But patrimony of a little mold
> And entail of four planks. Thou hast made his mouth
> Avid of all dominion and all mightiness,
> All sorrow, all delight, all topless grandeurs
> And dim transtellar things: even that it may,
> Filled in the ending with a puff of dust,
> Confess—"It is enough."

His cult of nature and of man has failed to sustain him beneath the burdens of life. It has failed him because of nature's futility and indifference, and man's essential frailty. That bright nat-

[1] *Cf. Of Nature: Laud and Plaint.*

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uralism, as he confesses poignantly in *The Hound of Heaven,* has broken down under the weary weight of earth "with heavy griefs so overplussed."

Then ensues the stark period of disillusionment, during which, thrown back on the mere will to live, he stoically fronts life again, and sets himself to the daily round "in a little strength, in a little strength." The old *joie de vivre* is gone forever:

> Though I the Orient never more shall feel
> Break like the clash of cymbals, and my heart
> Clang through my shaken body like a gong;
> Nor ever more with spurted feet shall tread
> I' the winepresses of song;.....

This imagery is beautifully expressive of the tingling sensibilities of one to whom color could transmit itself in terms of sound—who could hear the crimson blaring of the shawms of sunset, for whom

> .....the sun-smit buttercup clang bold
> A beaten gong of gold.

Yet though he was never more to know the quickening of his artistic senses, his feeling of the pain and travail of creation is recompensed by the dawning in him of the faculty of vision. This it is which nerves him to endure patiently with wide eyes calm upon the whole of things. His dark mood is gradually resolved in the reconciling mysticism of a deepening insight into earth's "strange sanctities of pathos." His penetration of these mysteries required the sobering initiation of sorrowful experience:

> Not to the boy, although his eyes be pure
> As the prime snowdrop is,.....
> Not to such eyes,
> Uneuphrasied with tears, the hierarchical
> Vision lies unoccult, rank under rank
> Through all create down-wheeling, from the Throne
> Even to the bases of the pregnant ooze.
> This is the enchantment, this the exaltation,
> The all-compensating wonder,
> Giving to common things wild kindred
> With the gold-tesselate floors of Jove;
> Linking such heights and such humilities
> Hand in hand in ordinal dances,
> That I do think my tread
> Stirring the blossoms in the meadow-grass,
> Flickers the unwithering stars.

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These lines mark the birth of that faculty of piercing insight which reaches its highest expression in *The Mistress of Vision*. They present his symbolism of nature conditioned by human experience. The poet has begun to sense the secret affinities which underlie phenomena apparently incongruous, to reconcile diversity in a transcendent unity.

In the light of this illumination he spiritualizes the findings of modern science. Science, probing the mysteries of being, has lighted upon the law of order amid seeming chaos. It has discovered in death the occasion of renewed life. In asserting that the elements liberated at death are taken up again in other forms of life, it has repeated involuntarily the scholastic dictum: *Corruptio unius est generatio alterius*. This theory that death is not really the end of life in the natural order is to Thompson a figure or analogy of the doctrine of immortality in the supernatural order. Thus, though seeking to destroy the supernatural, science ministers despite itself to his thought of immortality. For, explaining all things as influx and reflux, it declares death is but a stage in the process of being: "it counts the sepulchre the seminary of being, discovers life in putridity, vigor in decay, and finds admirable the manner of our corruption as of our health." To the eye of faith the facts of science point to a Supreme Designer behind the complex of things, Who out of broken arcs fashions a perfect round, out of bewildering discords educes an overruling harmony. So in human life Thompson comes to resolve evil in a higher synthesis of good, and to discern in pain and death a Divine recompense. Thus: "in a little sight, in a little sight," he has learned a new standard of values by which he finds in the shadows of the human lot but the "Shade of God's hand, outstretched caressingly."

The rest of the poem is a reverie on death by which earth finally reclaims us. It is a descant couched in the language of Sir Thomas Browne, dashed by the ghoulish humor of Hamlet's soliloquy in the graveyard. Comedy jostles tragedy in the quick utterance of his Shakespearean imagination. As if with seer-like prophecy of a world-war, Thompson hears

> The world's knives bickering in their sheaths,

to glut earth's thirst for blood, and muses grimly on the offices of the impartial worm which awaits all. Death is conjured up in a series of fantastic seventeenth-century images, culminating in that tremendous concept:

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Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge
To the steep and trifid God.

This, his final outlook on life, is truly supernatural, as his first pagan rapture was frankly Bacchic. Then, with dignity of pathos, the poem sings itself to a close on the note of quiet consummation wherein is peace:

Now, mortal-sonlike,
I thou hast suckled, Mother, I at last
Shall sustenant be to thee. Here I untrammel,
Here I pluck loose the body's cerementing,
And break the tomb of life; here I shake off
The bur o' the world, man's congregation shun,
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows; my cell is set
Here in thy bosom; my little trouble is ended
In a little peace.

Thompson's poem inevitably suggests comparison with Wordsworth's spiritual autobiography, *Lines Composed Above Tintern Abbey*. Both poems deal with the relations of man to nature and traverse similar stages of nature-experience—the period of the blood and the senses, the period of the imagination, the period of the soul. But the final reaction to the world was different in the case of the two poets. Wordsworth maintained throughout that "Nature never did betray the heart that loves her," and worshipped her mainly for her own sake. His creed was at best a form of natural religion. Thompson on the other hand believed that nature, viewed apart from God, was a deceiving enchantress; but that, regarded aright in relation to God her Creator, she reveals many signs of His handiwork. His creed is summed up in the memorable words of the essay on *Nature's Immortality:* "Absolute nature lives not in our life, nor yet is lifeless, but lives in the life of God; and in so far and so far merely as man lives in that life, does he come into sympathy with nature and nature with him. She is God's daughter, and stretches her hand only to her Father's friends. Not Shelley, not Wordsworth himself, ever drew so close to the heart of nature as did the Seraph of Assisi who was close to the heart of God." In fine, Wordsworth was the poet of the return to nature, while Thompson aspired to be the poet of the return to God.

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# THE FUNERAL OF CHRIST.

BY BARRY MAGUIRE.

NOTE.—This article is of course a picture of what was before the outbreak of the present European war. [ED. C. W.]

A FUNERAL is about the most natural thing in the world following a death. Yet it is remarkable that while our ceremonies of Holy Week are so wonderfully dramatic in showing forth the sufferings and death of the Saviour there is, at least among English-speaking peoples and in the centres of what is called modern civilization, no public function to commemorate His Burial. The procession to the Altar of Repose on Holy Thursday cannot be called a funeral, and though the empty Tabernacle on Good Friday signifies the bereaved home it has no connection with the actual Burial.

Before the Lutheran blight came over Europe, it was customary to celebrate the feasts of the Church with much more pomp and ceremony than at present. The people lived nearer to the heart of Catholic ceremonial. Church functions were part of the yearly routine of community life. Holidays were then Holy Days, because it was in the days before banks started to give them. In the European museums you will now see the little wooden asses on wheels which were used in the villages on Palm Sunday for Christ's entry into Jerusalem. You will see the huge crucifixes and articulated wooden figures which were used for the celebration of the Three Hours Agony, when it was customary to break limbs in realistic fashion, take the body down from the Cross, as the congregation looked on, and bear it away to the grave.

But there are lands in Europe where these old ceremonies linger still, so real, so much a part of the people's lives, so touching and so blissful in the true sense. In Sicily and in parts of Spain, in the hill towns of Italy and Tyrol, in the mountain districts of Austria and Hungary, the custom still lingers of burying the dead Christ on Good Friday evening. I have seen one of these sacred funerals in Sicily and one at a little Tuscan village in Italy. The latter is the one that merits description.

We said good-bye to the Eternal City and journeyed to spend

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Holy Week in Dante's city by the Arno. The ceremonies would be simpler, more Italian, and we knew that in the hill towns many mediæval customs still lingered, and many old ceremonies connected with Holy Week. The Funeral of Christ at Grassina was the one thing which a stranger in Florence should not miss. Grassina was within easy reach, so we determined to journey thither on Good Friday evening.

We approached the manager of a livery stable and asked how we might arrange the Grassina journey for a party of six. A carriage and pair would bring us there, he said, wait and bring us back, all for a consideration of ten dollars. He laid special emphasis on the waiting, as if it were the hardest part of the task. We offered five dollars. *O Madonna Mia!* what did the *signore* think. Did the *signore* not know of the hard times, how dear horses were, how dear food was, what it cost to keep harness and carriages in repair, and how many horses had to stand idle in the stable. At last we compromised on six dollars, and there was not one of us that did not have heart-searchings at the thought of having beaten him down so low; for he gave us two spanking five-year-olds and a turnout fit for the noblest marquis in Italy.

About six o'clock we were on our way, leaving the city by the eastern gate, beneath the shadow of San Miniato. Evening was closing fast. The dark cedars along the ridge from Settignano to Fiesole stood like a row of Misericordiæ Brethren waiting for a funeral. There was a spirit of mourning everywhere, in the pathos of the dying day, in the scenery, in the quiet of the villages, in the dress and bearing of the people.

As the high road led out between the hills we fell in with a long line of carriages and conveyances of all descriptions, forming a sort of procession that reminded one of the roads nearing a country church in Ireland on a Sunday morning. Hundreds of pedestrians trudged along, dodging every now and then horses and motor cars. Over all there was a strange calm. One felt it everywhere. It was in the sombreness of the dark cedars, in the deep shadows thrown from the hills to the valley, and it was in our hearts, the Funeral of Christ.

What a sense of the dramatic it shows, and how very Italian it is, this leaving of the lighted streets and the palatial churches of the city to come out to assist at the Funeral of Christ in a little village, nestling among the hills. Nowhere on earth could a more fitting stage-setting be found for such a ceremonial. A quiet little

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stream meandering along between two vine clad and cedar crowned hills, a row of well-kept homes on its banks and a church at the furthermost point just where a spur of the southern hill runs down to the stream. That is Grassina.

The main piazza of the little village is all life and bustle as we arrive. A fair is being held. High above the rumble of the incoming carriages, the clanging of street-car gongs and the blowing of motor horns, one can hear the shrill voice of the cheap jack and the banter of the shrewd *contadini*. At fairs the world is the same all over. The thimble-rigger is here, and the wheel of fortune, the man with the golden sixpence, the magic penknife and the twopenny glass-cutter guaranteed to hack a way through the stoutest plate. For unsuspecting Americans in search of souvenirs and antiquities there are stalls where Tuscan pottery is sold, and genuine Etruscan brooches from Paris, and Panama hats from Livorno and corals from the marble quarries of Carrara and Etruscan antiquities from Germany, guaranteed to be as old as the boyhood of Adam. The kerosene lanterns are spluttering and flaring. Thin cakes of unleavened bread flavored with aniseed are baked between great flat pincers, like those used in the making of Altar breads, and are eaten hot from the stove.

Suddenly all is silent. It is a silence whose hush one can feel, more expressive than an avalanche of sound. The lamps are put out, the hucksters close down their stalls, the cheap jack crosses himself, and in the hush one can hear the strains of a weird chant come over the village housetops from the little church nestling yonder. The procession has commenced.

It is better to leave the piazza and come to a point of vantage on the northern hillside, close to where the bridge crosses the little brook. We can now see the procession leave the church. It is to our left, at the other side of the stream and down about a quarter of a mile further, where the spur of the southern hill runs into the village. Up the hillside path the procession winds. A great snake of smoky orange light it is, throwing a weird glimmer on the white of the children and the armor of the Roman soldiers. A silver Paschal moon has come out in the east, and on the surrounding summits, in peasant farmyards and princely castles, thousands of lanterns are lit, as if to make footlights for the great drama. On and up the procession winds, and through the stillness we can hear heavy voices chanting in weird tones well-nigh as old as the Tuscan hills:

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Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches
Nails His tender flesh are rending.
See, His side is opened now!
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation
Streams of blood and water flow.

*God spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us,* they sing, and the village band plays a soul-stirring accompaniment that is echoed from the hills.

The head of the procession is now descending the hillside and is coming to the little bridge at our feet. A group of white-robed men come first. They are members of the Sanctuary Guild, wearing long albs that look curiously conventional beneath the rough faces and bushy hair; but, true to the Latin instinct, they throw themselves into their parts with an earnestness that seizes the onlookers and many who came merely to see are forced to kneel and pray. "I wonder do they mean it all?" wistfully asks an English Christian at my elbow. "Sshh!" comes from the kneeling Tuscan throng, and my weary staggerer in the Faith kneels to pray.

The *Cross* comes now, borne at the head of a group of boys dressed in red and carrying symbols of the Passion. On a silk cushion one little fellow with baby cheeks bears the *Crown of Thorns,* on a silver plate they bring the *Nails,* the *Spear* is carried by a larger boy, and the *Sponge* and *Hammer* are borne by little fellows with the most angelic faces in the world. There is something caressing about the way a little fellow bears the *Thongs of the Scourging,* as if he saw the Sacred Blood of his Saviour on them, and weighed it in his hands as more precious than all the jewels of earth. Wonderfully earnest it all is; and everybody lives his part entirely unconscious of the onlookers.

Following the instruments of the Passion two little fellows bear the symbols of the Blessed Eucharist, the abiding Memorial of this Tragedy.

A group of Roman soldiers comes next. Truly martial they look in their mediæval armor. The long, flowing cloaks are spread over the chargers, covering all blemish of bone or skin. The bobbing plumes and the glitter of the coats of mail make a weird spectre in the flickering light. They are followed by the village choir and band, singing and playing the *Benedictus,* the *Miserere* and the *Vexilla Regis.*

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And now come the chief mourners. At the head of the group is the monsignor and his curates, wearing black copes and chanting the *Miserere sotto voce*. They are followed by the Misericordiæ Brethren, all in black, murmuring their *Aves* as the great brown beads slip through rough toil-marked hands. A group of torchbearers follow, and their flaring torches throw a dim flickering light over the bier and the waxen figure that is laid on it.

It is the form of the dead Christ. Shattered and helpless it looks, fashioned from the realistic Latin mind that does not find the details of Christ's agony repellent, and cannot understand the namby pamby sensibilities of the modern Christian neurotic. As the bier stops, every now and then, when the way is too thickly thronged, peasants move close and reverently kiss the figure, and little children are raised up that they may press their lips on its sacred feet and wounded side.

After the bier come the three Marys bearing ointment and spices. They are clad in white, with little bands of black crape on the sleeves. Hundreds of other little girls bear candles, and then come the weeping women of Jerusalem. They are the women of Grassina, robed in black and wearing lace mantillas on the head. In their midst is borne the figure of the Sorrowful Mother, wan and pallid in the moonlight, bearing a handkerchief in her upraised hand.

Last of all, and in anticipation of Easter, comes a triumphal car of baby angels. They recognize their friends and relatives in the crowd as they pass. There are nods from Antoinetta to Giovanino. Marietta steals from the crowd and gives a roasted chestnut to her little angel sister on the car. Angelina is palpably vain of her wings as she is passing the workshop where her father makes the great wheels of the Tuscan mule carts.

The procession winds up the other hillside, and an hour passes before it returns to the village. Then it goes through the main street and winds up at the little church, where the figure is laid away until another Good Friday comes around.

So, year after year, they show forth the burial of the Lord, these simple and sensible people of Grassina. The intellectuals who come from the great world-centres of culture may find it trumpery and superstitious. Indeed the author of *A Wanderer in Florence* has written of it so. And if the great world-centres had only learned from Grassina, if we had had more of Christ and less of Mars parading our streets, Europe would not be today in blood and tears.

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# THE GREEK SCHISM AND BENEDICT XV.

BY GEORGE CALAVASSY.

IT may seem strange at first sight, at this time of crisis in the world's history, to speak of the Greek Schism, and even to present it as a live issue, and to connect with it the name of our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV. It will seem especially strange to those who do not realize what religious and social questions must be answered in the near future. This is precisely the time to consider certain problems, the solution of which is of the utmost importance in view of the great mission which awaits Christianity after this gigantic struggle of nations and peoples. Benedict XV., upon whose shoulders weighs the enormous burden of responsibility for the interests of the Church and Christianity, is more than anyone else preoccupied with these problems, among which the return to unity of the Greek Church with its more than one hundred millions of adherents, is of very great importance.

For some time past there has been wide discussion about Christian unity. As a result the Pope has at times been credited with intentions which have not received the slightest official confirmation. Although officially sent from Rome to preach in favor of a work which has for its precise object the conversion of the Schismatic Greeks, the writer of this article is not, however, authorized to make the slightest official declaration concerning the union of the Churches.

There is no question that the Pope ardently desires to draw all Churches to unity, a condition more than ever necessary in the interests of Christianity, and it is also quite possible that a commission of Cardinals and other persons, competent in the matter, will be instituted for the purpose of examining and carrying out all possible means for facilitating and hastening this union; but the effort seems to be directed chiefly towards the Schismatic Eastern Churches. As a matter of fact, we cannot see what method could be used in Protestant countries to obtain the desired result other than that which has hitherto been so advantageously followed, and which is accessible to all Protestants of good will. If occasionally experiments have been made here and there by the authori-

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ties, by way of testing the ground, the only result has been to confirm the Catholic Church in the method of individual conversions which she has hitherto followed, and which owing to the apostolic spirit, the great zeal and energy of Catholic missionaries, especially in America, continues to yield such results that we are justified in hoping that at no distant future all sincerely religious Protestants will have returned to the Faith of their fathers.

Union between the Catholic Church and the Protestant appears a Utopian dream in the eyes of all who deeply ponder this question. First of all, the Protestant Churches have to agree among themselves, for now there are as many different doctrines as there are denominations (I ought rather to say, as many doctrines as there are churches, for frequently in the same denomination each pastor has his own private doctrine, and this on questions which are basic and of the first importance). What then constitutes the Protestant Church a body, or bodies, separate from the Catholic Church? Unquestionably it is not the difference of rite, discipline, language or race, as in the case of the separated Greek Church. What separates the Protestant Churches from the Catholic Church are basic dogmatic differences, on which the Catholic Church cannot, because she has not the right to do so, yield an iota; consequently union can only take place through the full acceptance of the dogmatic teaching of the Catholic Church, and what then will remain of the Protestant Church? Nothing at all; that will be manifested *en masse* which is manifested daily in the conversion of individuals. The Protestant Church will identify itself with the Catholic Church without the slightest distinction, as there is no distinction between a converted Protestant and one who is a Catholic by birth. In other words, *the union* between the Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches means nothing else than *the conversion* to the Catholic Church of all the Protestants in a body.

The case is not the same for the Greek Church. But before speaking of the Greek Church, it may not be out of place for us to note the difference between a heretic and a schismatic. A heretic is one who rejects one or more articles of the Catholic Faith, as, for example, the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament, or the veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints; a schismatic is one who, without rejecting any article of the Catholic Faith, is unwilling to submit himself to the head of the Catholic Church, the representative of Jesus Christ, and who consequently ceases to be in communion with the other members of the Church;



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It follows, therefore, that all heretics are also schismatics, but not all schismatics are necessarily heretics. It follows also that the Protestant Churches are historically not only schismatic but also heretical. To return now to the Greek Church. It has existed from the earliest ages as a distinct organization because of its rite, language and discipline, but it was not on this account either heretical or schismatical, because it had only one dogmatic teaching, only one Creed, which was that of the Church of Rome, and it was from this union with Rome and its Bishop that it drew its sap and life.

To understand this more fully, imagine a beautiful house in the centre of which there is a large room. This room is surrounded by a number of smaller rooms, everyone of which communicates with it by a door, while all communicate with one another. Every room has its own construction, its style, its own furnishing, its special decoration, but is not thereby constituted a separate house, having the one foundation with the central chamber and the other rooms of the building. The different Eastern Churches, with their variety of rites and customs constitute integral, although distinct, parts of the Catholic Church because they have but a single foundation, a single dogmatic and moral doctrine; in their variety they seem to adorn the Church, "The Queen stood on thy right hand, in gilded clothing; surrounded with variety" (Ps. xliv. 10), and they form a permanent proof of the catholicity of the Roman Church, in which only they are united. Who would presume to say that St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazienzen, St. Cyril, St. Athanasius, St. John Chrysostom, St. John Damascene, and so many others were not Catholics because they belonged to the Greek Church, and because their rite, discipline, and liturgical language were not those of the Roman Church? On the contrary, they were the greatest defenders of the Church and the Catholic Faith against the heretics, and down to our own times they are the unshakable pillars which support the edifice of the Church against the assaults of error.

It is impossible, of course, to cover here the history of the early Greek Church. Sufficient is it to say that controversies, misunderstandings, political jealousies and subsequently the superiority of Greek over Latin civilization, and the fact that since the time of Constantine the Great, Constantinople had become the capital of the empire, the difficulty of Rome's exercising control owing to distance and the difficulties of communication, all went towards facili-

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tating this unfortunate schism. Ambitious, self-seeking, hypocritical men fanned these flames, and one stood out prominently as their leader. This man, Photius, was endowed with unusual intellectual ability, he was a distinguished scholar, canonist, theologian and poet. To gifts of mind he joined distinction of birth which enabled him to rank among the favorites of the imperial court and to fill most important offices. But his craftiness and ambition got the upper hand of his good qualities. Hence when the opportunity presented itself, he did not hesitate to trample under foot both the canon laws and all respect for the rights of others.

There was at that time on the patriarchal throne of Constantinople a saintly bishop named Ignatius. Following the example of his great and holy predecessors, who did not hesitate to reproach the emperors and the courtiers with their crimes and their scandals, Ignatius publicly refused Communion to the tutor of the Emperor Michael III., Cæsar Bardas, who gave public scandal by taking to wife his son's widow. The Patriarch's act, which was worthy of a Catholic bishop, drew upon him the false accusation of conspiring against the empire, and consequently he was deposed and sent into exile in 859. Photius was the intimate friend of Bardas, and through the latter's intrigues was appointed to the patriarchal throne to succeed Ignatius. Photius was only a layman, despite which fact he was made Patriarch within six days. Hence he was doubly guilty, first, of having usurped the throne of the legitimate patriarch, and, secondly, for having passed through all orders leading to the episcopate within six days, against the rulings of canon law. The matter was, therefore, very serious, and could not but attract the attention and condemnation of the Bishop of Rome, the supreme head of the Church. It became necessary, therefore, to forestall Papal intervention, and, not having succeeded in wresting an abdication from Ignatius, Photius wrote to Pope Nicholas I., announcing his election, but keeping silence about its uncanonical proceedings and pretending to have been forced in spite of himself to accept the election. Some time later several bishops met in synod, and at the command of the court pronounced Ignatius deposed, and then confirmed the election of Photius.

The Pope having learned the whole truth deposed and excommunicated Photius and reëstablished Ignatius on his throne. Photius had either to submit or declare a revolt. His ambition urged him to the latter course, and being upheld in it by the

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emperor he assembled a synod in 867, before which he laid a number of accusations against the Latin Church, thus changing the personal question into a doctrinal and disciplinary controversy between the two Churches. The synod accepted his accusations, excommunicated the Pope, and declared all communication with Rome broken off.

So the schism was accomplished, but Photius was not to enjoy long the fruits of his disastrous intrigue. Less than a year later the Emperor Michael was put to death. His successor, Basil the Macedonian, deposed and exiled Photius and restored Ignatius to the throne. Ignatius immediately renewed the bonds between his Church and the Church of Rome. Two years later the eighth General Council assembled at Constantinople under the presidency of the legates of Pope Adrian II., confirmed the guilt and excommunication of Photius, recognized Ignatius as the legitimate Patriarch of Constantinople and solemnly proclaimed the primacy of the Pope.

Photius, however, succeeded once more in winning the favor of Basil, and at the death of Ignatius he was again placed on the patriarchal throne. Scarcely was he in power when he renewed his attacks against the Papacy and the Church of Rome, but Leo VI., the Philosopher, the son and successor of Basil I., was deeply distrustful of Photius, his former master, and as soon as he was emperor he hastened to depose him. This time Photius died without being able to regain the throne for the third time. By the death of Photius, union was completely restored between Rome and Constantinople and lasted for a century and a half, but the bad seed sown by him was unfortunately destined to bear fruit.

During the one hundred and fifty years of union which succeeded the Photian schism, relations between Rome and Constantinople were not always very close. A certain antagonism in political and disciplinary matters; reproaches sometimes uttered in rather sharp language on one side or the other; the coldness caused by the intervention of both sides in the conversion of the Bulgars; and other regrettable incidents kept alive among the Greeks the embers of revolt. Only a daring leader was needed to rekindle the conflagration. Such a leader was Michael Cærularius.

Vastly inferior to Photius in mind and talents, Cærularius surpassed him in pride, in daring and in brutal energy. Having been sentenced to prison for conspiring against the Emperor Michael IV.,

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he decided to enter a monastery. Two years later Constantine Monomachos ascended the throne. He had taken part with Cærularius in the conspiracy against Emperor Michael IV. A year later, when the patriarchal throne was vacant, the emperor elevated to it Michael Cærularius.

As Patriarch he at once sought to be independent of all authority, and began a desperate war against the Pope and the Latin Church. By letters to bishops and all kinds of publications, he endeavored to convince them that it was necessary to break with a Church which dared to use unleavened bread in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice and which imposed the Sabbath fast. Accusations and calumnies were succeeded by violent persecution of the Latin churches and faithful in Constantinople.

When Pope Leo IX. was informed of these serious proceedings, he wrote at once to Michael Cærularius in a firm but moderate tone, reproaching him with his conduct towards the Latins in contrast to the magnanimity and condescension of Rome towards the Greeks living in Italy and elsewhere. If this letter abated for a time the Patriarch's fury, probably for political reasons, it did not shake his resolution to attain his end. Hence the Pope was obliged to send three legates to Constantinople to deal with the matter at close range and, if necessary, to take more energetic measures. He confided to them two letters, one for the emperor and the other for the Patriarch. The emperor was won over to the side of peace, but nothing was of any avail as far as Cærularius was concerned. All the efforts of the emperor and the legates were in vain; nothing could overcome the obstinacy of the Patriarch, blinded by ambition and pride. He even redoubled his efforts to win over the bishops and patriarchs to the side of his rebellion by lies and incredible calumnies, and later refused to deal further with the legates.

The latter, seeing that all their efforts were in vain, decided to use severity; therefore, in the year 1054 during a solemn service in St. Sofia, they declared the Patriarch and his adherents excommunicated, adding that this act implied no intention of condemning the Greek Church, whose faith retained its integrity.

After the departure of the legates, which took place immediately after the publication of the excommunication, the excommunicated Patriarch assembled some metropolitans in synod and issued a so-called synodal letter to all the bishops and patriarchs, in which he declared the legates responsible for the separation be-

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cause they had attacked and calumniated the Greek Church, and had placed the Patriarch under the necessity of excommunicating them together with all the Latins.

Having rejected the supreme authority instituted by Jesus Christ in His Church, and having subjected to himself the other bishops and patriarchs of the East, Cærularius attempted to supersede the emperors and impose his will on them in the government of the empire. At times he succeeded; but when he had set on foot a project to bring about the deposition of the Emperor Isaac Comnenus, as he had that of his predecessor, he was suddenly seized and sent into exile where he died. He had prepared well the ground for schism, and now it was able to put forth such roots that the efforts of ten centuries have not sufficed to destroy it.

Unfortunate circumstances which followed the separation established still more firmly the foundations on which the authors and propagators of the schism built their house. Among the accusations against the Catholic Church which they carefully published among the people, were some which not only bred distrust of Rome's intentions, but aroused hatred of her and kept that hatred alive. Thenceforth the faithful beheld in her only an enemy who wanted to destroy all that they held most sacred, their rite, their liturgical customs, their language and their nationality. This hatred and distrust of the Catholic Church which has been kept alive in the minds of the people by unremitting efforts on the part of the schismatic authorities, has been handed down from generation to generation. Unhappily there have been Catholics who, through excessive zeal, have confirmed the Greeks in their erroneous opinions. Such undoubtedly was the effect which the Crusades produced among the Greeks. The indescribable conduct of the Crusaders towards the Greek people, the profanation of their churches and monasteries, the usurpation of the imperial throne, the tyranny exercised over the Greeks during the fifty-six years of Latin domination, the intolerance of their rite and their religious customs, are circumstances which have furnished the friends of the schism with strong arguments to keep the Greeks fixed in their hostile attitude towards the Catholic Church. Unquestionably neither the Pope nor the Church had any part in these abuses, which they condemned and reproved, but the Greeks were not given to making distinctions. Their enemies were Latins; now, the head of the Latins was the Pope; therefore, it was he who wished to destroy their rite and their nation.

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The conduct of some European missionaries has confirmed them in their false reasoning. Such missionaries, in their zeal to win the Greeks to unity, have forced all who, in good faith, wished to be converted, to renounce their rite, in opposition to Rome's wish in the matter, explicitly expressed time and time again. They were thus able to secure individuals here and there to increase the groups of Latin Catholics formed in different places by the Venetians and Genoese, but to the detriment of the general cause of union, for in the eye of the Greeks these conversions were a proof that the Church of Rome despised their particular customs and was making every effort to do away with them. This state of things lasted until the last century—we may say, until the time of Leo XIII.—who, in order to curb the imprudent zeal of the Latin missionaries, promulgated, in his famous letter, *Orientalium dignitas,* several laws against this system of Latinization among the Orientals. Among others, he declared that "any Latin missionary, whether of the secular or of the regular clergy, who obliges or assists an Oriental to pass to the Latin Rite, will not only incur *ipso facto* the suspension of his priestly functions and the other penalties inflicted by the Constitution *Demandatam* (of Benedict XIV.), but will furthermore be deprived of and expelled from his post."

Since the consummation of the schism under Cærularius, the Greek Church has remained completely separated from the Catholic Church. It is true that union was twice officially established, once at the Council of Lyons under the Emperor Michael Palæologus in 1274, and again at the Council of Florence under John Palæologus in 1434, but these unions were only ephemeral, because they were inspired by political expediency, and at a time when the ground had not been prepared for the continuance of the union. Nevertheless, the decree of the Union, especially at the Council of Florence where the Greek Church was fully represented and where lengthy discussions had preceded the decree, demonstrated that there really existed no dogmatic differences between the two Churches, and that the schism was only due to the spirit of independence of several patriarchs, and to the misunderstandings and prejudices engendered and nourished by a series of deplorable circumstances.

If to the foregoing causes we add ignorance and politics, we shall have summed up the causes which sustain the Greek Schism even to our own day. Dogmatic questions, it is true, are still being agitated among the theologians, but they are questions to which the people are absolute strangers. If the heads of each

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nation were convinced that the existence of a national Church separated from Rome is not necessary for the realization of their national aspirations, or that in union with Rome they would find a stronger support, all theological differences would immediately disappear.

The Greek Church of today with its one hundred and ten or more millions of adherents, is divided into several autocephalous and independent Churches, such as the Russian Church, the Church of the Kingdom of Greece, the Church of Cyprus, the Bulgarian, Rumanian, Servian and Montenegrin Churches, and the Patriarchates of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem. With the exception of the patriarchates, all the other national Churches are governed by a synod under the control of the government and independently of every other Church, so that every Church is so closely connected with the State that it serves as the most powerful instrument of the State for the preservation of national traditions and the realization of its aspirations. Inasmuch as the aspirations of all these States, and consequently of all these national Churches, are extremely opposed to one another and continually in conflict with one another, it will be readily understood that it would be too much to expect the return to unity of the whole Greek Church in a body. Having no directive union among themselves, and having opposite interests by the very fact of their being national Churches, it is impossible that they should agree among themselves in order to reach a common conclusion.

But may it not be hoped that everyone of these Churches will accept the union by itself? It is earnestly to be hoped for; and it is most probable that the example of one would cause the others to follow it. But the question is very complex, because it is mixed up with politics, as I said above, and it would be a difficult and delicate matter to analyze it at this time. Very much depends on the result of the War. Naturally the Catholic Church cannot look for a return to unity that shall have no motives other than political interests; in order to be permanent, the union must be sincere and founded on supernatural motives. Nevertheless, it is certain that His Holiness, Benedict XV., ardently desires to bring back all the Churches to unity, and very probably the commission of which I spoke at the beginning will be charged with studying what can be done toward this end.

Meanwhile, since the conversion of the schismatics is chiefly the work of the grace of God, the Pope first of all invites the faithful

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to solicit this grace by prayer. The Pope himself composed and published a few months ago the following prayer for the return of the Eastern Churches to Catholic unity:

> O Lord, Who hast united the different nations in the confession of Thy name, we pray Thee for the Christian peoples of the East. Mindful of the noble place which they have held in Thy Church, we beseech Thee to inspire in them the desire to take it again, in order to form one fold under the rule of one and the same Shepherd. Bring it about that they, together with us, may be filled with the teaching of their holy Doctors, who are also our Fathers in the Faith. Prevent any misfortune which might alienate them still more from us. May the spirit of concord and love, which is a proof of Thy Presence among the faithful, hasten the day when our prayers and theirs may be united in order that every people and every tongue may recognize and glorify Our Lord, Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen.

Moreover, His Holiness has decided to put in practice the method which long experience has shown to be most efficacious. This method is the development of the Catholic communities of the Greek Rite already existing, and the establishment of as many new ones as possible.

We have already said that the chief reasons which keep the schismatic peoples still separated from the Catholic Church, are ignorance and prejudice in religious matters. Attachment to their particular rite, liturgical customs and language is so strong in all these Greek people that no consideration would induce them to renounce them. Now as a general thing they do not know the Catholic Church except through the presence of foreign missionaries of the Latin Rite and through the Churches of the same rite. Hence in their eyes to become a Catholic means a renunciation of all that they hold most sacred, and therefore they do not so much as consider the question. It must be shown to them, therefore, that this view of the case is not true, and that in becoming Catholics they need make none of these changes. But in order to accomplish this it is absolutely necessary to provide native missionaries of the Greek Rite and to form Catholic communities of this rite. In this way only will it be possible to come in contact with the Greek people, and to destroy their prejudices, to dissipate their ignorance and give them catechetical instruction. It is true that in some of the countries of the Near East, the practice of the Greek Rite by Catholics is not permitted, precisely because it is so efficacious in bringing about conversions among the schismatics; even at present,

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however, the work of the native Catholic clergy of the Greek Rite is tolerated in some few of these countries.

This method was included in Leo XIII.'s plan for the conversion of the Greeks, but he did not have time to put it completely into practice. In the hope, however, of seeing some result before his death, he sent to Constantinople the French Assumptionist Fathers, with permission to use the Greek Rite and to form there a Greek Catholic community. The priests set forth, full of zeal and abnegation, but they were confronted by another obstacle, which must absolutely be taken into consideration, namely, national sensitiveness. Beneath the habit which these Fathers wore, and the Greek Rite which they practised, the Greeks recognized French missionaries, and, as they thought, disguised, which only confirmed them in their century-long suspicions. This showed the necessity of Greek priests for the Greeks, Bulgarian priests for the Bulgarians, and so forth. So a few years later a little community of Greek Catholic missionaries of the Greek Rite was formed at Constantinople in dependence upon Propaganda. Their work was immediately crowned with success to the great disappointment of the schismatic Patriarch, who bestirred himself to halt the conversions by means of excommunications and unworthy measures against the Greek Catholic missionaries, and against those who had recourse to them with the desire of becoming Catholics. Despite these persecutions, the conversions continued to increase to such an extent that Rome considered it time to send this growing community its first bishop, and on the thirtieth of November, 1911, Pope Pius X. appointed the Rt. Rev. Isaias Papadopoulos the first Catholic bishop of the Greek Rite at Constantinople since the time of Cærularius.

It is to be hoped that Bishop Isaias Papadopoulos is destined to restore the succession of the great and holy Patriarchs of Constantinople, which will occur in the course of time if, in the meantime, the schismatic Patriarch does not himself take the decisive step.

Meanwhile, the result already obtained and the conversions which continue to the present time, have induced the Holy Father to take the first step at Constantinople itself, the very centre of the schism. It is quite natural that salvation should come from the very place where the schism originated. Benedict XV., therefore, wishes to develop this work as much as possible, at the same time studying other means from which further results may be hoped for. Thus Constantinople will become the centre for subsequent

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work in other cities of the Ottoman Empire and in other countries.

In the interval, Bishop Papadopoulos is already in the eyes of the Greek people the representative of the Catholic Church, the one with whom they must range themselves if they wish to repudiate the schismatic authorities. Hence he must have a cathedral worthy of the cause which he represents, a cathedral which will be in the eyes of the Greeks a palpable proof of the veneration in which the Catholic Church holds their magnificent rite and their sublime liturgy, which were instituted by the holy Fathers of the Church in the early ages. Hitherto Bishop Papadopoulos has had only a little chapel, long since inadequate for the converted faithful and for the number of schismatics who resort to it to behold with astonishment how their rite and liturgy are celebrated in their own tongue in a Catholic church, and, what to them is still more astonishing, by Greek priests of their own nationality. With what admiration they go thither to hear the explanation of the Gospel and divine truths, of which they hear so little in their own churches! Very often they go from the chapel to the rectory in search of information, and even those who do not do so on the first occasion nevertheless leave the sacred edifice convinced of the falsity of the assertion made by their priests that, in order to be a Catholic, it is necessary to renounce all these things.

Needless to say, the support which the Holy Father wishes to afford this most important work cannot consist solely in the building of a cathedral. He wishes to provide it with all the means necessary to its development and extension. Now, "the harvest is great but the laborers are few." Hence missionaries must be assured to it by the foundation of a seminary. A great many priests are necessary, not only for the task of individual conversions, but also in the event of the conversion of the Greeks in a body. The Greek faithful are ignorant in religious matters, because as a general thing their priests are pitiably ignorant; in the villages especially, the priests are merely peasants scarcely able to read and write. Hence there must be a large number of educated priests, capable of restoring the spirit of faith among both the clergy and the faithful, of familiarizing them with the chief mysteries of our holy religion, and of destroying their superstitions, the inevitable fruit of ignorance. Otherwise corporate union would be of short duration, for it would not be founded on conviction.

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But above all it is essential to provide for future generations by training up the young people in the Catholic faith and spirit, therefore schools must be provided for boys and girls. A Catholic mission or community without schools cannot long endure.

Besides the mission in Constantinople four or five other missions have already been established in other schismatical centres in Thrace and Asia Minor, dependent upon Constantinople. All these missions lack the means of support.

The work is therefore enormous, because it is a beginning and the difficulties are great, but if God's hour has struck, the obstacles will count as nothing. Our difficulties are far from being as great as those which the Apostles encountered when they undertook the evangelization of the Roman Empire and the whole world. The history of the Catholic Church is replete with facts which prove the continuous assistance of Jesus Christ, so that a Catholic must never be dismayed by the difficulties which confront Christ's Church. Still less can the head of the Church falter before the obstacles which he encounters in the accomplishment of the work which Jesus Christ has confided to him, of leading back to the fold all stray sheep that there may be "but one Fold and one Shepherd."

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# ST. PAUL AND HIS CO-WORKERS.

BY L. E. BELLANTI, S.J.

RARELY is success an accident. This is true in both the worlds of spirit and of sense. Opportunities, indeed, may come in the way of one that are denied to another, but that native power so lamely styled the secret of success adapts the data of circumstance to the proposed end when it does not wholly transcend them. So, too, in the case of St. Paul, some circumstances directly favored his work; others he turned and twisted into his service; over the rest he rode, ignoring rude falls, unbroken, triumphant. Not naturally, still less supernaturally, could Paul ever be the victim of circumstance. To my mind any estimate of the Apostle's success which ignored this acceptance and ready manipulation of human factors, would be as incomplete, as historically and psychologically misleading. After all the Saint is the man—elevated utterly above his natural best—but still supremely himself.

The natural side, then, of Paul's genius is manifest in the skill and foresight with which he picks and chooses each human instrument, and takes every material condition into account for the furtherance of God's work. A prudent centralization guides and supports the first tottering footsteps of his infant foundations. As they grow in experience and self-reliance his support is gently withdrawn. Very tentatively and with infinite precaution he begins to delegate his powers to a few men whom he himself has formed, impressed and fired with a touch of his own spirit of flaming self-surrender. In all things practical, he develops and extends this precious business of soul-saving along the lines laid out for him by the physical and social conditions of that Empire on whose conquest he is bent. His movements are along the great highways, his strongholds the great cities—roughly rehearsed in ascending scale—Pisidian, Antioch, and the towns of Southern Galatia; Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, and Rome. Adapting Merivale's words[1] on the future of Christianity to the Apostle's outlook, we may say that "the active and growing strength of the Roman world was truly *his*—*his* the future of all civilized society."

[1] Merivale, *Epochs of Early Church History*, p. 2.

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Characteristically he began by demanding a complete and whole-hearted recognition of his place in the Church. Not only did he claim the right to be believed when he spoke as God's messenger, but he insisted on his power to guide, govern and be in supreme control. This authority belongs to him as to the other Apostles by virtue of a divine commission—however unique in *his* case in the circumstances of its bestowal. There is to be no question of powers delegated by man; to him as to them such powers come straight from Our Lord. A strange note of solemnity rings through his words when he begins to speak of his mission. Though mostly he is the "menial servant" toiling in the service of his Master (Rom. i. 1; 1 Cor. iv. 1; ix. 17, etc.), he is also the Evangelist of good tidings whose footsteps are beautiful (Rom. x. 15; 1 Cor. iv. 9-13). Though the least of the Apostles and not worthy to be called an Apostle (1 Cor. xv. 9; Rom. i. 14), oppressed at times even unto "weakness and fear and much trembling" (1 Cor. ii. 3), as utterly futile as Teresa with her three ducats, yet like her he is rich with all the riches of God, and can exclaim "by the grace of God I am what I am" (1 Cor. xv. 10), "a herald, and an apostle.....a teacher of the Gentiles" (1 Tim. ii. 7). It is this fierce glow of divine life that devours him and drives him on. At one time he is obsessed by the thought of Rome, and exclaims, "*I needs must* see Rome" (Acts xix. 21), at another time, "Come overseas and help us" is the refrain ringing through his dreams (Acts xvi. 9). "Necessity," he cries out, "is laid upon me. Yea, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel" (1 Cor. ix. 16). Paul then is an Ambassador of Christ, an Apostle in that highly-specialized sense of the term in which it is applied to "the Twelve" (Matt. x. 1, 2; Luke vi. 13; John xx. 24, etc.), and connotes powers and privileges derived straight from Our Lord.

In our own day we are familiar with the discipline which exacts a long period of preparation—often extending into generations—before a native priesthood can be permanently established. We have heard of St. Francis Xavier's difficulties with his native missionaries in India, if not of more recent but strikingly similar disappointments over prospective candidates for a native priesthood elsewhere. That the organization of Paul's nascent churches developed far more rapidly is, however, readily intelligible when we recall the lavish outpouring of divine grace in those early days, the prophetic knowledge, spiritual insight and miraculous powers of the Apostle, the charismatic gifts so copiously bestowed upon his

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congregations, and—descending to the natural order—the lofty ethical attitude and genius for assimilating deep religious truths shown by his convert Jews and proselytes in Asia Minor, Greece and Rome. Almost at the outset of his missionary career we find Paul appointing "Presbyters" in the Churches of Southern Galatia, and this may be taken as evidence of his regular practice elsewhere. Their office was to minister to the converts, and to act as shepherds, teachers and overseers, governing, instructing, shielding their flocks from every extravagance in worship and error in belief. Often enough the college of priests is reënforced by deacons whose chief duties seem to lie in the domain of instruction, and in superintending and organizing the works of charity. These priests and deacons together make up the local ministry. They have been ordained by the Apostle or his delegates, and everywhere act in strict dependence upon their instructions and guidance. The much-vaunted autonomy of these early churches is a latter-day hypothesis, for which hardly a shred of positive evidence can be adduced. Nor again, is there any tampering with the high moral standard placed before candidates for the ministry. A glance at the long list of requirements and personal qualifications as set forth in the Epistle to Timothy (1 Tim. iii. 2-11) shows us that Paul imposed a really heart-searching test. His priests must be men of unsullied reputation, only once married if at all, men of unruffled temper, discreet, sober, devoted, a standing example of all that should be, both in the management of themselves and of their households, intellectually capable the while of distinguishing the false from the true, and strong to take action and stamp out the seeds of error. The same qualifications are more briefly summed up in the Epistle to Titus, but a further proviso is introduced about converts. That delegate is instructed to demand from his candidates personal holiness, active zeal, and the external qualities befitting their public position—also they should not be "recent converts." In this phrase, obviously enough, the epithet "recent" need not be pressed; where all had been but lately won over to the Church, we may well believe that a convert of four or five years' standing would have enjoyed a reputation for maturity equivalent at least to that of an "old Catholic" in the days of the Oxford Movement.

Once the initial impetus had been communicated to his foundations and a local ministry established, Paul at once set out to open fresh fields, or to revisit and confirm his other congregations. Gradually, and perhaps quite indeliberately to begin with, he had

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gathered a number of followers about him, men actuated by lofty ideals and bound to his person by the ties of a beautiful natural affection. They were his personal staff—closely identified with himself in that communion and fellowship of the saints on earth which is so integral a part of Paul's radiating doctrine of our incorporation with Christ—so he variously addresses them as his fellow-exiles, fellow-laborers, fellow-soldiers, fellow-slaves, fellow-prisoners, fellow-sufferers and yoke-fellows. They wrote at his dictation (Rom. xvi. 22), acted as his secretaries, letter-carriers,[2] and special envoys, and were his mainstay in the bewilderingly rapid development of the work of evangelization, instruction and government. Long intercourse with the Apostle had familiarized them with his ideals and his outlook; they were possessed of that true sympathy which is born of understanding; they knew and loved him in all his moods of exaltation and depression. He in turn knew how to elicit the best that was in them, and could place implicit reliance on their loyalty and devotion. His difference with John Mark in Pamphylia was happily only temporary; when Demas —a unique case—departs for Thessalonica leaving him in the lurch, Paul's comment is brief to the verge of bitterness. Otherwise his intimate union with his apostolic followers rises superior to every test and trial. With their help he rules the immense and indefinable diocese of Asia Minor and the Ægean. Nowhere, however, do we find them settling down under his direction to the permanent rule of an individual church. Timothy's position of authority at Ephesus lacks this one note of permanency. Titus again is told to rejoin the Apostle on the arrival of a substitute—Tychicus maybe, or Artemas or perhaps both. Luke helps to build up the devoted church of Philippi during five or six years stay in that city, but henceforward his place is always by the side of the Apostle.

The association of Barnabas and Silas with Paul belongs to an earlier period. Both of them seem to have worked on a footing of greater equality with Paul, though naturally enough his is ever the dominant personality. Of the status of such dear friends as Aquila, Philemon, Aristarchus, Urbanus, Epaphroditus, Clement, Epaphras, Andronicus and Junias, it is more difficult to speak. It is not unlikely that they were all or nearly all priests, sharing in the Apostle's activities, hopes and plans, though not permanently attaching themselves to his person. Indeed as the years glide past,

[2] Titus seems to have been the bearer of a drastically worded letter to the Corinthians (now lost), as also of the extant Second Epistle to the Corinthians (2 Cor. vii. 6-9; viii. 6, 17).

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we find even his closest associates dropping away from him, and settling down in different places to what was perhaps more, definite and congenial work. Paul in his strong need for helpers felt these necessary partings very keenly, the more so that it was part of his lavishly affectionate nature to have no reserves with his friends but to give his all. Despite the long lapse of centuries, how close to our own times rings his appealing cry to Timothy, pathetic in its human urgency—"Do your best to come to me soon. Demas in his love for the world has deserted me.....Crescens has gone to Galatia, Titus to Dalmatia. There is no one but Luke with me. .....Erastus remained at Corinth and I left Trophimus unwell at Miletus. Do your utmost to come to me before winter" (2 Tim. 4).

We have spoken of a local as well as of a traveling ministry, whose activities radiate even as their powers flow from the person of the Apostle. Of the division into diocese and of the institution of a monarchical episcopate, there is no certain trace either in the Acts or in the Pauline Epistles. In this as in other matters the argument from silence—always a treacherous one—should not be pressed. Undoubtedly the evidence of the earliest second century writers—notably that of Ignatius the Martyr—between the years 98-117 A. D.—points to an assured belief that the institution of a monarchical episcopate was the work of the Apostles. On the other hand, it is tolerably clear that as the bishops were to be the successors of the Apostles, there could be no question of their institution by Paul in the earliest stages of his churches' progress, or as long as he himself was able to foster their growth and direct their development. Suffice it, then, to say—for the question of the monarchical episcopate[3] is outside our present scope—that "the steps[4] in the organization of the local church would seem to have been the establishment of a body of presbyters and deacons under the oversight of an Apostle and his staff, followed later by the apostolic appointment over the presbyters, deacons and faithful of a monarchical bishop who worked under the general control of the Apostles, as long as such control was possible."

To put man and woman on a footing of equality was and remains always part of the social teaching of the Gospel. "All distinctions between.....male and female have vanished," says the

[3] For a brief and scholarly treatment of the whole question of the Ministry in the Apostolic Church, see the second appendix to the First Epistle to the Corinthians, by the Rev. A. Keogh, S.J. (Westminster Version, vol. iii., pt. 2. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.).

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 72.



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Apostle, "for in Christ you are all one" (Gal iii. 28). Clement of Alexandria, who so stanchly champions the high place of woman[5] in a Providence that enfolds both the worlds of nature and of grace, enlarges on their important rôle in the early days of Christianity. He reminds us how all the Apostles after the manner of Our Lord availed themselves of the ministrations of holy women, whose ready access to the dwelling of others of their sex often insensibly opened the way to instruction and conversion. "Through women, the Lord's teaching insinuated itself without any reproach, even into the women's apartments."[6]

Paul himself was unmarried and in his own person preferred to be independent, while fully admitting the liberty of others in this respect (1 Cor. ix. 6-12), but he was only too happy to confide many of the corporal and spiritual works of charity to his tried female converts. Indeed, he took particular care to employ all that ardor of faith and charity, that piety and devotion which so fittingly crown the virtues of the sex. He even allowed them to consecrate their lives entirely to the Church's service, once their ripe age had been approved by an equal maturity of holiness. On these devoted virgins and widows—known later as the order of deaconesses—largely fell the task of visiting the sick and helping the poor; theirs too the privilege—so happily fulfilled by many of our sisterhoods at the present day—of instructing recent converts, preparing them for baptism and generally confirming them in the practice of their religion. Yet he did not hesitate to speak very plainly, when, as at Corinth, their zeal seemed to outrun all discretion. He utterly disapproves of Christian women attempting to preach or teach in the churches, and he has not a little to say about the self-confidence of Corinthian ladies in claiming the right to appear unveiled at public worship (1 Cor. xi. 1-16; xiv. 34-36). On another occasion (1 Tim. ii. 11 ff.) his views are expressed even more forcibly. He simply will not hear of a woman acting as a teacher. She ought to be silent and find her salvation in the duties of motherhood and in the maintenance of faith, love and holiness. Obviously, all this presupposes serious encroachments on the part of women in the Church's worship; possibly, too, other and more unpleasant experiences may have been present to the Apostle's mind (1 Tim. ii. 14; 2 Tim. iii. 6).

It would, however, be unfair to dismiss this subject under the painful impression that the holy activities of women in the early

[5] See especially: Pædag: I. 4. [6] Strom. III., VI., 53.

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Church had to be summarily cut down because of occasional indiscretions. (As a fact, such an impression would be a perversion of history.) Paul was a ruler large-minded enough to dismiss any temptation—had such even presented itself to him—of tearing up both the cockle and the wheat. Taking the Acts to lend a setting to the Epistles, we find ourselves introduced there to Mary the mother of Mark, whose house is a meeting place for the Church at Jerusalem (Acts xii. 12); to Tabitha at Joppa (Acts ix. 36); to Lydia at Philippi—seemingly the first Pauline convert in Europe—(Acts xvi. 14), and to Damaris at Athens (Acts xvii. 34). We also hear of the four spiritually-gifted daughters of Philip at Cæsarea (Acts xxi. 8), and of the important place taken by women, whether in opposition, as at Pisidian Antioch (Acts xiii. 5), or in the ranks of his devoted followers as at Thessalonica and Berea (Acts xvii. 4-12).

It is not unprofitable to glean some fragments of information about the more notable of these holy women, if only to stress the fact, too often overlooked, of their prominence in the Apostolic Church. Foremost among these workers was the Roman dame Prisca or Priscilla, who with her Jewish husband Aquila was driven out of Rome by the decree of Claudius about 51 A. D. At Corinth this Christian couple met and befriended Paul, traveled with him later on to Ephesus, and at some unknown juncture were even instrumental in saving his life. They reappear in Rome about the year 57 A. D., for to Priscilla and Aquila Paul directed his warmest greeting....." and to them not only I but all the Gentile Churches render thanks. Greet also the Church in their house" (Rom. xvi. 3 ff.). In this Epistle, as also in three other places, the name of Priscilla stands first. Plainly she was the leading figure of the pair, and a dominating personality in the best sense of the term. It is to her that St. John Chrysostom ascribes with every show of probability the conversion of Apollos, John the Baptist's disciple (Acts xviii. 26).

Now as Apollos was a Greek of standing and culture, and indeed was later on at Corinth put by some factious converts on a footing of equality with Cephas and Paul, the natural inference is that the woman who was capable of instructing him and leading him on to a knowledge of the truth must have been possessed of no small share of natural attainments. In this context it is interesting to note some further traces of this venerated Roman matron offered to us by De Rossi as a fruit of his investigations. This dis-

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tinguished archæologist suggests reasons for connecting Prisca with the ancient titular church of that name on the Aventine and, far more plausibly, with the famous consular family of the Acilii Glabriones, themselves converts to Christianity towards the end of the first century.[7] From the very nature of things his arguments cannot be demonstrative, but they open out a stimulating and highly-colored vista of possibilities in those early days, and, quite independently of Paul's testimony, they establish some measure of probability for the return of Prisca and Aquila to Rome and for their permanent connection with the Church there.

The Epistle to the Romans is rounded off by a long list of salutations from Paul to the notable members of that Church. One of the most significant things about this list is that for eighteen men who are mentioned, we have no less than fifteen women, all recipients of the Apostle's personal greetings. Such a long and distinguished roll of female workers is surely a striking proof of the religious activity and prominent position of women in church work at this time. First among these zealous missionaries is Phoebe, the bearer of the letter (Rom. xvi. 1), who helps in the Church's work at Cenchreæ—the port of Corinth—and has proved herself already of inestimable service to him and to many others. Her distinguished position is emphasized by a title (προστάτις) which combines the connotation of a legal representative and affluent patroness of that Church. For the rest of these devoted females his own words read in the light of what has already been said must suffice. "Give my greeting to Prisca.....Salute Mary who has work so hard among you.....Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa who are toiling in the Lord. Greet my dear friend Persis who has done great work in the Lord".....and Rufus' mother—"a mother also to me".....and "Julia too".....and Nereus' "sister".....and "all the Saints in their company.....All the Churches of Christ send you their greeting" (Rom. xvi. 1-16). This last phrase, following so closely in the list of affectionate personal greetings—and in any case unique in the whole of the New Testament—is eloquent not only of the esteem and love felt by all the Jewish and Gentile congregations for the great Church at Rome, but also of Paul's own mindful affection for his fellow-laborers among whom these women held so high a place.

Paul's great glory is rather in the firm foundations he laid than in the actual results achieved during his brief apostolate. As

[7] See De Rossi: Bull: Arch. Christ. Sermon 1, no. 5. pp. 45 ff., and Sermon 4, no. 6, p. 129.

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in his Master's case indications of success and failure alternate in a life crowned inevitably by the consummation of the great sacrifice. Yet considered in themselves these results form no unworthy introduction to the miraculous expansion of the Church in the first three centuries. Like the yeast that leavened the three measures of meal we see the Gospel permeating the three dimensions of the Roman world, and working its way (1) laterally, (2) vertically and (3) penetratingly through the vitiated substance of paganism. That is to say, its success is, generally speaking, unfettered by the physical factors of geography, or by the moral factors of social standing and intellectual outlook. The briefest and most incomplete summary of the evidence at our disposal will make this clear.

(1) Of Rome itself we know that within twenty years of Our Lord's Ascension, the disturbances arising there out of the cleavage between Jews and Christians led to the temporary banishment of both parties from the city.[8] Again, only six years later, we find Paul directing his longest and most elaborate epistle to that Church, which circumstances had hitherto prevented him from visiting in person though there can be no doubt of the influence he had already exercised on many of its members. Note, too, the superbly Pauline compliment to this Church's faith of which he speaks as "proclaimed throughout the whole world"—no vain compliment either in view of the imminent Neronian persecution (64 A. D.) when "an immense multitude"[9] sealed their faith with their blood. The incidents preceding the riot in the course of the Pan-Athenaic festival at Ephesus are equally instructive. There his hearers were roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm that they made a blazing holocaust of their books of magic—valued by the practical mind of Luke at fifty thousand pieces of silver (about £2,000)—"so mightily did the Lord's word grow and prevail" (Acts xix. 20).

In the incredibly rapid expansion of the Pauline churches, Ephesus and Rome stand as the fixed points or foci of an ellipse, elongated to cover the north of the Mediterranean basin from the Levant and Syria in the East, to Spain in the West. Particularly striking is the thronging multiplicity of these foundations between the two termini of Syrian Antioch and Corinth. Any one of Paul's indefatigable missionaries even before Paul's martyrdom, could have traveled through Syria, Asia Minor and the Ægean without being driven to seek hospitality outside the Christian community. Setting out from Syrian Antioch, two routes would be open to him.

[8] Suet: Claud: 25. [9] Tac. Ann. XV. 44.

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He might go down to Seleucia, take ship there for Cyprus, and after tasting the welcome of the Salaminians and Paphians pass overseas to the congregations of Attaia and Perge and thence into the interior; or he might prefer the overland route—as Paul did on his third missionary journey—and in his passage the mere mention of the Apostle's name would unlock the hearts of all "the Saints" to him at Tarsus, Derbe, Lystra, Iconium, Antioch, Colosse, Laodicea as also in the Ægean cities of Miletus, Ephesus, Troas, Neapolis, Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, Athens, Cenchreæ and Corinth.

The evidence of startlingly ramifying activities on the part of Paul's fellow-workers in the pastoral Epistles, offers another and independent line of argument. In these letters we hear of Paul revisiting the Churches in the Ægean, directing the work of Titus, Tychicus and Artemas in Crete, summoning Titus somewhat later to Nicopolis in Epirus—for subsequent work in Dalmatia—sending detailed instructions to Timothy at Ephesus, messages to John Mark and to Carpus at Troas, and referring to Trophimus at Miletus, to Crescens in Galatia, or, more vaguely to Zenas and Apollos in the Ægean and to Phygellus and Hermogenes who have turned their backs on him somewhere in the province of Asia. Try to plot out some indications of this ubiquitous activity, and your map is at once covered by a maze of lines crossing and re-crossing, turning and twisting, and tangling the heedless, flighty world in the great Fowler's net—for these lines really are as the cords of the Second Adam, the bands of His love.

(2) When we pass on to inquire what was the social composition of these amazingly multiplied Christian communities, spontaneously Paul's words "not many wise.....not many mighty, not many noble" spring to our lips, yet though the poor are, and, thank God, ever have been the mainstay and the glory of the Church, Gibbon's verdict that "the new sect was almost entirely composed of the dregs of the populace.....of peasants and mechanics, of boys and women, of beggars and slaves" is, as Gibbon knew it to be, a miserable travesty of the truth. Paul himself is according to some believed to have taken his name from his distinguished convert the proconsul Sergius Paulus. Dionysius the Areopagite of Athens, Crispus the chief ruler of the Synagogue at Corinth, Erastus the chamberlain of that city, Publius—"The First of the Island" of Malta—a title which has inscriptional authority and denotes the supreme Governor—these are all noble and highly

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placed converts. The list may be increased almost indefinitely if with these great ones of the earth we include persons of a recognized social position, such as the most excellent[10] Theophilus—to whom Luke, himself a physician and an accomplished writer, dedicates his works—Stephanas whose household is such a solid comfort to the Corinthian Church, Philemon of Colosse, Onesiphorus, Jason, Chloe, whose servants are found traveling about on their mistress' business, Phoebe of Cenchreæ, Pomponia Græcina—the mystery of whose secluded life now seems to have come to light—and many others.

Nor may we neglect such indications as the Acts occasionally afford. So we are told that in Thessalonica "not a few of the chief women" (Acts xi. 4), in Berea "of the Greek women of honorable estate and of men not a few" received the faith. If "abject poverty" (2 Cor. viii. 2) characterizes the churches of Macedonia, a generous liberality proportioned to their comparative affluence is expected from the community at Corinth. Paul's own insistent warnings against the peril of riches and the abuses of wealth are particularly instructive in this connection. While therefore the majorty of converts to Christianity were drawn, as they always are, from the poorer classes, the scanty evidence accessible goes to show that elect souls from the more wealthy and leisured classes found their way into the Church in due proportion.

(3) With the growth of the study of religious origins, it has become fashionable to stress the debt of Christianity to Greek religion, Asiatic cults, Alexandrine philosophy, and indeed to every conceivable element of pagan life.[11] Harnack's generalization[12] that "Christianity thoroughly sucked the marrow of the ancient world and assimilated it" is modesty itself when compared with the charges of plagiarism in gross and in detail laid at our door by those who like S. Reinach and J. M. Robertson look on the religions of mankind as all equally man-made. Yet, on our showing, from its earliest beginnings, the Catholic Church numbered among its adherents men of station and culture, who, it may be assumed, had proved in their own lives the bankruptcy of current

[10] This title of "excellency" has a technical meaning.

[11] Fortunately a reaction has at last set in against this misdirected form of erudition. As an instance of this, Dr. Sanday's felicitous estimate is worth quoting. "Their uncritical and agile imaginations," he said, speaking of some such scholars, "were responsible for constructions built on the *principles* made classic by Fluellen. 'There is a river in Macedon, and there is also a river in Monmouth.....'Tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.'" (Presidential Address, Oxford Congress on Science of Religion, 1908).

[12] *Contemporary Review*, August, 1886, p. 234.

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systems, and as time went on, it was their influence and that of their successors which prevailed. The Christian who could give his reasons for the faith that was in him did much to purify and elevate the stoicism or neoplatonism of the cultured pagans about him. He gave them far more of his own than he could ever have received of theirs. In fact, their philosophies had been tried by him and found wanting.

That this interaction of false philosophies and the true faith was not wholly a growth of later centuries is clear from the letters of Paul. Very plainly he expresses his contempt for the artificial systems of the Sophist and the Rhetorician. He insistently warns his converts against bringing the free Gospel of Christ into subjection to Judaizing prescriptions, as at Corinth, or conniving with superstition and magic as at Ephesus, or worst of all attempting to reconcile it with the false principles of Essenian and Gnostic philosophies as at Colosse. In each case the result would be the same[18]—"a departure from the purity and simplicity of the Gospel, an exaltation of knowledge over piety and a straying into various paths of intellectual heresy" along the seductive ways of reconciliation and compromise. Again, as Dr. Orr proceeds to point out, the entire moral and dogmatic content of the Pauline Epistles "with their deep thought and close-knit reasoning and their views of truth reaching out into the eternities before and after," afford the most convincing proof of the character of the problem exercising the minds of his readers. We may rest content with these indications of the subtle energy with which Christianity was leavening the thoughts and ideals of the pagan world without entering into a discussion of such vexed questions as that of Seneca's approximations to approved Gospel sentiments, approximations which became closest at a time when, if ever, it was least unlikely that he should have come into contact with the oral exposition of Christian teaching.

Despite the fact that the Apostle's work was not definitely restricted by any limitations of national sentiment, social condition or intellectual standpoint, every conversion was none the less a miracle of grace. We need only oppose the pictures of widespread and seemingly familiar vice drawn by the Apostle in his letters to the Romans and Corinthians (Rom. i. 23-32; 1 Cor. v. 9-11; vi. 9-11, etc.) with that strict moral code which almost inevitably would compel Christians to live their lives apart if they would

[18] Dr. Orr, *Neglected Factors*, etc., p. 173.

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escape contagion. The defilement of almost every observance of civil life by pagan practices, the identification of loyalty with Cæsar-worship, most of all the wide currency of unmentionably gross calumnies about the holiest beliefs and practices of Christianity must have been grievous obstacles to the good faith of numberless pagans. Yet, like every great missionary, Paul found untold consolation in the fervor of his spiritual children. The occasional lapses that may be inferred from his continual warnings and fearful denunciations, throw into a clearer light the deep devotion to the person of Christ and the spirit of love and charity that animated his growing foundations.

Above all, what strikes the reader of the Epistles, is the intimate personal relationship in which Paul stood towards his churches. True it is that with him rests the settling of all matters of discipline and the solution of their practical difficulties; he appoints their priests, commissions his delegates to visit them, gives full instructions to these apostolic missionaries, and sees that they are carried out, in fact, keeps, nearly to the end of his days, every thread in his own hands, and clings to a centralization of government, surely disastrous in the case of any but the most versatile and catholic of saints. Yet, all the while, we feel that to almost every member of these churches, Paul, so brief in his visits, so long in his absences, is less the dominant personality than the devoted father and intimately dear friend. How he reveals himself and pours out his heart's affections, making them all sharers in his hopes, disappointments, joys, sorrows, temptations, and consolations! Of his personal triumphs he speaks with all the expansiveness of a schoolboy in the dear circle of home; he talks of his failures with that human craving for sympathy which is yet no negation of sanctity. Fearless of criticism, he holds himself up as an example. He tells the tale of his sufferings to engage their pity and win their love.

There are no secrets, no moody reserves in Paul's nature. He reveals the most delicate recesses of his soul. He pours forth his all generously, lavishly, rushing even to the verge of spiritual bankruptcy in the fierce ardors of his love, eager, as he declares, to be anathema for the sake of his children. Father, mother, brother and friend in one, he is all things to all men. This human genius for affection, divinely alchemized, is the explanation of Paul's power, this, to hark back to a note struck at the beginning, the secret of his success.

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# MEASURE FOR MEASURE—A STUDY.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

SO far as we know, *Measure for Measure* was not printed before it appeared in the volume of Shakespeare's collected plays, known as the *First Folio*, 1623. There does not seem to be any external evidence for the date of its composition. Internal evidence, however, assigns it to the period of those great tragedies in which Shakespeare has dealt with some of the deepest of the questions of life; for in *Measure for Measure* we have that intensity of thought, that perfect characterization, as well as that fine condensation of expression, which belonged to the poet when he produced those tremendous works whose depths what plummet can sound?

The play is classed with the comedies because the end is peace without death, and pardon without the blood-offering. It is not a tragedy because no blood is spilt and no life is spoiled; but it is, more than any other of the comedies, potentially a tragedy, holding, as it does, so much pain that Coleridge pronounced it the only really painful play that Shakespeare wrote. We have, it is true, a few jokes, jokes unenjoyable enough though probably used by the dramatist meaningly and with intention; but we have no sunshiny mirth such as lights up the smile of Beatrice or dances among the fresh leaves for the joy of the guileless hearts in the forest of Arden. The Duke is one

> Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice.

Isabella fronts us serious as strong, with the sweet childish things of her life put away, and the look of one who would indeed take the Kingdom of Heaven by violence; there is no brightness in Angelo, the would-be stoic; and there is no real humor in Lucio, the "fantastic," when he "makes a mock at sin," no quip gaiety, no buoyant fun, no dear laughter of the heart.

Perhaps it may be said that the background of circumstances is too dark; however that may be, never did background show up its figures more clearly. Isabella is there in the serene grandeur of one who keeps well the baptismal vows; the Duke veils under the

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cowl the brow that princely cares have troubled and yet, as it seems, hardly broadened; Mariana has eyes that have wept very bitter weeping, and the pathos of one cast in a mold far removed from the noble strength of Isabella's; and we see Angelo, as we look on him at first, as one who deems that he has put a hook in the jaws of that leviathan, the flesh, and bridled it with a cord—a cord that by-and-by will snap. The subsidiary characters must be left alone in such a paper as this, but not without a word for the fine old Escalus with his kindly tolerance and his kindly appreciation of all that he believes Angelo to be in height and nobleness; and for the Provost so kindly and resourceful.

The story in *Measure for Measure* differs in some important respects from that on which it is based, *The Historie of Promos and Cassandra,* Whetstone's rhymed dramatic version of one of Giraldo Cinthio's tales, a tale which, later on, Whetstone published a translation of in his *Heptameron of Civill Discourses.* The play is in ten acts and is dated 1578; the prose translation dates 1582.

What is the meaning of the title *Measure for Measure?*

> An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
> Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
> Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure,*

says Duke Vincentio.

That Angelo does not die for a crime intended but not committed does not contradict the abstract justice of Vincentio's saying, and if the play practically ends in amnesty, we are still made to feel that crime is crime, that sin is sin; that the desert of crime and of sin exists, however pardon remit its penalty. Is not *Measure for Measure* between man and man an impossibility, because it is out of the question that any can form a judgment correct in all its bearings and absolutely true to fact, as to the degree of guilt in each criminal?

In *Measure for Measure,* as in the earlier play by Whetstone, we have the bringing forward of the thought of the fitness of the instrument; the belief that, although justice is indeed abstract and impersonal, yet the character of the judge is of infinite importance and that there is a wrong done to the sense of humanity in the severe enforcement of a law by one who will not, or does not, obey it. In *Promos and Cassandra* we find,

> Justice ought in princes most to shew.
>
> Thus one abuse is cause of many abuse
> And therefore none in judges ought to be.

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In *Measure for Measure,*

> He who the sword of heaven will bear
> Should be as holy as severe:
> Pattern in himself to know,
> Grace to stand, and virtue go:
> More nor less to others paying
> Than by self-offences weighing.

Isabella, too, argues thus in her first interview with Angelo. So it is that in the All-Holy One justice is that supreme and flawless thing whereunto no earthly justice can ever attain.

Shakespeare himself would believe rather in the power of high restraint in matters of sex relation, which comes from within, rather than in the extreme Puritanic rigor of external law, as terrible in its severity as the Judaical code itself.

As in the great tragedies, the interest of this play does not depend on a love story. In these intense works of Shakespeare's maturity, he takes us into the thick of the conflict where the love songs are not dominant as in the old days of joyful spring. Now and then a note of them floats up, but it is overborne by the noise and clash.

In Angelo we have no stage villain; no life-long hypocrite to whom there comes the great and final unmasking. A man so self-restrained that he could not even to himself confess that "his blood flowed" or that "his appetite (was) more to bread than stone;" a man rigidly jealous of the slightest breath of suspicion; standing "at a guard with envy;" sensitive to the last extreme to public opinion, and really believing in himself as a good man, as a saint! Such was Angelo the deputy. And a man, we may say, to whom chastity meant the coldness of ice, not the glorious warmth of the white flame kindled at the fire of love—the fire of the charity of Christ; the chastity that glowed quenchless in Isabella's soul.

The Duke had become acquainted with an episode in the life of Angelo which reflected small credit upon him; the episode relating to his betrothed wife, Mariana, whom he had thrown aside when her dowry was lost; and not only had he thrown her aside, but had made a shameful attack upon her reputation. This discovery seems to have awakened in the Duke's mind a distrust of Angelo on all points, a suspicion that his virtue was only seeming, and that power was indeed likely to change his purpose. But I think that if Angelo had never seen Isabella he would have gone

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on living an austere and outwardly blameless life, blameless in the respect of chastity, and to the end have been able to say, with the pride of the unfallen:

> 'Tis one thing to be tempted,.....
> Another thing to fall.

He did fall, and what a fall it was! When we remember that beside the wrong to Isabella, Angelo not only threatened to have her brother tortured if she did not yield to him, but actually ordered Claudio's execution and believed that his evil will had been done, it seems difficult to think of him as bringing forth fruits worthy of penance; but if we look closely into Angelo's character, shall we not see that the fact of his conversion having been forced upon him by outward circumstances does not imply that the anguish for lost purity must necessarily have been lacking in him? He is a proud man, with an enormous reverence for purity, and for himself whom he takes to be in a manner its impersonation. The discovery of his weakness is such a shock to him that henceforth he is reckless utterly: it seems as if, with the loss of self-respect there has come the loss of all will to struggle, so that he no longer tries to overcome, but only to conceal. When he finds that concealment is not now possible that the Duke, like Power Divine, "has looked upon his passes," he prays that "no longer session may be held upon (his) shame," but that, without a trial, he may be condemned upon his own confession.

I cannot help thinking that to Angelo's mind the fact of discovery brought a great relief: henceforth no more concealment, no hiding of shame except in the bosom of death. He had not been ambitious of place: richly gifted as he was, he had shrunk from the unlimited power with which the Duke intended to invest him.

> Now, good my lord,
> Let there be some more test made of my metal
> Before so noble and so great an image
> Be stampt upon it.

Nor was Angelo a self-deceiver: he saw wrong as wrong and made no attempt to veil it from his eyes. Was it

> In over-justice and in self-displeasure
> For self-offence, more than for good offended

that Angelo, "self-rigorous," chose death as due? Partly, perhaps, but altogether, I think not.

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In *Macbeth,* Shakespeare has given us the history of the ruin of a soul; and in George Eliot's *Romola* we have the terrible portrayal of gradual deterioration into utter spoiling, in the story of Tito. We could wish that more often we might receive from our greatest writers the story of souls drawn upward from the death of self into the high places of life with the Holy One; the *Paradise Regained,* for the individual as well as for the race. Shakespeare believed in conversion; it is treated in various of his plays; and most clearly and strongly he strikes in Angelo's story the key-note of sublime melody of repentance and pardon—*Credo in.....remissionem peccatorum.*

Coleridge thinks that by the Duke's pardon of Angelo and his marriage with Mariana, "the strong, indignant sense of justice is baffled." What other ending could have entirely satisfied this sense of justice? Would it have been justice to make Angelo suffer death for a crime of which, though morally, he had yet not been actually guilty? It must also be remembered that, as the lives of Angelo and Mariana were bound together, justice to her demanded pardon for him.

With respect to Mariana, have not the ideas of most of us been influenced by Tennyson's *Mariana in the Moated Grange,* where we have a forlorn woman moaning all day long, surrounded by a general abomination of desolation? Is this Shakespeare's Mariana?

"I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name," says Isabella, speaking of Mariana. Isabella knew nothing of Mariana's story: she had heard of her, but not of the pain in her life which sometimes broke out into a cry; but "good words" means something more than words of compassion. The expression would seem to imply that Mariana's life was not one of mere perpetual making moan; not even one of only passive endurance; but something more than this; fuller, richer, truer. How beautiful is her constancy! How faithful and clinging is the nature which, despite lover's falsehood, despite Angelo's endeavor to soil her reputation, could, after long years retain strong and deep as ever the love of her life.

> This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly.

We have to forgive in Mariana the vein of sentimentalism that

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vexes us to see, in the face of the great and loyal love that it is well to know. We see this most in the apology which she makes for the music that she has been hearing before the Duke comes into her room.

> I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish
> You had not found me here so musical:
> Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
> My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

The strongest expression of this sentimentalism is the plea which Mariana puts forward for Angelo's excuse.

> They say the best men are moulded out of faults,
> And, for the most, become much more the better
> For being a little bad; so may my husband!

It is the wrong application of the truth so glorious in its consolation, that the pardoned penitent may use even his past for the attainment of great things in the life of God's forgiveness; the mysterious bringing of good out of evil, which St. Augustine and many another have known.

It is well to contrast the pseudo-charity of Mariana's plea with the simple truth and justice with which Isabella urges that it would indeed be wrong to punish an intention as severely as an act; and expresses her partial belief that a due sincerity had governed Angelo's deeds until the time at which he had seen her.

At first sight it appears strange that the Duke should so clearly place the free-nuptial relation between Claudia and Juliet and that which he himself plans to bring about between Angelo and Mariana on such an entirely different level. To Juliet the Duke in his friar's disguise speaks of her and Claudio's "most offenceful act," and ascertains by close questioning that her repentance is on true grounds, she realizing the sin as sin—a heavier sin than Claudio's, he says, because the sin "was mutually committed." On the other hand the pseudo-friar says to Mariana,

> Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
> He (Angelo) is your husband on a pre-contract:
> To bring you thus together, is no sin;

So also Isabella, who detests the sin of Claudio, consents at once to play her part in bringing Angelo and Mariana together.

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Now that Shakespeare could and did realize the enormous importance of pre-nuptial purity in those pledged to consummate their love in holy marriage we have strong evidence in Prospero's warning to Ferdinand (Tempest iv. 1) and the young man's eager asseveration of his power of perfect continence, and his firm resolve thereto. But why, may we ask, was Juliet considered so deeply to blame; Juliet, of whom her lover, condemned to death, said,

> She is fast my wife,
> Save that we do the denunciation lack
> Of outward order.

"Upon a true contract," he had induced her to act as though their union had been sanctioned by the Church. While to Mariana, the Duke denies the possibiity of there being any sin in the bringing of her and Angelo together.

Have we here a distinction made between "a true contract" and a *betrothal,*[1] and can it have been that, in the building, in Elizabethan days, of "the City of Confusion" it may have been possible for our poet to suppose that a formal betrothal would sanction the relation which, as all Catholics know, is only sanctioned and blessed in the sanction and blessing of the Church?

At any rate we have to take it for granted that both the Duke and the spotless Isabella believed in the absolute rightness of the action in which they were engaged. This is most important to realize, as otherwise the purity of Isabella would indeed be flawed, and our lady of the soul of whiteness must droop her eyes beneath the shadow of the doing of an evil thing, with however good an intent. It is one of the things in our great poet's work that make it difficult to believe him a holder of the Faith of his fathers in its entirety, at least during most of his lifetime. We look upon Shakespeare as largely sympathetic toward Catholicism, just as he is unsympathetic toward Puritanism. There are many proofs of this.

In the play before us we have the Catholic teaching of true penance in the scene between the Duke-friar and Juliet; also the wisdom that treats scrupulosity as a poor, unwholesome doubting of the generosity of God, in

> Our doubts are traitors
> And make us lose the good we oft might win,
> By fearing to attempt.

[1] See *Catholic Encyclopædia,* under "Betrothal."

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We also have the high ideal of the life of Religion. To Lucio, the "fantastic," Isabella is not merely a woman of high virtue as well as of high power, but, as a maiden who would dedicate herself to special service in Religion, she is to him

> A thing enskied, ensainted,
> By (her) renouncement an immortal spirit.

Again, in Isabella's own words we have the promise to Angelo, if mercy be granted to Claudio, of

> true prayers
> That shall be up at heaven and enter there
> Ere sunrise, prayers from preserved souls,
> From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
> To nothing temporal.

But here and there we find a rock in the way of our proving more than sympathy however great; and in this play the rock stands up black and strong. The treatment of betrothal as an equivalent to marriage is not the only thing un-Catholic in the play. We have the Duke's extraordinary behavior as a pseudo-friar; and we have the utterly pagan view of death in him as well as in Claudio to whom he offers, in view of his approaching death, a consolation of a merely philosophical kind; a consolation quite non-Christian, and strange as coming from the lips of a religious who visits a criminal on the eve of his expected execution. The vanity of this consolation, notwithstanding Claudio's apparent acceptance of it, we are speedily allowed to see in the terrible words which rush out from the condemned man's lips:

> Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
> To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
> Of these that lawless and incertain thought
> Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!



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Yes "'tis too horrible." This is not the purgatory that King Hamlet comes forth from. It is the terror of the uncertain, with a dreadful certainty behind it, a blackness unlighted by the torch of hope or the steady flame of the lamp of faith. Yet *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure* appear to belong to about the same period.

The Duke is a student, and even if he studies chiefly from the personal point of view we have to grant his interest in the science of government, although it seems that a great ruler he could never be. He does not love the demonstrations of popular regard for him; but this does not arise from any want of kindly sympathy. He says, "I love the people!" He knows the danger of popularity and does not court it, but seeks to deserve love by wise and just government. He seems to me to lack sinew and its strength; he has none of "the robust self-confidence natural to the reformer," nor, indeed, does there seem to be much robustness of any kind about him. He likes best the indirect and secret way of proceeding, and is pleased to shelter himself under another's name and personality.

He has watched with sorrow the growth of laxity among his subjects, for which he blames himself, in that, for nineteen years, he had let sleep the "strict statutes and most biting laws," which, had he willed, he could have put into execution. He leaves it to Angelo to "strike home," in the ambush of (his) name; though he recommends him to be merciful:

> Mortality (humanity) and mercy in Vienna
> Live in thy tongue and heart.

He believes that it would be tyranny in himself to revive the obsolescent laws:

> Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
> 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
> For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
> When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
> And not the punishment.

He has more reasons than this, as he tells Friar Thomas, but he alleges an important one in the test and trial of Angelo, the precisian. His own nature he says will never thus be "in the fight to do in slander."

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The Duke's sensitiveness to public opinion is shown here, a sensitiveness which goes with him all through, and leads him to show special severity to Lucio who has spoken ill of him, for he alleges that slandering a prince deserves that whipping, pressing to death, and hanging, to which Lucio declares his punishment equivalent.

Both Hamlet and Othello show, in their last moments, this horror of being misrepresented. "Speak of me as I am!" says Othello, "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," and when Horatio would fain end his life with his beloved friend, Hamlet begs him to live that he may let all know the truth respecting him. Duke Vincentio is wonderfully fond of manœuvring: "the old fantastical Duke of dark corners," Lucio calls him, and this is true on the spiritual side, if false on the other. The stratagem with regard to Mariana was surely unworthy of a *ruler,* who could have prevented wrong by simply declaring himself; even if, according to a certain code which he enjoyed obeying, it had been allowable to one who wished to expose the guilty and save the innocent. As I have said, he enjoyed the stratagem, reveling in the pleasure of opposing craft to vice and making the carp of falsehood take the bait of truth! Even if we could allow the wisdom of Vincentio's stratagem, what possible advantage could we find in the lies which he told to Isabella about Claudio's death? They appear to have been useless as well as cruel, for the pleasure of an unshared secret and the triumph of a surprise were surely ill purchased at the expense of the agony which Isabella must have suffered.

From Escalus we learn that Vincentio was a gentleman of all temperance, but it is from his own lips that we have the most praiseful descriptions of the Duke as "a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier, of whom there was no question but he was wise."

What beautiful sayings are put into the Duke's mouth! How full of wisdom are his words:

> Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
> Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues!

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It is the parable of the talents in its highest application. What music is in his words in that exquisite line.

> Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd,

and what a picture comes before our eyes as we see the shepherd rise from his sleep, at the call of the star that bids him loose his sheep from their fold to the freedom of the pasture.

Has Shakespeare given us any woman in whom power and will more fully tend to the highest life than in Isabella? Her "cheek-rises" proclaim the health of her body and typify the health of her soul. Shakespeare's maturity has given us this woman: she is the fruit of his ripe experience and the fineness of his knowledge. Postulant of a great and strict Order, that of St. Clare, on the eve of her intended renunciation of the world, she is placed by the will of her liege in possession of some of its most highly prized gifts, and hers will be the true possession at whose heart there lies the willingness to renounce. A great responsibility will be laid on her, the Ruler's wife; and her finely touched spirit will go out in fine issues of example and governance. It is clear from what Claudio says, that Isabella was a postulant, not a novice:

> This day my sister should the cloister enter
> And there receive her approbation.

She has retired from the world, not because of disappointment or disgust, but from free choice. She offers herself to be tested, but her vocation is to be otherwhere. In her first utterance in which she desires a still stricter restraint for her Order, we recognize that she is one who having gifts to give would fain give them fully, keeping nothing back. We may contrast her strictness with that of Angelo.

There is no sickliness about Isabella. She is strong, intellectually as well as morally, and modest as our greatest are. The exquisiteness of her nature is seen by all with whom she comes into contact; her purity has the perfume of the violet, and the glory and dignity of the sanctuary, as Angelo knows (II. 2); he, who "corrupts with virtuous season" of the violet, and desires even "to raze the sanctuary, and pitch (his) evils there."

Isabella's heart is large and loving; her intellect clear; her

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speech to the point; austere to herself, she is gentle to others; justly merciless to the triumphant sinner, she can bend her knee to sue for his pardon when he stands abased and covered with shame. How pitiful and tender she is we can see by her words on hearing of Claudio's imprisonment and its cause. "Oh, let him marry her!" she exclaims, her thought leaping to the possible reparation for the fault, abhorrence of which, as we know, she does most keenly feel.

The daughter of an heroic father, Isabella is the heir of his nobility. She and Claudio are orphans; theirs is the memory of the father to whom Isabella's thought turns in proud love when Claudio at first proclaims that he gladly chooses death before his sister's dishonor:

> There spake my brother! there my father's grave
> Did utter forth a voice!

And again in the horror and bitterness of her disappointment when her poor weak brother swerves from high honor and virtue, and would even have her make the sacrifice, the thought of him of whom his son was unworthy makes her exclaim:

> Such a warpèd slip of wilderness
> Ne'er issued from his blood.

Deeply modest, as well as by nature probably sharing the timidity of Claudio, her self-distrust would have interfered with the promptness of action in imploring the Deputy's mercy for her brother, had not Lucio urged her on; Lucio who loved Claudio and venerated Isabella, and in that love and that veneration shows a side of his character far different from that which he exhibits to the masquerading Duke. It is curious indeed to note the difference of the effect which Isabella produces on Angelo and that which she produces on Lucio; contact with her bringing out the best side of the libertine and the worst side of the moralist.

Isabella is, I think, naturally passionate and demonstrative, though possessing large power of self-control. Loving her brother dearly, in her interview with him she rather seeks to nerve him into strength and courage, than to offer him sympathy and consolation; when he shows his fatal cowardice, her strong spirit's sorrow breaks forth in sharp reproach; so when she hears of Angelo's

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treachery: "Oh, I will to him and pluck out his eyes." But in tenderness she pleads for her brother, and she can ask for the pardon of him who, she believes, would have deprived Claudio of his life.

In Isabella passion readily becomes action. Claudio's words about her, "and well can play with reason and discourse," prepare us perhaps to find happy turns of speech as well as force of argument in her interviews with Angelo; but the intensity of the situation precludes this, and all through there is a certain strong and grave dignity in her speech. When she prays that it may be her brother's fault that shall die, not he himself, Isabella gives the essence of all law, the object of all punishment: to slay the offence and leave the offender perfect.

When she finds from Angelo's own admission that he could, if he would, modify the law, she is no longer a timid suppliant, but one urging a suit with a power and a trenchancy by which Angelo is touched to the quick. Like Portia, Isabella appeals from the earthly to the heavenly:

> Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy. How would you be
> If He, which is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made.

At the second interview, when Angelo asks Isabella how she would act under certain supposed circumstances, she at once replies that she would choose for her brother death before dishonor:

> *Angelo:*—Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
> That you have slander'd so?
> *Isabella:*—Ignominy in ransom and free pardon
> Are of two houses: lawful mercy
> Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

With positive untruth as well as disrespect towards her, Angelo says:

> You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
> And rather proved the sliding of your brother
> A merriment than a vice.

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How could such a meaning be twisted out of her words?

> Who is it that hath died for this offence?
> There's many have committed it.

But Isabella does not pause to justify herself; she is too full of her cause to care for a personal wrong.

> O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out
> To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
> I something do excuse the thing I hate,
> For his advantage that I dearly love.

Isabella is entirely free from *preachiness:* she does not lecture the Deputy, but breaks out in just indignation at his hypocrisy, and threatens to expose his falsehood to the world.

The temptation placed before Isabella is no ordinary one: she is tempted through that which is uppermost in the noble woman—the passion for sacrifice. There is something that has the likeness of splendor in the thought of periling the soul itself—that for which the whole world were too small a price—for the sake of another; something that assumes the likeness of glory in the thought of giving one's best and most precious things, of pouring out the soul's life like water, for another's need. But Isabella knew that none can redeem his brother by giving *what is not his to give;* and that none must dare, for the sake of saving from pain or shame or death, force from his brother to the loss of his soul's freedom and place him in

> perpetual durance, a restraint,
> Though all the world's vastidity (he) had,
> To a determined scope.

Did she not know full well that pain, wrongfully taken, is no true sacrifice, and that a wrong cannot be right because one is selfless in doing it?

> Better it were a brother died at once,
> Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
> Should die for ever.

Here is her assertion by clear implication, that chastity is a high virtue as unchastity a deadly sin. This woman who would

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not stoop to wrong, even to save another from death, would yet dare the imputation of wrong!

Whatever we believe as to the morality or immorality of pious frauds, they seem to have been considered in Shakespeare's day undoubtedly justifiable, and to Shakespeare's Isabella the Duke's trick did not appear morally wrong, much as she naturally disliked roundabout ways.

> To speak so indirectly I am loth;
> I would say the truth.

All through Isabella is selfless; all through she has kept the whiteness of her chrisom unspotted. Rejecting the sacrifice that would have been not waste only but injury to others as to herself, and yet impelled to consent, for others' sake, to appear what "in the truth of (her) spirit" she could never be, she is one who, weighed in the balance, has not been found wanting; who, tempted and tried, has not failed nor even swerved.

Great and good, she would walk in the beauty of helpfulness by the Duke's side as he trod the ruler's path; "for (her) lovely sake" much would be done by him that he could not have done had he never known her; taught by her, he would understand how the hymn of chastity makes high harmony with the psalms of mercy and of justice.

Underneath her garb of costly beauty and splendid state, the heart of Isabella would beat unchanged; the atmosphere of the enskied and ensainted would still be hers; her court would know in its Duchess the beauty of holiness. Never would Isabella forget the burden of a world where carelessness and deathful sloth and ignoble ease could neglect or veil the presence of evil; that burden which she had sought to bear as a votarist of St. Clare. She who had desired a greater strictness, a more stringent rule of life than even in such an Order, would, in the court as in the cloister, walk in the service that is perfect freedom. Hers would be the spirit of that lady who wore the cilice beneath her gorgeous robes; and hers, too, the sanctity of the silence of Vanna.[2]

[2] This young wife of Jacopo Benedetti, who after her death, which had revealed the penance she had done for his sins, was known as Jacopone da Todi, *the fool for Christ's sake.*

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# New Books.

**AMERICAN PROSE.** Selected and Edited by Walter C. Bronson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Dr. Bronson, Professor of English Literature in Brown University, has edited as a companion volume to his *American Poems* these selections from the American prose of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The authors quoted number thirty-seven, the selections just one hundred, the period covered runs from 1607 to 1865, from Captain John Smith to Abraham Lincoln. Choosing only the greater names of the nineteenth century, and stopping with the end of the Civil War, the editor has been enabled to give a wider range of reading, and, in many cases, to reproduce complete works.

A nation's literary life usually parallels its growth; in its childhood, the nation creates and believes in its fairy tales, its myths of gods and heroes, as the human child lives in a world of make-believe. But American literature has no such past, no golden age of dreams; the first settlers were of a nation full grown, colonizing abroad from what they sincerely believed was a call from God, the most compelling of all motives, to found a new society upon righteousness and truth. What such men wrote was either the necessary record or report, or the occasional polemic; pure literature could hardly be expected.

Dr. Bronson's selections from the earlier writers come, then, under one or other of these heads. It is impossible to draw a line of absolute demarcation between the theological and the historical element, since to the Puritan governor his colony was something of a theocracy; the mainly historical, such as records of daily life, diaries, reports to the promoters of the colonies, is exemplified by Captain John Smith, Bradford, Winthrop, John Mason and Sewall, while theology is represented by Roger Williams, the Mathers, and Jonathan Edwards.

With the opening of the Revolutionary period, there is a change, both in the spirit and in the form of literary effort; theology yields to politics; orators and statesmen, voicing the ideals of their party, come to the fore, and pure letters may be said to have originated on this side of the Atlantic with Franklin. Dr. Bronson devotes thirty pages to Franklin, though he does not mention

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the Almanac, and quotes also from Patrick Henry, Paine, Jefferson, Washington and Hamilton.

Washington Irving introduces the nineteenth century, and, with Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes and Lowell, represents the essayists, as do Poe and Hawthorne the short story writers, and Calhoun, Webster and Lincoln the orators. The selections are annotated, though meagrely by design; beginning with Irving, the editor's notes are supplemented by contemporary criticism from the magazines of the day; there is a copious and well-selected bibliography. The teacher of American literature will go far to find a handbook to surpass this in practical working value.

**REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PLAYS.** Edited with Introductions and Notes by Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: The Century Co. $2.75 net.

It is seldom that a volume comes at so timely an hour, or so perfectly fulfills its object, as the present collection edited by Dr. Quinn of the University of Pennsylvania. All over the country, colleges, clubs and stage societies are attempting to dedicate the present year to a special study of American drama. But as many important plays were either unprinted or scarcely accessible to readers, and as no satisfactory history of our native theatre had yet been produced, the movement promised to be a difficult one for all concerned. Then, at precisely the "psychological moment," came Dr. Quinn's admirably chosen selection of twenty-five dramas —"the first attempt," as he describes it, "to include in one volume a collection of plays which illustrate the development of our native drama from its beginnings to the present day."

Opening with the first American tragedy, *The Prince of Parthia* (1767), and the first American comedy, *The Contrast* (1787), and including works of such early playwrights as William Dunlap, James Nelson Barker, Nathaniel Parker Willis and George Henry Boker, the collection includes *Rip Van Winkle, Hazel Kirke, The Octoroon,* Bronson Howard's *Shenandoah,* Gillette's *Secret Service,* and even *Madame Butterfly*—here first published in dramatic form. From obvious necessity the plays are of very varying merit, but each one has been chosen for some significant bearing upon the development of American drama. As illustrations of contemporary tendencies in the theatre, the book includes plays by Clyde Fitch, Langdon Mitchell, Augustus Thomas, William Vaughn Moody, Percy Mackaye, Edward Sheldon and Rachel Crothers—altogether

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a remarkably rich list when the difficulties of copyright are considered.

Dr. Quinn's volume is one of the notable publications of the present year in America. Students and play-lovers generally will find it a highly useful, even an invaluable, addition to our dramatic literature.

**AMERICAN LITERATURE IN SPAIN.** By John de Lancey Ferguson, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50 net.

Dr. Ferguson says that this study lays no claim to being the last word on this subject; it is the first word only in a hitherto unworked field. American literature has exerted little appreciable effect on the writers of Spain, where it has penetrated in a roundabout way, through the South American republics, chiefly by the intermediary of French translations. Among general readers in Spain, American literature is comparatively unknown and, all in all, must be considered as an exotic.

The writers discussed in Dr. Ferguson's book are Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Prescott, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Walt Whitman. These authors are best known to Spanish critics. Irving is one of the earliest Americans to be translated into Spanish, and the only one who has had any extended personal relations with the Peninsula, where he served as American Minister. That the Spaniards admire him is evident from their references to him, but "it is such admiration as we accord to some well-known classic which we never think of reading." This is strange when we remember how many readers of the English-speaking race owe what knowledge they have of Spain to Irving's *Alhambra* and *Conquest of Granada*. Prescott, too, in spite of his classic studies of Spanish literature, remains more respected than read.

Longfellow is the only American poet in whom the Spaniards have shown an enduring interest for "they regard Poe primarily as the writer of strange tales, and Whitman's vogue is still too recent to be estimated poetry." There is a great Spanish critic, Victor Capalleja, who has contributed an extended analysis of Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Speaking of the works immediately preceding the poet's death, the critic concludes: "Longfellow therefore died in the shadow of the

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cross, crowning his ode *Excelsior,* the City of the Christian Soul, with the Biblical poems, which glorify all the grandeurs of the Catholic religion." No other Protestant American poet has had a keener appreciation of the "vast pyramid of light and truth," which is Catholicism. The purpose of this painstaking study is not to draw general conclusions, but to present facts as the author has found them, opening the field for future investigations.

**SONGS OF WEDLOCK.** By T. A. Daly. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.00 net.

A new volume from the pen of "Tom" Daly has become to an increasing number of readers one of the real delights of the publishing season. And it is safe to say that these will find no disappointment in the present volume—in spite of its omission of all such superlatively pleasant Italian and Irish "dialect pieces" as won quick popularity for *Canzoni* and *Madrigali.* The *Songs of Wedlock* show Mr. Daly at his lyric best in many respects, particularly in the memorable and poignant prize-poem called *To a Thrush.* These songs are, for the most part, exactly what their title states. They count often with Patmorean intimacy but without Patmorean mysticism, the daily conjugal routine of things "too simple and too sweet for words:" the day's work, the night's return, the quiet hour by the lamp-lit table, joys and trials shared, the full and final comradeship of nuptial love. It is a serene, domestic singing in the main, yet stirred by sudden tremors as in *Her Music,* or the fine, pure aspiration of *Sanctum*—a singing which will find warm welcome in many a "home-keeping heart."

**GREAT INSPIRERS.** By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

In the proem to this his latest work, the author of *Woman in Science* makes a magnanimous appeal for wider recognition of the fact that from the earliest times some of the greatest achievements of men have been the outcome of feminine inspiration and influence, attaining full fruition only through women's sympathy and encouragement, even, sometimes, their active coöperation. The author feels that though there is individual acknowledgment of this most valuable collaborative quality, yet general realization is lacking; and he tells us that in writing this book his hope was that it "might prove an incentive to someone to undertake a comprehensive work on a number of the most noted of the fair inspirers of men of

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letters." The present work deals with only two of the men thus inspired, but these are of the greatest—St. Jerome and Dante. In the book already referred to he gives an account of the relations between the saint and the holy women, Paula and her daughter, Eustochium, by whose urgent persuasions and devoted aid the Vulgate was given to the world; but the singular and beautiful story is here re-told more elaborately, and with great fascination of manner.

The more generally familiar story of Dante's love for Beatrice Portinari is told with no less charm and animation. Dr. Zahm demolishes the claims of those critics who have tried to show that Beatrice was a symbolic figure, and demonstrates convincingly that she was a real woman who was privileged to win the heart and elevate the soul of the great poet, and to live imperishably in the incomparable memorials of his love, the *Divina Commedia* and the *Vita Nuova*.

The book is very interesting, and makes one hope that the almost untouched field indicated by the author may soon be made productive by hands as skillful as his own.

**GOD'S FAIRY TALES.** By Enid M. Dinnis. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.10 net.

The sub-title, "Stories of the Supernatural in Every Day Life," given to this collection of twelve short stories that appeared from time to time in Catholic magazines, furnishes the keynote to them all. They are written in most attractive form with old English priories and manor houses for background; well-disposed Anglicans and kindly monks tell with childlike directness their remarkable personal experiences, and make no attempt to explain how such things happened any more than do fairy tales: and therein lies the charm.

Typical is the story of Brother Giles, a simple-minded old monk, and a veritable thorn in the flesh of his new up-to-date Prior, who going in for simplicity with a capital S, swept away at Christmas-time what he considered the tawdry decorations of the crib and the Noah's Ark animals, and substituted a cold, chaste work of art in their place. But the old Brother, broken-hearted by these innovations, was allowed to build a grotto in the orchard to house the precious treasures that were not wanted in the chapel. He found to his dismay that the Divine Infant was missing from the crib. After searching everywhere he appealed to St. Anthony,

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who offered him the Guest Who stood upon his book, to fill the vacant place in the manger. Many wonderful things happened in consequence, among them a notable conversion and the enlightenment of the Prior.

With never a discordant note from cover to cover this book will be attractive to all classes of readers, and it will make an ideal gift for a young convert or one thinking of entering the Church.

**CATHOLIC SCHOOLS: WHY BUILD THEM?** By Right Rev. Thomas Shahan, D.D. St. Louis: Central Bureau of the Central Verein.

This article, which appeared originally in the *New York Sun* last August, and is now reprinted as a free leaflet, makes one wish that it were reasonable to hope it might be widely read by non-Catholics; for the case for Catholic education could scarcely be stated more effectively, and the claims are based upon just such needs as the average man recognizes. Bishop Shahan fully comprehends the utter joylessness of the world at present, the increasing stress and sadness of life; and he sets forth the Catholic school as the enemy of pessimism, inculcating into the child the knowledge that he is God's beloved creature, interpreting the world to him in terms of His goodness and holiness, and thus providing him, as he grows to maturity, with a firmly rooted conviction of "an overshadowing wisdom on high whose purview nothing escapes, and of an unfathomable love whose attraction is well-nigh irresistible." He arraigns the futility of moral instruction without the accompaniment of religious education, and the dangerous folly of expectations of sustained public moral sense without religious guidance, quoting the memorable words from Washington's Farewell Address: ".....reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

**THE THREE HOURS' AGONY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.** By Rev. Peter Guilday. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents net.

Dr. Guilday in his preface says: "No other series of sermons could be of a more intimate and personal character than those given during this impressive service of the Three Hours' Agony. *Cor ad cor loquitur,* and the century-long traditions of the occasion itself open the heart wider than ever before. At no other moment does the sense of sin seem so intense; the fear of it so tangible, and the

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personal realization of the meaning of Calvary's tragedy reaches a depth seldom touched before or after Good Friday itself."

The many friends of Dr. Guilday will welcome these devout and intimate sermons in book form. They picture most vividly the scenes of that first Good Friday, and teach most winningly the lessons of forgiveness, mercy, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Jesus' abandonment, thirst, sacrifice and death. Devotion to the Passion of our Saviour has always been a characteristic of God's saints, and every book which helps to foster it should be made a manual of prayers by the people of God.

**SPANISH EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHWEST, 1542-1706.** Edited by Herbert E. Bolton, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00 net.

This volume, as Dr. Bolton tells us in his preface, is logically the successor in the series of *Original Narratives* to the one edited by Hodge and Lewis under the title of *Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States, 1528–1543*. Only one-third of the documents have been hitherto published in English; about one-third have been published in Spanish only; while nearly one-third have never been published hitherto in any language.

The early exploration of California is described by the Portuguese mariner, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who in 1542 explored our Western coast from Puerto de Navidad to the Rogue River, Oregon; by Sebastian Vizcaino, who in 1603 explored the California coast, discovering the Bay of Monterey; by Fray de la Ascension, a Carmelite, who accompanied Vizcaino on his expedition. The other documents deal with the Rodriguez, the Espejo and the Onate expeditions in New Mexico, the Bosque-Larios, the Mendoza-Lopez and the de Leon-Massenet expeditions in Texas, and the explorations of the Jesuit Father Kino (Kühn) and his companions in Arizona.

The documents are well translated, and accompanied by scholarly introductions by the editor, who describes their contents and special value, mentions the translations hitherto published, and refers the student to other books and manuscripts relating to the exploration of the Southwest.

The volume is interesting not only for its first-hand accounts of the daring and determination of these hardy Spanish *conquisatadores,* but for the insight it affords into the zeal of the early Spanish missionaries for the conversion of the Indians. In almost

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every case the Indians were treated with the greatest kindness by the Spaniards, and the work of evangelizing them was indeed blessed. Father Kino alone in twenty-one years baptized more than thirty thousand.

**THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE DUTCH NAVIGATORS.** By Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: The Century Co. $2.50 net.

Dr. van Loon, of the Department of European History at Cornell University, has written a most graphic account of the Dutch navigators of the sixteenth century. Most of them on their return wrote about their travels, and their itineraries served as practical handbooks of navigation to the Dutch traders who followed them on the road to the East. Many of these old records which are today inaccessible have been translated by Dr. van Loon and condensed for the benefit of the general reader.

He describes van Linschoten's trip to India in 1583, the polar expeditions of Barendez and Heemskerk in search of the Northeast Passage, the unsuccessful voyage to India of de Houtman in 1595 and the successful trip of van Neck in 1598, the circumnavigation of the globe by van Noort in 1597, the discovery of Strait le Maire by le Maire in 1616, and of Tasmania by Tasman in 1642.

These navigators were indeed a daring and adventurous body of men, but the author passes over in silence their religious bigotry and intolerance which intensified their hatred of the Spaniards and the Portuguese.

**THE SOCIAL CRITICISM OF LITERATURE.** By Gertrude Buck, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.00 net.

The writer of this suggestive little essay tells us that her volume is concerned solely with the explicit theory of social criticism, and with the development of the conception of literature underlying it. Deductive criticism based its judgments on traditional authority and arbitrary personal taste; historic or scientific criticism insisted on the study of literary origins and developments; impressionist criticism demanded that the reader's viewpoint be dominant; while æsthetic criticism analyzed the reader's reaction according to modern scientific methods.

This new theory of social criticism asks us to do away with the arbitrary standards and the infallible utterances of a select

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coterie. Our author writes: "That the critic should reach a 'right' conclusion, so-called, about a particular piece of literature is then no such weighty matter as previous criticism would have us believe. Social criticism would insist only that he should honestly reach such a conclusion as he can reach, and then make each conclusion a stepping-stone to some further judgment, either of this book or another. Value thus adheres, not in the judgment itself, but in the whole process of arriving at it and proceeding from it—that is, in the vital and continuous contact with literature which makes it literature indeed."

In a word social criticism commands the critic to hold his conclusions as essentially tentative and personal. He must steadfastly refuse to impose them on other readers, and give no sanction to their use by any reader as a substitute for his own critical activities.

**SERMONS AND SERMON NOTES.** By Rev. B. W. Maturin. Edited by Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00 net.

Of the eleven complete sermons in the present volume, five were preached by Father Maturin as an Anglican, five were reported privately for his friends in 1904, and one on the clothing of a nun was printed for private circulation. The *Sermon Notes* were selected by Wilfrid Ward from the mass of notes left in Father Maturin's handwriting. They were usually three or four versions of what he intended to say on the same subject, and their unfinished character prove how much he depended on the inspiration of the moment.

Everything that Father Maturin wrote proved him to be "a man of missionary zeal, in whom the fire of spiritual genius and penetrating psychological insight were combined to a rare degree." This volume is no exception. The best sermons in it to our mind are *The Mystery of Suffering* and *The Call of God.*

Mrs. Ward, in a prefatory note, regrets the fact that her husband spent some of his last hours editing this volume instead of using them for original work, but she adds sweetly, "I think to himself the task was all spiritual gain."

**FRENCH PERSPECTIVES.** By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

This is a brilliant book of essays, consisting of intimate sketches



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of French life, and is decidedly out of the commonplace. Miss Sergeant's profound knowledge of the French people is very different from the superficial view of many a writer who spends a few weeks in Paris, and then proceeds to write a book on France. *French Perspectives* contains charming sketches of people whom the author has known—drawn from the working classes, the bourgeois and literary sets of modern France. There is the bookseller, quaint, old Achille, a survivor "of the days when books were sold like works of art instead of shoes and neckties;" there is the peasant poet, the idol of his native village, and little Marie Constance "who thinks in straw;" we come to know Mme. Ravignac, the clever housewife who wonders at the pretty American girls "to whom the world is a picnic." Miss Sergeant pays a high tribute to the substantial worth of the French workingwomen, those passionate lovers of their trades, who, contented with their humble lot, bend over the one small, patient task in which they have learned perfection.

There is a delightful chapter in which Miss Sergeant describes a lunch party at which she and Mother Superior Justinienne were the honored guests of M. le Curé in his little village on the sunburnt plains of Arles. "The very memory of it, rejoicing as the Provençal sun, brings the glow of the spontaneous human kindness of the Midi into my heart."

*A Modern Cœnobium* relates the author's visit to a former abbey, which now serves as a *"foyer international"* to a group of modern "intellectuals" who meet there during the summer to discuss problems of the day. We are introduced, among others, to Sabatier and to the Modernist professor, M. Loisy. Miss Sergeant is by no means a Catholic; and yet in speaking of the departure of the most rationalistic of all the guests, she says, "Was he nearer a vision of 'truth' than the earnest Cenobite of the twelfth century? After all, he too—in spite of all that the intervening years had added to human knowledge—yes, he too, for all his learning and his skepticism, had to admit in leaving Pontigny, the eternal verity which Pascal has stated once for all, *'Le cœur a des raisons que la raison ne connait point.'*"

**THE BOOK OF THE POPES.** To the Pontificate of Gregory I. Translated with an Introduction by Louise Ropes Loomis, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.00.

Scholars have always regarded the *Liber Pontificalis* as one

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of the most important documents we possess for the study of early Church history. It furnishes us with a complete list of the Popes, the events of their pontificates, the decrees for the organization of the government of the Church, brief accounts of the persecutions and the deaths of the martyrs, records of churches built and the various gifts bestowed upon them by princes and prelates, lists of episcopal ordinations, evidence for the relation of Byzantine art to Roman in the early Christian period, and the like.

This is the first translation published in English. Dr. Loomis has accomplished an arduous task with conspicuous ability, and her copious notes are for the most part accurate and non-controversial. In a brief introduction she discusses the various problems connected with this most precious document, and honestly acknowledges her debt to Monsignor Duchesne, the best editor of the *Book of the Popes*. She writes: "Without the guidance of Duchesne I should often have been at a loss how to elucidate the text, my own notes being in many cases scarcely more than abridgments and paraphrases of his."

**HEAVEN OPEN TO SOULS.** By Henry Churchill Semple, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

Father Semple's thesis is expressed in the sub-title to his book —"Love for God above all things and perfect contrition easy and common in souls resolved to avoid mortal sin." He proves it handsomely from Scripture, from the Doctors of the Church of all ages, from the decrees of Councils, from moral theologians and from utterances of the Holy See, assembled with what must clearly have been unremitting labor during many years of continuous research. And the result of his labor is a book of nearly six hundred pages, every one of which bears evident trace of the author's enthusiastic faith in his doctrine, and the delight with which he has pursued what was on his part surely a labor, however long and arduous, of love.

It is not to be denied that most of us who are now in middle age, and who were taught our Catechism and prepared for the Sacraments by the good priests of forty and fifty years ago, were brought up on a somewhat rigoristic doctrine with regard to these matters. In Chapter VI., Father Semple discusses the reason for this, and demonstrates the Jansenistic origin of this point of view. And because of this fact his book is of great interest and very comforting. The children of today, thanks to the "Pope of the

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Blessed Sacrament," are less in need of Father Semple's proof than we are, although they too may find immense profit and pleasure in it by reason of the rich store of gleanings from many fields that in the ordinary routine of reading might never be in their way. It is emphatically a book for the laity, notwithstanding the fact that most of the matter was assembled for use in the theological conferences of the New York Archdiocese under the moderatorship of the author. The language is utterly untechnical, and the subject matter gains rather than loses by the leisurely method of treatment —frequently interrupted by anecdote and digression—which Father Semple has adopted. It is a book to be read *through* and then read *in*, and thus treated it will be found as interesting and stimulating a piece of spiritual reading as anyone may desire. It is one of those books that one likes to keep on one's desk against the happy half-hour of leisure time at the end of a day's work. Let us hope that the next edition will have an index, at least of citations and names.

**STEVENSON: HOW TO KNOW HIM.** By Richard Ashley Rice. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

To many a reader, an introduction to Stevenson might seem as needless as a guidepost on the familiar way to the home of a friend. Who does not know brave, genial R. L. S.? Who that has any acquaintance with what Charles Lamb would ungrudgingly consider books, has not formed a close intimacy with an author as blithe and as sociable as Lamb himself? Stevenson's yearning cry at the age of twenty-two: "O du lieber Gott, *friends!*" has been bounteously answered. Fast friends thronged to his winsome personality in life, and hosts of posthumous but no less cordial friends have found and loved the man in his works. The children of the Catholic Church, in particular, have given him a warm place beside the glowing hearth of their affections. They will be slow to forget the generous knight who so promptly flayed the Rev. Mr. Hyde for his aspersions in the humble Damien.

Yet this very fondness for an amiable and dauntless soul may be just what blinds us to the higher qualities of the author quite as much as to his shortcomings. Charmed by the manner, we may overlook the man. The new book will be of help to us here. It undertakes to make Stevenson real. Of course it pictures the delectable vagabond very much as we have known him already: whimsical, buoyant, egotistic. But beneath the quixotic oddities,

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beneath the candid self-complacency resembling the unabashed conceit of a starched and beribboned child of six, is revealed a set of principles, a philosophy of life, an attitude towards mankind, that tells of courage, truth and breadth of sympathy. When we yield to a deep and deliberate regard for that heroic spirit that flamed so brightly from so little oil in so fragile a lamp, then we begin to know Stevenson well, to know him as he deserves to be known.

The book we are discussing brings us little strictly new; hardly anything in fact that was not said before by Sir Sidney Colvin or by Mrs. Stevenson. But it insists on much that we should keep in mind, and it puts together many things that should not be viewed asunder. It is a close but easy inquiry into the nature of the master's genius. It offers an analysis of his literary character. It searches out the principle that gives unity and energy to his efforts. This force it finds to be the bed-ridden writer's strong conviction that "life is living," nay more, that "living counts rather than life."

Professor Rice has done his work decidedly well. His careful and thoughtful study enlarges our vision and deepens our feeling of Stevenson's real power. Best of all, it heightens our esteem for his sanguine, loyal nature; for, as the great heart said himself, "to love a character is the only heroic way of understanding it." Perhaps, however, we encounter too often a kind of misplaced brilliancy of treatment. More than once a detached cleverness obtrudes itself with something of an air, overshadowing the more solid elements of the work. We might wish too that the critic had gathered into one chapter all his keen observations on the literary methods of this most accomplished man of letters. Stevenson's style, rapid and limpid as a mountain stream, deft as a conjurer in its management of words, is peculiarly fitted to modern needs; and his "sedulous ape" theory of learning to write, correctly understood, that is, the theory of "a book to read in and a book to write in," is without exception the most practical scheme for mastering the art of expressing thought in language.

**FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION.** By Charles A. Eastman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00 net.

In these *Chapters in the Autobiography of an Indian,* as the sub-title has it, there is much that is exceedingly interesting, but an interest that is, for the great part, of a painful kind. We have here the principal incidents in Dr. Eastman's career from the age

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of fifteen, when the young Sioux began his education, until the present. The preface, written by Mrs. Eastman, tells us that for eighteen years his quest was "for the attainment of the modern ideal of Christian culture," followed by twenty-five years of testing that ideal in various fields of endeavor. Unhappily, the account of his unusual and significant experiences is, in the main, a record of disappointment and disillusion. The discrepancy between the preaching and the practice of Christianity thrust itself upon a mind fresh to receive impressions. That the deepest of these should be scars of dishonor and failure to measure up to the professed standard does not surprise us, as we read of the author's intercourse with some of the Indian agents and of his attempts to get wrongs righted by the Government. This portion of the book revives disquieting memories in those who are acquainted with that particularly humiliating phase of our political history. Nevertheless, Dr. Eastman's effort was at all times for a better understanding between the red man and the white, stanchly defending his own people from calumny, insisting upon their native virtues and the merits of their religion, and declaring that their demoralization was attributable to the influence and temptations of the whites; at the same time, he proclaimed to the Indian the beauty of Christian ideals, despite their betrayal by numbers of those who profess them. Instances of individual sincerity and piety held his allegiance. "Had I not known some such, I should long ago have gone back to the woods."

The tone throughout is dignified and restrained, but conveys clearly the keenness and bitterness of the author's sense of baffled hopes and expectations. The closing chapter, *The Soul of the White Man,* is specially enlightening and salutary reading. Dr. Eastman gives free expression to his thoughts upon Christianity and the civilization that claims to be its product, and states his own unenthusiastic attitude. "When I let go of my simple, instinctive religion, I hoped to gain something far loftier as well as more satisfying to the reason. Alas! it is also more confusing and contradictory." He advocates civilization among his own people, however, partly "because there is no chance of our former simple life any more; and, secondly, because I realize that the white man's religion is not responsible for his mistakes." And he adds: "I am an Indian; and while I have learned much from civilization, for which I am grateful, I have never lost my Indian sense of right and justice." It is the condition of mind indicated in the preface,

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where Mrs. Eastman says that the quarter of a century of testing ended in a "partial reaction in favor of the earlier, the simpler, perhaps the more spiritual philosophy." It is only rational to take into account the share contributed toward this result by tradition, race loyalty, personality and temperament; but these considerations do not materially lessen the import of the book as a document wherein cause and effect are shown to operate with a fateful precision that should quicken a sense of grave responsibility in every Christian reader.

**THE VENERABLE DON BOSCO.** By M. S. Pine. Philadelphia: The Salesian Press. 75 cents.

When the aged and saintly parish priest of Murialdo, Italy, questioned John Bosco, a boy of eleven, about his vocation to the priesthood, the child answered: "I think if I knew enough myself I should like to instruct poor neglected children and preserve them from wickedness." That utterance was prophetic, for John Bosco became the greatest apostle of youth in the nineteenth century. He founded the Salesian Fathers, now forty-five hundred in number, to look after abandoned boys, and the Salesian Sisters to accomplish the same work among girls. His schools and refuges spread rapidly all over the Continent, and thence to England and America. At Don Bosco's death in 1888 two hundred and fifty schools had been founded, in which a hundred and thirty thousand children were being cared for and educated. We are grateful to the nun of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, for her most interesting account of Don Bosco's apostolate among the young, and the clear-cut portrait she gives us of this saintly man of God. She also tells us of his love for the foreign missions. In 1875 he sent ten missionaries to Buenos Ayres, and they and their successors did magnificent work in winning to Christ thousands of the barbarous savages from Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. The Salesian missionaries in Central and South America today number fourteen hundred.

**HISTORY OF THE FRANKS.** By Gregory of Tours. Translated with notes by Ernest Brehaut, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press.

*The History of the Franks,* by St. Gregory of Tours, is the most valuable treatise we possess on the beginnings of the Frankish monarchy. We would prefer to have had the complete text, but

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the translator dreaded the cost of publication, and felt that the scholar could easily have recourse to the original text. The omitted chapters are summarized, and whenever they contain any items of special interest sections of them have been quoted in the summary.

The notes are few and of little value, and the introduction serves no other purpose than to air the translator's *a priori* views against the supernatural in general and the "superstition" of St. Gregory and of the Catholic Church in particular. If at some future date Dr. Brehaut were to have the happy inspiration of rewriting his prejudiced and unscholarly introduction, we would advise him to read beforehand the Abbé Leclerq's fair and objective estimate of St. Gregory's work as bishop, and his work as an historian in the seventh volume of *The Catholic Encyclopedia.*

**THE SULPICIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.** By Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D. New York: The Encyclopedia Press.

In his preface Cardinal Gibbons writes: "I feel I am voicing the sentiments of the thousands of priests in this country who have been trained by the Sulpicians when I affirm that the coming of Father Nagot and his companions to found the first seminary in the United States was a signal blessing of God to our Church."

In these vivid pages Dr. Herbermann describes the wonderful work accomplished by the Sulpicians in educating the American clergy from the days of Archbishop Carroll, and their arduous labors as missionary priests and bishops in the pioneer days of the American Church. He tells us of the founding, development and history of St. Mary's Seminary and St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and of St. Charles' College, Ellicott City; he gives short, interesting biographies of Sulpician Bishops, Flaget, David, Dubourg, Maréchal, Dubois, Bruté, Eccleston and others; he brings out in bold relief the simplicity, zeal and priestly character of the sons of Father Olier, who for over one hundred years have devoted themselves untiringly to the development of the Church in these United States.

**PHASES OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY.** By J. Estlin Carpenter. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

The American Lectures on the History of Religions have been given in the chief cities of the United States since 1894 under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religions. Some of the volumes already printed are *Buddhism,*

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by Rhys-Davids; *Jewish Religious Life After the Exile,* by Cheyne; *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians,* by Steindorff, and *Religions of Primitive Peoples,* by Brinton.

The lecturer for 1915 was the Unitarian, Dr. Carpenter, Principal Emeritus of Manchester College, Oxford. His theme is salvation, and the growth of Christian doctrine and the rise of Christian institutions in relation to it. The period covered by the present volume extends from 100 to 250 A. D. The lectures are written throughout from the liberal Protestant standpoint, and are calculated to do harm to the unwary student who accepts blindly the words of the teacher. Dr. Carpenter rationalizes everything in the Christian Gospel, and has no room for the supernatural or the miraculous. To his mind Christianity is not "a system of doctrine ultimately embodied in creeds, nor a scheme of ecclesiastical government under the control of a Church," but a life of the sons of God. Of course, the Divinity of Christ and of His Church are denied, and with them sacerdotalism, sacramentalism, and Biblical inspiration. The writer is utterly unacquainted with the writings of Catholic scholars on this period of Church history.

**HOW TO READ.** By J. B. Kerfoot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Kerfoot's pleasant little book might be called a study in applied psychology. Not that the format reminds one in the least of a volume of philosophy. Far less could the diction by any stretch of the imagination be called philosophical. Mr. Kerfoot is the literary critic of *Life,* and he has brought into his essay that journal's distinctive tone: the brilliant and piquant passing into the flippant, and occasionaly degenerating into the slangy. But the principles for which he argues are old friends of psychology, applied to reading; the laws of attention, reflex or voluntary, the association of images, unconscious mental reactions, the generalization of ideas under the influence of habit, temperament, environment or state in life, they are all here, though often in disguise.

The purpose of the book is to help its readers to a more intelligent employment of reading for their own individual ends, no matter what they may be. It considers how, why and what to read. It seeks to direct our many-sided minds—Mr. Kerfoot compares them to the centipede which has one hundred feet upon which to shift—to an intelligent choice; it insists on the neces-

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sity of discrimination, upon the various processes of assimilation and rejection, as the amœba assimilates or rejects what is good for it or what is injurious out of the microscopic particles of food which compose its "cosmos"—that same amœba which, according to Mr. Kerfoot's biology, is "one of our poorest relations and our most distant cousin." The author is not always happy in his choice of chapter headings; some are pointless, one in questionable taste. "Muckraking the Dictionary" only means, after all, that ideas differ in connotation according to their context.

It must be confessed that Mr. Kerfoot's method of handling the subject leaves the impression that the reader is being written down to, so to speak. He reminds one of the sleight-of-hand artist who, by involved movements and rapid passes, distracts attention from the essential simplicity of his legerdemain, and who, after bewildering his audience by his mystic magic, kindly consents to repeat each trick step by step, explains each move, and shows how easy it all is when you know how. The principles upon which Mr. Kerfoot dwells are by no means new in themselves, but they may well be new to many. The author's method is certainly novel, and all things considered, it may readily be granted that *How to Read* merits the adjective applied to it in the publishers' prospectus, that it is "stimulating."

**LE STRANGE RECORDS.** By Hamon le Strange. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7.00 net.

Students of English mediæval history will read with interest the annals of the le Strange family of Norfolk and the Welsh marshes, together with the houses of Knockin and Blackmere. While none of the family were remarkable either as great statesmen or great soldiers, the record of their lives affords the reader an excellent insight into the undercurrent of events which shaped the history of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The writer pictures them as a typical Marcher family, following, as a rule, the general movements which led the Marcher lords to take a decided, if sometimes not quite a consistent, line in the great problems of mediæval politics. They were a fierce, brave, energetic and turbulent race, keen in pushing their own interests, ever successful in building up the fortunes of their house, and not over scrupulous in adhering to the strict requirements of the law. Their personal piety was manifested in the repeated gifts each generation of the family made to its favorite abbey of Houghmond.

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The work is solidly documented, being based entirely on the Rolls and Charters still extant at the Public Record Office of the British Museum and Houstanton Hall.

**BEAUTY, A STUDY IN PHILOSOPHY.** By Rev. Aloysius Rother, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents.

This is a mere epitome of a complex philosophic inquiry, done in a manner thoroughly and emphatically scholastic. It is our Latin textbook of college days done into English. The leading thoughts are cast into the form of theses, a method of proof is outlined, various proofs are set forth and confirmed, difficulties are stated, false views enunciated and contradicted, corollaries deduced. Each of the phases of the problem is so handled. Not only is the method of handling the inquiry exactly like our manual, but the manner also is the same. Clear-cut, it is true, are the definitions and statements, but they are devoid of all other graces save clearness. The examples cited are the stock-in-trade variety, displayed in no attractive dress. The information is parceled out chip by chip. The bone is there but the flesh and life are not. It is not presented as a living thing; it is rather the skeleton, a curio in the cabinet, the parts analyzed and labeled and in order before us, but lacking its native glory. In fact, the book is too tiresome to read and too trite to study.

In the presentation of this subject either the essay form should be employed, the reader addressed according to his own habit of thought, and the atmosphere of the classroom be abandoned; or else it should be simply a companion and supplementary volume to a student's textbook of philosophy.

**GOD AND MAN.** Lectures on Dogmatic Theology. From the French of the Rev. L. Labauche, S.S. Volume II. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50.

Of late years a number of excellent textbooks of dogmatic theology have been published in English for the educated Catholic layman. Sheeben's *Dogmatik,* Dr. Pohle's series of textbooks, and Hunter's *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology* have done excellent service for the cause of Catholic truth. To this list we must now add the lectures of the well-known Sulpician, Father Labauche, whose volume on *Man* has just been published. The author follows the general lines of the Latin textbooks used in our seminaries, stating his thesis, proving it from reason, the Bible and tradition, and an-

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swering briefly the chief objections of rationalists and Protestants. The present volume treats of the state of original innocence, original sin, grace, and man and his future state. The translation is excellent.

**JESUS—TEACHER.** By Frank Webster Smith, Ph.D. New York: Sturgis & Walton. 50 cents net.

This is a poor and inadequate attempt to prove that Our Lord was the most perfect Teacher the world ever knew. The writer seems to have no grasp of the Divinity of Christ, although he speaks vaguely of "the spiritual union of the Great Teacher and God which is emphasized in the Gospels."

He sums up our Saviour's personal qualities as teacher under the headings of devotion, persistence, fearlessness and earnestness. He tells us that His principles of method were definiteness of aim, appreciation of the law of apperception, language power, individual appeal, and the intimate and sympathetic contact with His pupils.

**THE CRADLE OF CHRISTIANITY.** By S. P. T. Prideoux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

In brief, popular fashion Mr. Prideoux gives the young student an idea of the conditions of life in Palestine in the time of Our Lord. He describes the Roman influence and occupation, the Messianic hope, the Jews of the Diaspora, the current apocalyptic ideas, the Jewish sects and parties.

He makes the mistake of calling the deutero-canonical books apocrypha, and falsely accuses the New Testament writers of borrowing from the Jewish non-inspired writings of their time.

**FATHER TIM'S TALKS.** By Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C.SS.R. Volume II. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

Father McEnniry has published a second volume of his delightful talks of Father Tim. In a kindly manner he instructs his readers in Catholic doctrine and practice, while at the same time interesting them in the story he tells. The present volume speaks of faith, sin, hell, the mercy of God, the use of holy water, the confessional, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

**HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES.** Volume X. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

The latest number of *Historical Records and Studies* opens

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with a brief sketch of the late Dr. Herbermann by Peter Condon. For eighteen years he was the President of the Catholic Historical Society, and its most indefatigable and most scholarly worker. Other articles of moment are the biographies of Edward M. Wingfield by Edward J. McGuire, and of the publisher John Doyle by Thomas F. Meehan. Dr. Herbermann contributed two sketches of Father Hyppolite de Luynes and Father Andrew F. Monroe.

**AN ALTAR WREATH.** By Rev. Joseph G. Daley. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn. $1.25 net.

Father Daley of the Springfield Diocese has written an excellent volume of timely, instructive and suggestive sermons. They treat of moral, doctrinal and liturgical subjects, together with a number of panegyrics on the saints. We recommend this volume highly to the priest on the lookout for good sermon material.

**THE ART OF LOOKING AT PICTURES.** By Carl H. P. Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

As the author himself tells us this is a book, "not for the connoisseur or the initiated, but for the neophyte without the gates." It tells not merely what to look for in the work of a painter, but where to look and how. It is meant not only to be read, but to be applied, sentence by sentence, to pictures and prints.

The names of one hundred and twenty artists are arranged in alphabetical order, their peculiar beauties pointed out, examples of their best work mentioned, a brief biography added, and quotations from art critics cited. The book ends with an excellent bibliography, a good index, and an important chronological chart.

**RINGS.** By George Frederick Kunz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.00.

This most recent work of Dr. Kunz takes its place by the side of his earlier writings, *The Curious Lore of Precious Stones* and *The Magic of Jewels and Charms*. Once again the author exhibits his faculty for exhaustive research in this study of finger rings, tracing their origin and usages from the most remote periods, in every part of the world. Romantic interest abounds, for not only are the rings that figure in religious and secular history mentioned, and the stories associated with them told, but the legends and traditions connected with magic and talismanic rings are also given, as well as many tales of rings of healing. It is a mass

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of interesting material and, like his companion volumes, is profusely and beautifully illustrated.

**UNCLE FRANK'S MARY.** By "Clementia," Sister of Mercy. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co. $1.35.

This is the first of a promised series, to be known as *The Mary Selwyn Books.* The heroine is introduced to us at the age of ten, and she is a sufficiently lovable little person to rouse a desire in the reader to follow her fortunes further. Though nothing of a prig, she is intensely devout. The story deals with her devotion to Our Lady, and the plenteous reward given to her steadfast faith, at Lourdes. The tale has plenty of incident and variety, and considerable information is imparted in an agreeable form. The book would be more enjoyable were there less dialect used, especially in the recording of the talk of very young children, of which there is so much as, at times, to make the reading laborious.

**IN SPACIOUS TIMES.** By Justin Huntley McCarthy. New York: John Lane Co. $1.35 net.

Mr. McCarthy's latest historical novel deals with the England of Elizabeth. Its hero is an English sea captain, trained under Drake, who boldly abducts the girl of his choice in defiance of all the laws of the realm. With his immense fortune he buys great estates and lordly castles; with his doughty sword he comes out victor in many a duel; with his undaunted will he makes a fair lady of the Court love him despite herself. It is a clean, stirring, well-told romance, interesting from first page to last.

**ONLY A DOG.** By Bertha Whitridge Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

This is the story of a dog who is driven from his peaceful home in Flanders during the first furious onslaught of the German invaders. After wandering for a long time, he suddenly finds himself standing all alone, out in the deadly No Man's Land. He is wounded by a German bullet, but during the night is rescued by Private Rice, who, at the risk of his own life, crawls out to the wounded dog and brings him in behind the lines. "Army," as the dog is then called, devotes the rest of his life to his new master, and is a shining example of faithfulness. The book is a strong appeal for kindness to animals.

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**HELEN.** By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.35 net.

This is a charming story of the wooing of an American girl by two men, one an American the other a Frenchmen.

Its chief merit lies in the writer's portrayal of modern life in Paris, and his delightful clear-cut sketches of American globe trotters, Russian princesses, French diplomats, and the winsome Helen and her whole-souled brother. The French suitor dies most opportunely of typhoid in Cairo, and the faithful American wins his love at last.

**LETTERS OF A TRAVELING SALESMAN.** By C. Jacobsen. Manchester, N. H.: The Magnificat Press. 75 cents net.

These letters appeared some time ago in the pages of *The Magnificat*. The writer can certainly talk with effect, for he jokingly boasts of being able to sell a fan to a man frozen to the North Pole. He censures his fellow-travelers in a kindly way for their irreligion, immorality and gambling, and incidentally tells us of his love for the Blessed Sacrament, the saints, the Blessed Virgin, the poor, children and the aged. His pages are, however, marked at times by too free a use of slang.

**MOUNT VERNON.** By Paul Wilstach. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The history of Mount Vernon gives us a good idea of the life of the Virginia planter in the closing days of the eighteenth century. We see Washington in his home life, and all its numerous activities; we hear him discussing public affairs with the Virginia burgesses and with the men who later on founded the United States. It is hard to understand why neither Virginia nor the United States offered to buy Mount Vernon when Bushrod Washington put it up for sale. That it is now a national shrine is due not to a grateful government, but to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union.

**PINOCCHIO.** By "C. Collodi." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

*Pinnochio,* that classic of the nursery in half the world, was originally composed as a puppet-play by Signor Lorenzini, a native of the town of Collodi in Italy, who died in 1890. It appears now in handsome form, as one of the series of *Stories All Children Love,*

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and should prove a popular gift for the little people. Pinnochio, as everybody knows, was nothing but a piece of wood until the great day when Geppeto, the beggar, carved him into living form; and then he danced away into a life of strange adventures both sad and joyful that cannot easily be matched in all the records of fairyland. How he was tricked, and then later almost assassinated by the wicked cat and fox, and how he was hung without being greatly hurt, and how he finally got turned into a long-eared donkey, is so amazing a tale that but for Signor Collodi one could hardly credit it all. His long series of thrilling adventures as a donkey are no less surprising—but here they are in this book all duly set down and attested by the author. It would be a curious little boy or girl who would not be interested in the story, and the last page is the only one which will be slowly turned.

**STRANGER THAN FICTION.** By Paul J. J. Bent. Boston: Matthew F. Sheehan Co. $1.10.

Father Bent gives us under this title *Stranger than Fiction* twelve short stories based upon personal observation, and drawn with great vividness from every phase of life. The stories are bright and sparkling, and give life in miniature, showing that the author is a penetrating observer of people and their ways. But the most attractive characteristic of all the tales is the odor of religion that each brings to the reader. They are simple as holiness itself and as refreshing, especially after the flood of materialistic novels so much the vogue today.

**THE FULLBACK.** By Lawrence Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

There is not a dull page, not even a dull line, in the story that has come as the first of a series by Mr. Lawrence Perry, who, by the way, keeps the readers of *The Evening Post* informed on athletic matters. There will be no desire to "skip the descriptions" in any of the *Fair Play Series,* if the other volumes are as interesting as the first. Tom Kerry is fit to be a real boy's hero, and though he is a human hero, with some little tendency to suffer from the weakness which attacks all boys who become indispensable to a football team, or a baseball nine, he saves himself in time; and fortune favors him to a degree that will satisfy even the youngest reader. Think of coming back at the critical stage of the game, after having gone away to sulk, and getting into a suit for the

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express purpose of pulling the game out of the fire. And think of going up to the last four minutes, several points to the bad, and then lining up almost at one's own goal for a last desperate stand, and then being wizard enough to diagnose a crafty trick of the other quarterback, and intercepting a forward pass, and tearing through the whole field down to the other goal and planting the ball where it ought to go, right under the cross-bars. Such a climax is grand enough for any book, isn't it?

WE wish to call the special attention of our readers to a series of volumes, entitled *The Angelus Series,* particularly suitable for short reading, both because of their intrinsic merit and their size and appearance. They may be easily carried about, the type is of good size, the binding durable. Of the recent ones that have come to us, is a treatise *On Good Will* translated from the French of the Redemptorist, Father Schrijvers. Good will, he writes, is preëminently necessary. Cultivating such a disposition towards God in all things and in all duties, we may safely leave our growth in spiritual betterment to His mercy and His wisdom. It follows closely the lines of Father Caussade's *Abandonment.* A happy little volume is *A Year of Cheer*—short quotations that protest against melancholy, and seek to drive away the gray by the golden. It is not from the pen, but from the discerning hand, of Scannel O'Neill. Another gives us in tabloid form the practical wisdom of Katharine Tynan. Another volume, which gives us the rigorous and simple spirituality of the early English writers, is *Contemplations of the Dread and Love of God.* It is by a writer of the time of Richard Rolle, and is edited from a manuscript of the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century. The old manuscript has still a very rare charm. The price of these volumes is fifty cents each.

FATHER GOODIER'S work is well known to our readers. We take pleasure in recommending very highly a short book of meditations, which he has just published, through Benziger Brothers, New York City. The book is entitled *The Prince of Peace,* and furnishes very thoughtful and inspiring meditations on subjects that have the advantage of being rather unusual in their treatment and application. Catholics will find the volume a very useful book of devotion.



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# Recent Events.

*The Editor of* THE CATHOLIC WORLD *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

**Russia.**

The internal situation in Russia is still a source of no little anxiety. Prince N. D. Golitzin is still the Prime Minister, but shortly after his appointment three members of the Cabinet were given leave of absence. Of these one was the recently appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The sense of uncertainty and instability resulting from the frequent changes has been accentuated by the causes to which they are attributed—the activity, that is to say, of a small but influential and energetic group of pro-Germans. These have set themselves to oppose the sentiments and convictions of the country and are actuated by the fear of losing the power which they have for so long possessed and which they have exercised to its detriment. The opposition which has been made to the realization of the Tsar's grant of a constitution in 1905 springs from this group, an opposition which has been intensified by the war against Germany, success in which would be the deathknell of all their hopes.

The instability of the Cabinet is in contrast with the determination of the people to push the war to a successful issue; frequent ministerial changes are not reassuring. For twenty months the average life of the Ministers of Justice and Agriculture has been four and a half months, and of the Minister of the Interior three months. There have been no fewer than six changes in the holder of the latter portfolio. In a country, the government of which was really popular and in which the Ministers were responsible to the parliament, changes of this kind would indicate division of counsel among the representatives of the people. But in Russia this degree of self-government has not yet been secured. All the Ministers are responsible solely to the Tsar. He uses them as instruments when he chooses. If his will and policy are unchanged, it matters little who are these instruments. So far as the war is concerned abundant

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evidence has been given of the Tsar's full determination to be loyal to his Allies. The will, however, of a single man is a slender thread upon which to rest, especially when so many evidences are given of vacillation as those indicated by these ministerial changes. The stupendous difficulties by which the Tsar is confronted add to the anxieties of the situation. Paradoxical as it may seem, Russia has been for nearly a year suffering from famine in the midst of plenty. In Petrograd people, rich and poor alike, have had to wait for ten and twelve hours to secure small allowances of bread, meat and vegetables. Yet there is sufficient food in the country to feed the entire population for two years. In fact there is more food since the war began than before, as exportation has almost ceased on account of the closing of the Bosphorus. The want that exists is due to the lack of means of transportation. Those that exist are devoted to the feeding of the troops in the long line that stretches from Riga to the Black Sea, and on the other side through Armenia and far into Persia. The consequence is that the civil population has not only to supply the wants of the army, but is itself left without the transport facilities necessary for its own wants. Attempts without end have been made to regulate the railway service, maximum and minimum prices have been fixed, yet the record is one of failure. It is another instance of the inadequacy and inefficiency of autocratic methods, when put to a serious test. The organization and coördination which are essential if Russia is to cope successfully with the food problem have not yet been secured. It is on this account that the absence of a strong, capable and united Ministry is so much to be deplored. The difficulty of the task may be the explanation of these changes.

While there is plenty of food in Russia, and all that is wanting is some way of distributing it, military operations have been hampered by the lack of munitions. At the beginning of the war there was no reserve of shells, there being only two or three factories to produce them. So few were the rifles that the men in reserve had to wait for the men at the front to be killed, in order to get arms. A new industrial organization has since been started. This it was that rendered possible the victories won last summer by Gen. Brusiloff. Roads and railways also have been constructed on a fairly large scale. The results have been so satisfactory that the military experts of the country are quite confident of driving back, at least off Russian soil, the invaders' armies. The very successes of the Germans have been one of the chief means of infusing into

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the mass of the Russian people the determination to free the land from the invader. The moment the German put his foot upon Russian soil the national feeling became thoroughly aroused.

The appointment of M. Sazonoff to be the successor of Count Beuckendorff as Ambassador to Great Britain gave renewed assurance, if any were needed, of Russia's loyalty to the Entente. M. Sazonoff had been, as Foreign Minister, a chief instrument in bringing about that understanding between Great Britain, France and Russia which had been entered into some years before the War. His resignation, or supersession, had come as a shock to the Allied Powers and has never been fully explained. His being appointed to London goes a long way to restoring the fullness of the confidence which had existed while he was the Russian Foreign Minister. His predecessor in London, who died at his post, was, strange to say, a Catholic, and has been buried in the same crypt of Westminster Cathedral in which lie the bodies of Cardinals Wiseman and Vaughan. His death was looked upon as a great loss to the Allied cause, of which he had been at once a warm and a skillful supporter. M. Sazonoff's appointment has gone a long way to remove the disappointment caused by Count Beuckendorff's death. The further to confirm the complete union between Russia and her Western Allies, there has taken place at Petrograd a series of Conferences between special missions from France, Italy and Great Britain. Among the envoys from Great Britain was a member of the War Cabinet, Lord Milner, a thing which showed the extreme importance attached to the mission. One of the objects of these Conferences was to bring about a greater unity of action in the various fields of warfare—to make one war out of the five or six which have so far been carried on with too little regard for one another. One result may be seen in the coöperation which has been brought about between the British on the Tigris and the Russians in Persia, by means of which a bar has been placed to the German Far-Eastern plans.

Great though Russia's difficulties may be they are chiefly internal, and although these internal difficulties may influence the conduct even perhaps the result of the war, there is good reason for thinking that they will be overcome. Two parties stand face to face, one in favor of responsible government, the other bitterly opposed to it, and so bitter too is this opposition that there are those who would prefer to lose the war rather than to win it, if the price of winning were the establishment of anything like government by

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the people. Not only the Duma but the Council of the Empire, which is a kind of Upper House, or House of Lords, has lately declared in favor of a responsible Ministry. The response given by the Tsar to this declaration is an unmitigated negative—at least for the time being. Hence all the Ministers of the Cabinet who have recently been appointed are of the reactionary type. So far as their influence goes it will be with the object of thwarting the constitutional movement. Determination to carry on the war is professed and is undoubtedly real, but the effects of their policy will be in the future as they have been in the past, somewhat detrimental to real success. No support, for example, was given to the new policy towards Poland proclaimed by the Archduke Nicholas at the beginning of the war; on the contrary, determined opposition was offered to it; while in Galicia for the brief period during which it was in Russia's possession, the population was alienated by an attempt to Russianize the province. The Ruthene Catholics were under penalties forced to conform to the Orthodox Church. The treatment of the Archbishop of Lemberg is an illustration of the spirit by which the reactionary party is animated.

The repeated postponements of the meetings of the Duma show the distrust which is entertained of the people's representatives. The Duma, on the other hand, is determined to maintain the rights which have been conferred upon it by the Constitution of 1905, and to press for an extension of those rights. To postpone to the end of the war the demand for a wider grant of power would seem to be the wiser course, were it not for the manifestation which has been made of the inefficiency of the bureaucrats. The Duma's claim, therefore, is that its demands so far from being a hindrance to success are necessary for that success. This claim is, however, not listened to; is in fact scouted. This is the main cause of the present internal unrest.

Since the above was written a complete Revolution has taken place in Russia. At first it seemed likely that the advocates of responsible government would have patience for the sake of an undisturbed prosecution of the war, and not resort to violence however great might be the provocation. But when the reactionary Ministry proceeded to dissolve the Duma the cup was filled to overflowing. A Committee of the Duma took into its hands the task of defending the nation, and of liberating it from its incompetent, if not, treacherous rulers. The army as a whole was for once in the history of Russia on the side of the people; indeed as it is now constituted,

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it is made up of the people. The small resistance that a part of it offered was soon overcome. The Tsar was more willing to be broken than to bend to the will of the nation's representatives, and for himself and his son, abdicated in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke Michael. The latter at first accepted the position of Regent until such time as a Constitutional Assembly shall be elected, but has since resigned. The Constitutional Assembly will be chosen by universal suffrage, and by it will be determined the future form of government. In the meantime Russia will be controlled by the Committee which brought about the crisis, and which constitutes the Provisional Government. It is to be hoped that moderate counsels will prevail. Extremes provoke extremes. The deliverance of the millions of Russians from autocratic government is a task not to be accomplished in a day if it is to prove permanent.

How far treachery is responsible for the want of success, and whether it has tainted the imperial family is not clear. No sign of it appears in the Tsar's message of abdication. The cause of failure is more likely to be found in the self-seeking which is characteristic of rulers and their subordinates. The people, they think, is made for them, not they for the people. Now, however, that the obstacles have been removed, the war will be prosecuted with renewed vigor. Virtually all of the military commanders have given in their adhesion to the new régime. All military and industrial resources are to be mobilized. The friction brought about by incompetence and treachery has disappeared. Even the Established Church which has so often been the stronghold of oppression has fallen into line. The army is for the time being under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas. Whether it is wise to retain him in a position of such supreme importance would appear to be doubtful.

The Austro-German kingdom of Poland, established by a military decree, lacks all validity in the eyes of the world, having been made in violation of the recognized principles of international law. For this reason the Western Powers as well as Russia have declared its nullity. France, Italy and Great Britain have gone further, and have given in their adhesion to the union of the dismembered kingdom promised by the Grand Duke Nicholas on the fifteenth of August, 1914, a promise which has quite recently been ratified by the Tsar. This restoration of unity and autonomy, the Western Powers declare, constitutes a prime factor in the future balance of Europe, and they have bound themselves that it shall be fully car-

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ried into effect. Our President has declared Poland's claim to independence to be one of the rights which must be respected. No reliable information is obtainable as to the reception which the Austro-German proclamation has met with in the part of Poland occupied by their forces; nor is it likely that any free expression of opinion would be allowed. It is inconceivable that it should be accepted by the Poles, as a body, for this would be equivalent to the renunciation of Polish unity, and to acquiescence in the perpetuation of the dismemberment of the ancient kingdom.

**France.** The news has just arrived of the deliverance of from four hundred to six hundred square miles of French territory. On a front of nearly seventy miles extending from the Arras sector to the Oise river the Germans have withdrawn, almost eliminating the Arras and Noyon salients. The French and British troops are in close pursuit, occupying mile after mile of open ground, the British having advanced ten miles and the French twelve. In one day seventy villages and towns were restored to freedom, Bapaume, Péronne, Roye and Noyon have fallen. The German soldiers as they retired burned villages after having looted them. As yet there is no sign of making a stand, nor is it known with what object the retirement has been made. Some hope that it may prove a rout. It is more probable, however, that the step has been taken in order to take up a shorter line, one that can be defended by a smaller number of troops. Possibly a grand drive may be made for Calais by the overplus of troops that have been obtained by the present withdrawal. In any case the Allies are prepared.

In other respects events in France have not been so pleasing. The French Chamber, at the beginning of the War, gave to the Ministry untrammeled control of affairs. But as time went on the jealousy of the Government grew greater, and the members of the Senate and House of Deputies began to assert what they looked upon their right to control. Committees were appointed to supervise everything, even military operations. These Committees summoned Cabinet Ministers and other executive officers to render an account of their proceedings. M. Briand especially was subjected to this harassing procedure; he had many adversaries, among whom was M. Clemenceau. In the end the opposition became unbearable; M. Briand resigned and his Cabinet. This resignation had been

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preceded by that of the War Minister, General Lyautey, who had been brought from Morocco on account of his great success in the administration of that country. He found it impossible to adapt himself to the parliamentary methods which have recently been adopted. A new Ministry is being formed, but it is found difficult to find a man willing to undertake the task. M. Deschanels having refused, M. Ribot is considering the matter. It seems that it is not merely under autocratic rule that the holders of power are sources of trouble.

**Germany.**

No reasonable doubt can be felt about the serious want of food supplies in Germany. Cumulative evidence makes it certain that while there is no actual starvation, or but little, the civil population is suffering acutely, especially the poor. This was the reason which led the Chancellor to make the peace proposals which were so promptly, and in German eyes so "shamefully," rejected by the Allies. It is for the same reason that the campaign of ruthless submarine warfare has been adopted, or rather intensified, as the only means left of conquering the chief enemy—Great Britain—hopes of a decisive military victory having been abandoned or postponed. The British take a serious view of the German effort, and are preparing to meet it with, according to the latest accounts, a large measure of success. In other countries German threats are widely looked upon as bluff, and as meant rather to frighten neutrals than with any expectation of success in starving Great Britain. That in inspiring fear among neutrals Germany has largely succeeded must be admitted, so far as the States on the continent of Europe are concerned. Our own country and now China, the two largest Republics, have risen to the occasion, and have manifested their determination not to yield to the domination of a State which is aiming at world supremacy.

While German officialdom loudly declares that there exists the most perfect harmony and unity within the Empire, there is good reason to look upon this claim, as to say the least, greatly exaggerated. The agrarians, according to their wont, have been profiting by the necessities of the country. Prussia has been trying to deprive Bavaria of her larger measure of food supplies, while the latter has not been receiving with any great degree of cordiality the large number of Prussians whom these food supplies brought into her cities. A pamphlet is being widely circulated in Germany, especially in Bavaria, which calls for the substitution of the Ba-

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varian royal house for that of the Hohenzollerns, as the latter has been the cause of the evils which have befallen the Empire. As victory is, in the opinion of the writer, impossible, this change is necessary in order to mitigate the conditions of peace, for the Wittelsbach House would be a guarantee of its maintenance. A Swiss Socialist paper asserts that this pamphlet is the utterance of a movement which is widely spread throughout South Germany. The fall of the Tsar cannot but further the movement for the liberation of Germany. The new submarine campaign has caused a split in the ranks of the Prussian Socialists. On the other hand, the endorsement by the Chancellor of this campaign, to which for a long time he was opposed, has brought to an end the opposition against him of its first advocates, von Tirpitz and Count Reventlow.

The Chancellor, however, is not the real ruler of Germany, nor even the Kaiser. Von Hindenburg has complete control of both the naval and military forces, with the power of demanding the coöperation of the civil authorities. This power he exercises through the Auxiliary Service Law, which places every civilian at the disposal of the army. Voluntary offering of service, indeed, is desired, but the law gives the power of compulsion, should voluntary service fail.

**Progress of the War.** Reference has been made to the German withdrawal in France. Everywhere else the lines remain almost unchanged. No progress has been made by the Germans in Rumania, and in the Macedonian district there is scarcely any change. In Turkey, however, the goal of German ambition, Bagdad, is now in the hands of the British. In fact, British forces are now a long way further north on the way to meet the Russian army which is driving the Turks back from Persia. A few days may see the junction of the two forces. This would draw a line, offering a sure bar to the Far Eastern object of German ambitions. In another part of the Turkish dominions the Turks have been driven back, the British expedition from Egypt having reached Hebron, from which it is within measurable distance of Armageddon, the place where the dragon is to gather together the kings of the earth to battle in the great day. Here it may be mentioned that out of the Turkish Empire, since the beginning of the war, two new sovereigns have arisen, the Sultan of Egypt and the King of the Hedjas. The latter was the Sheriff of Mecca, and is now maintaining his independence of the Turk.

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# With Our Readers.

AS the editor is sending to press the last of this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, it seems a certainty that our country will very shortly be at war with Germany. Even as we write this, Germany has already begun war upon us. The terrible scourge of war, with all its possible horror and suffering, of men killed and wounded, of homes made desolate, of broken-hearted mothers and children, is welcome to none. But one truth is already written large and plain upon the pages of history—our country did not desire war, our country did everything consistent with national life and honor to avoid it, and if war comes, Germany will stand guilty before the judgment of men and the judgment of God not only for its beginnings, but for all the murder, the suffering and the bitterness that will follow upon its prosecution. War has been literally forced upon our country, and she is compelled to take up arms for her own honor and for justice among men. Our prayers to the last were that our country might be saved the horrors of war; if she now must fight, we know that she fights in the cause of justice and of peace.

---

MANY minds, in the present earnest searching of hearts which world events have made necessary, bear testimony not only to the vital need of definite truth concerning the eternal questions that press the soul of man, but also to the utter inadequacy of the religious thought and teaching outside the Catholic Church to meet that demand. For beyond the light of her protection and her guidance there are bodies that call themselves Churches, but that have really no valid claim to the title. Any and every Church must be not simply a material collection of individuals, more or less sympathetic in their religious beliefs, but an organic whole, vitalized and unified by one truth which all accept, not because it appeals to each one personally, but because it comes from an authority higher than all, and to which all must subject their intellects. The life of a Church is something greater than its members, taken one by one, or taken collectively. This corporate life no one individual could achieve, because of the simple fact that it is a corporate life; and for the same reason, a power, which is above all the individuals, which is supreme and acknowledged to be supreme, must be the source of unity and of life.

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THIS basic and fundamental principle was thrown to the winds centuries ago by the Protestant world. And since that day the winds have played havoc with the Christian truths of which it was the only permanent safeguard. Some religious bodies have saved certain definite Christian truths, but the preservation has been due to no organic principle of life, no recognized preserving power within the particular Church itself. It has been due to fortunate choice of private judgment and selection, as a result of parental training, reverence for the past, experimental knowledge, because in these truths the soul finds help, and hope and consolation. Not one of these religious bodies, when appealed to, can or will in any corporate sense give a final pronouncement on any definite Christian truth. Indeed they recognize within themselves no such authority. Their life can never rise above the private, personal opinion of the individual, because professedly that is the foundation upon which they are organized. It matters not whether they teach that this private judgment is reënforced by the assistance of the Holy Spirit or not; eventually the witness both to the assistance of the Holy Spirit and to the truth accepted is the private judgment of the individual.

* * * *

THE inefficiency and even the inconsistency of this attitude are gradually breaking with greater clearness upon the minds of men. A most liberal thinker, for example, like H. G. Wells, writes this striking passage in his latest volume, *Italy, France and Britain at War*, "That talk was only one of a number of talks about religion that I have had with hard and practical men who want to get the world straighter than it is, and who perceive that they must have a leadership and reference outside themselves." Because of this desire for "a reference outside themselves," Mr. Wells "asserts confidently that there is a real deep religious movement afoot in the world." This is an extraordinary statement, coming as it does from the author of *First and Last Things*.

* * * *

THE chaotic condition of religious thought in the non-Catholic world must be considered when we weigh its worth or measure its tendencies. For three centuries men have been thinking in terms of compromise. Clearness of vision has been obscured; the primary moral obligation to follow truth at all cost has been shirked; the mental processes have been wounded, and can do at best but a halting and an imperfect work. The first principles of correct thinking are only half-recognized or altogether abandoned. Faith, for example, is spoken of as a thing entirely apart from the intellect. Thus it is divorced from the true, intelligent life of man. And his life is nothing, if it is not intelligent. As a consequence we see a great portion

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of the world of thought deceived by manifest inconsistencies, denying on one page what it has asserted on the preceding, and apparently unconscious where its assertions or its denials ought logically to lead it.

* * * *

THERE are, for example, Churches some of whose members claim to be Catholic, but who acknowledge no Catholic authority; yet others, official and lay members of the same Church, loudly proclaim they are not Catholic, never have been, and wish never to be. Some members of the same Church will claim a real priesthood: others will just as strenuously deny it; some will assert that divorce is anti-Christian: others that it is not so. Conventions will be held that are a public witness to impossibility of agreement. Other Churches base their very existence on the Bible, yet historically they have not preserved the Bible; they admit no authority which may state without question what is the Bible, or define its often seemingly contradictory teaching. They will assert the leadership of Christ, yet never teach Who Christ really is. They will loudly champion a necessary loyalty to Christ, yet never explicitly define the practical conduct of life wherein that loyalty consists. They will preach of dependence upon Christ, yet speak in utterly humanitarian terms, denying the necessity of grace and the actual help of Christ. They will speak with respect of the Bible, yet abet a higher criticism that tears it to pieces. They will speak of God, the Creator, yet declare an evolutionary process that means God is not our Creator. They will champion Him as the Ruler of the world, yet in their moral teaching they will assert that man is the ruler; that in questions of birth control, for example, economic necessity, the demand for a healthier race has taken the prerogative out of the hands of God and placed it in those of man. They will speak reverently of God as the Infinite Being, yet attribute to Him certain experiences that rob Him of His Infinite Attributes. Thus the Rev. Samuel McComb, D.D., of the Emmanuel Church, of Boston, in his recent book, *The New Life,* welcomes the philosophy of Henri Bergson, and states that "we must believe that for even God Himself there are always dramatic surprises in the history of the world."

* * * *

IN the world that knows only this picture of what might be termed a self-contradictory Christianity, it is no wonder that books are being written which pronounce Christianity a failure; or say that, if Christianity is to save the world, it must be a different Christianity from that of the past or the present.

* * * *

BUT the overmastering tendency of these modern writers to preach empty generalities and to escape the concrete obligations of truth, is only adding chaos to confusion. What the soul of man asks

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for is the definite truth from God Himself, which will be for him a definite philosophy of life, a practical standard which will govern his everyday life and direct him in his everyday conduct and affairs.

The family is for him a definite thing, which he knows and loves. Home calls up within his heart definite duties and a defined affection. Home binds him to his country and gives substance and meaning to patriotism. Without country, patriotism is impossible. Without a Church, which is the City of God on earth, as definite and concrete and visible as any earthly city or country, religion is impossible.

Those who endeavor to make things otherwise are only fighting against God and against human nature; they are destroying the best possible growth into larger interests, broader service and wider charity of the spiritual and intellectual powers of men. The injury done by writers of the Wells type to their impressionable readers, is the injury done by the spinner of idle dreams in the mind of a schoolboy. They lead him to believe he will one day be a hero; they draw him away from the performance of those tasks which alone make a hero.

* * * *

CHRISTIANITY was tried, and did *de facto* convert and transform the world. Christianity did unite Europe, when it was torn by wars even greater than the present. Christianity did bring civilization to the world and peace to the nations of the earth.

And it must be remembered, even by those who would deny these things, and who in turn claim to seek the things of truth and of peace, that, this Christianity, the Catholic Church, did preach and secure a hearing for the most effective and most enduring motives that ever appealed to, or directed the souls of men. To the conduct of men it brought the direct, immediate sanctions of God and of His Divine Son Who spoke through His living Church. Now whether men agree with that Church or not, it is impossible to think of weightier motives ever being brought to bear upon the conduct of men. All that moderns can put forward, in the way of fidelity to one's best, social service, the cause of humanity, etc., were included in these, and what was infinitely more—direct responsibility of the individual for all his acts, in all his relations to his fellows, to God Himself.

As Cardinal Newman wrote: "Catholicism has its First Principles, overthrow them, if you can; endure them, if you cannot. It is not enough to call them effete because they are old, or antiquated because they are ancient. It is not enough to look into our churches, and cry, 'It is all a form, because divine favor cannot depend on external observances' or, 'it is all a bondage, because there is no such thing as sin;' or, 'a blasphemy, because the Supreme Being cannot be

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present in ceremonies;' or, 'a memory, because prayer cannot move him;' or, 'a tyranny, because vows are unnatural;' or 'hypocrisy, because no rational man can credit it at all.' I say here is endless assumption, unmitigated hypothesis, reckless assertion; prove your 'because,' 'because,' 'because;' prove your First Principles, and if you cannot, learn philosophic moderation. Why may not my First Principles contest the prize with yours? They have been longer in the world; they have lasted, they have done harder work, they have seen rougher service. You sit in your easy chairs, you dogmatize in your lecture rooms, you wield your pens; it all looks well on paper; you write exceedingly well; there never was an age in which there was better writing; logical, nervous, eloquent and pure—go and carry it all out in the world. Take your First Principles, of which you are so proud, into the crowded streets of our cities, into the formidable classes, which make up the bulk of our population; try to work society by them. You think you can; I say you cannot—at least you have not as yet; it is yet to be seen if you can. 'Let not him that putteth on his armor boast as he who taketh it off.' Do not take it for granted that that is certain which is waiting the test of reason and experiment. Be modest until you are victorious. My principles, which I believe to be eternal, have at least lasted eighteen hundred years; let yours live as many months. That man can sin, that he has duties, that the Divine Being hears prayer, that He gives His favors through visible ordinances, that He is really present in the midst of them, these principles have been the life of nations; they have shown they could be carried out; let any single nation carry out yours, and you will have better claim to speak contemptuously of Catholic rites, of Catholic devotions, of Catholic belief."

* * * *

THE modern world needs to return home, and home is a place of definite shelter, of comfort, of security. They who would take off the roof and raze the walls leave us nothing but barrenness and loneliness and the vast waste. "I believe," Chesterton said lately, "that when we break out, we break up: that mere expansion is an aiming at mere dissolution, that it is the voice of chaos and old night calling continually for the unsaying of the word that made us and for the uncreation of the world."

---

ENGLAND, through her present Prime Minister, has announced that she will not keep faith with Ireland. The Home Rule Bill now on the statute books is dead. Lloyd George declared that the present Parliament "considers it impossible to impose by force on any section of Ireland a form of government which has not their consent."

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Coming from such a source there are few sentences in the history of governments more hypocritical. England has not hesitated for centuries to impose with all the physical force and power at her command a form of government to which the vast majority of Ireland, all Ireland one might truly say, never gave its consent. The greater part of Ireland is today subjected to a form and a method of government against which it is making the most forcible protest that can be uttered, short of the resort to arms. Moreover, the law of England itself now directs that Home Rule should be granted to Ireland; but the law is repudiated and justice is denied by a nation that officially claims to be fighting for the rights and national existence of smaller nations, and the government of which is false to its own obligations and truckles to a small, lawless minority. The purpose of the Prime Minister's speech was to give the impression that the whole fault lay with Ireland herself, and that if Ireland would come to an agreement the English Government would grant what she wished. But no one with even a slight knowledge of recent history will be misled in this way. Ireland is a nation, and as such demands self-government. To say that national life and development must be sacrificed because of the opposition of a small minority will deceive no one.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

*Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac.* By Lady Lovat. $3.50 net. *The Ancient Journey.* By A. M. Sholl. $1.00 net. *Some Minor Poems of the Middle Ages.* By M. G. Segar. $1.00 net. *More Tales by Polish Authors.* Translated by E. C. M. Benecke and M. Busch. $1.50 net. *England in the Mediterranean.* By J. S. Corbett. Two volumes. $5.00 net. *The Days of Alkibiades.* By C. E. Robinson, B.A. $1.50 net. *Thomas Hardy.* By H. C. Duffin, M.A. $1.75 net.

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*The Middle Group of American Historians.* By J. S. Bassett, LL.D. $2.00. *The New Poetry.* Edited by H. Monroe and A. C. Henderson. $1.75. *The Theory of Evolution.* By W. B. Scott. $1.00. *The Cycle of Spring.* By R. Tagore. $1.25. *Merlin.* By E. A. Robinson. $1.25. *The Pacific Ocean in History.* Edited by H. M. Stephens and H. E. Bolton. $4.00.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

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*Camillus de Lellis.* By a Sister of Mercy. $1.00 net. *Devotion to the Holy Face.* By E. Seton. 65 cents net. *Thirty-one Days with Our Blessed Lady.* By M. M. Kennedy. $1.00 net. *The Way of the Cross.* 15 cents.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## THE CALL TO PATRIOTISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE natural law enjoins us to love devotedly, and to defend the country in which we had birth, and in which we were brought up, so that every good citizen hesitates not to face death for his native land."

These words, written by the late Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., express the convictions and the feelings of every Catholic, and will be his inspiration in thought, and word and deed, now that our country is at war with the German Government.

During the past three years there have been inevitably strong differences of opinion with regard to our attitude towards the German Government. These differences and divisions are now no more—they are of the past. Our country is at war with Germany. If we would not hesitate to face death in our country's defence we will not hesitate to do the lesser thing, to give generously of our time, our thought, our possessions, our resources of every possible kind.

Not only has the decision of our Government done away with all difference, so that we stand a united people, determined to push this war to a successful issue with all our power, but the long months of patient waiting have shown more and more clearly, and now with a clearness that admits of no question, that we have set out on a war that is eminently just.

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Our country has from the beginning stood for a principle which is essentially one with our national life. It would be impossible to review here the long series of notes exchanged between our Government and Germany on the submarine controversy. They cover a space of two years, beginning with President Wilson's note of protest against the German Admiralty's proclamation of February 4, 1915, and ending in the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany by the United States on February 3, 1917. Patiently by argument, by lengthy exposition, by threat did President Wilson endeavor to lead Germany to agree to carry on her submarine warfare with due regard for human rights and the rights of neutrals.

A careful reading of the notes will show that President Wilson stood from the very beginning for a great moral principle—the rights of all humanity, and what was inextricably bound up with them, the rights of America and American citizens. He refused to desert the defence of the former when offered security with regard to the latter. Wisely he saw that both were necessarily interwoven. "The wrongs against which we now array ourselves," he could say to Congress, "are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life." We have stood and we stand now, when war has been forced upon us, for the elementary rights of humanity as well as for the rights of our country as a sovereign state.

Surely no nation should hastily draw the sword. It can never be said that we acted impetuously, that we left unused any means consistent with our national honor and national life before we declared war. We have drawn the sword only as a last resort, only in answer to the question, which had to be answered categorically, whether as an independent nation we would live or die. And in drawing it to defend our rights and to insist that they must prevail, we are in the best sense of the word standing true to the traditions of our forefathers, and to that particular mission which we as Americans possess—the mission of independent national life for ourselves, and sympathy at least for all others in their like aspirations.

We have done again what our forefathers did against the English Government—declared war that our independence might be assured and might prevail. As His Eminence, John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, declared on April 8th:

"I believe that our country in the order of Divine Providence

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has a special mission to fulfill among the nations. I believe that it has been called to a destiny exalted and distinctively its own. My belief in that mission and that destiny comes to me as I read, as I must read, our country's origin and our country's history.....I sense the spirit that inspired its immortal Declaration of Freedom from the bonds of a tyranny that would alienate and fetter the American manhood developing on its shores. I discern the signs of a Superintending Agency that marked the trying vicissitudes of the mighty struggle that ensued, and the glorious triumph of liberty that was won."

The German Government has denied that liberty, and has defied our rights; has sunk our ships without warning; has killed our citizens and has refused to stop doing so. To quote the President's address to the joint session of Congress, on April 2d: "The new policy of the Imperial German Government has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself, and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

"I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any Government that had hitherto subscribed to humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation has right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

"This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside, under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these, which it is impossible to employ, as it is employing them, without throwing to the wind all scruples of humanity or of respect for the under-

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standings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

"I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be. The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

"It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination.

"The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion."

On Good Friday, April 6th, the House of Representatives passed the following joint resolution which had been adopted by the Senate on the previous day:

> *Whereas*, The Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America; therefore, be it
>
> *Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government, which has thus been thrust upon the United States, is hereby formally declared; and
>
> That the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States, and the resources of the Government, to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

This resolution was signed on the afternoon of April 6th by President Wilson.

In this momentous crisis there is no doubt of the loyal and

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whole-souled response of our Catholic citizens. They will be found energetically loyal in written and spoken word; in active service as officers and as privates in the army and navy; as chaplains, ministering to the spiritual needs of our soldiers and writing a record, if need be, of heroism equal to that of the Catholic chaplains abroad. Catholic Sisters will again give their services both in the city and on the battlefield; Catholic women will in large numbers volunteer as nurses, and others in less professional ways will give of their time and money. The Catholic youth of our country from college and office and workshop will hasten to respond to the call and willingly face death if necessary for their native land.

Our Catholic leaders have spoken. His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore in a public interview said:

"The hands of the Chief Executive must be upheld. Above all else, we must be loyal to our country, and our loyalty must be manifested in deeds, not in words only.

"There should be no hesitancy on the part of able-bodied men in answering the call that has gone forth to man the ships that must protect our shores. I hope Catholic young men will step up and take their places in the front ranks. They should obey whatever our Congress decides is for the good of the country.

"I shall pray for peace as fervently as for the success of the arms of the United States. I deplore the slaying of men as much as anyone, but our country needs us, and we must not hesitate to give our best efforts. I earnestly hope that peace will come again in the world soon, certainly not later than next Christmas."

We have already quoted Cardinal Farley's statement of April 8th. Even in the critical month before war was declared His Eminence, the Archbishop of New York, expressed publicly his conviction "that the whole country would be with the President in the measures that must be taken to meet the issues." In his recent pastoral letter to the Archdiocese Cardinal Farley says:

"Our country had to take up the arms that were forced into her hands—had no choice but to grasp and wield the weapon wherewith to defend her honor, to vindicate the right and the justice of her cause and to insure a triumph that will be the victory of civilization and humanity.....

"Our President having spoken and our national representatives having spoken, the response to the voice of the authority they embody will be that we will rally around our flag with the completest

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fullness of devotion, and with loyalest hearts and sturdiest arms place all that we have and all that we are at our country's service.

"We will not shrink, then, from any sacrifice in her behalf. We will render to her what our Catholic faith and our Catholic teaching sanctions, nay, sanctifies. No demand on our American manhood or American citizenship will go unanswered, or fail to find us true Americans, true children of our Church, that never was found wanting in any crisis of American history."

And His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, the Archbishop of Boston, declared:

"There is but one sentiment permissible today—that sentiment is absolute unity. Our country is at war—our nation therefore needs us all, every man, woman and child of us, to strengthen her, to hearten her and to stand faithfully by her until her hour of trial has passed and her hour of glorious triumph shall arrive.

"So up from our knees; our souls have gathered strength of sacrifice from the sight of Calvary. God and our nation; let us lift up that cry to heaven."

We might, of course, quote from other members of our Hierarchy, from prominent lay Catholics and from the Catholic press, but space does not permit.

To those of us of German descent or German birth, the outcome is not without its great sacrifice. But there can be no question of the thorough loyalty of the citizens of German blood now that our country has made her decision. Mr. Bernard Ridder wrote in the *Staats-Zeitung* of April 3d: "The President need have no concern as to the loyalty of Americans of German ancestry. That question has been answered definitely and finally. The country has recognized, and will continue to recognize, that fact. I trust, however, that in the days of trial and bitterness to come it will be understood in a spirit of sympathetic appreciation." And it is worth while to reprint here an extract from an editorial which appeared in the April 7th issue of *The Guardian,* the Catholic journal of Little Rock, Arkansas:

"When this editorial will appear in print the Congress of the United States will be in session, and developments of grave significance in our foreign relations may follow quickly. We are confronted with the possibility, nay the probability, of a declaration of war against Germany. Now as long as the question is pending, as long as the deliberation is in progress as to what shall be the best course to pursue by our Government, each citizen is

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at liberty to exert his influence in that direction which he considers most conducive to the welfare of the United Sates. But after the declaration of war has become an accomplished fact, after our people has committed itself through its legitimate representatives to a certain course of action, it will be the duty of all citizens, of whatever extraction, to take a decided and unhesitating stand on the side of the Government.....

"Now this eventuality, while it will entail huge sacrifices on the whole population of the United States, will involve special hardships for its citizens of German extraction. It is hard duty to take up arms against one's own blood, and this is what our fellow-citizens of German descent may be asked to do.....That they will give absolutely no countenance to possible German spies we feel certain. We have the utmost confidence in their loyalty. And should a fanatic here or there forget himself, he would merit the execration not only of all loyal citizens, but especially of all loyal Germans who would be the first to suffer from such conduct. And we venture the prophecy that any nefarious plots by German spies in this country would at once send a large contingent of naturalized Germans to the colors. They want no such thing and would not stand for it.

"But even apart from such a contingency—which we hope may never materialize—it would be desirable and conducive to the peace of the community if an appeal for recruits found a fair response among young Americans of German descent....."

And this is in line with the President's own words:

"It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not with enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

"We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reëstablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them for the time being to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all those bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible.

"We shall happily still have an opportunity to prove that

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friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live among us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are most of them as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose."

We enter, therefore, upon the war with this highest, this only source of true consolation that "our cause it is just." We seek nothing selfish, we seek to deprive no person or nation of any right or of any possession. "We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and freedom of nations can make them. Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion, and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for."

The hour for our country is solemn, even tragic. What the future will ask of us we know not. The hearts of all will be constant in prayer that God may direct the councils of our rulers; that He may crown our efforts with victory; that He may watch over our soldiers and sailors and comfort all of whom great sacrifice will be asked. Never without prayer will that high mission of our country be accomplished. As we ponder it more deeply we realize how essential to democracy, wherein so much depends upon personal worth and character, is personal integrity and personal uprightness. These things never yet have been, never will be attained by any people save through the true Faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let our prayer be that the entry of our country into war may sober the hearts and turn the minds of her children not only to the high mission to which she has set herself, but to the eternal truths of God, which alone will insure its fulfillment.

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# THE CHURCH AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A.

## I.

### THE TWILIGHT OF THE MOST HOLY SYNOD.

"*NOVUS rerum nascitur ordo,*" may Russians repeat with the Latin poet. A revolution in Russia, as a natural consequence of the misdeeds and abuses of the Russian bureaucracy, and of national suffering vastly increased during the war, was easily forecast. Nobody, however, would have imagined that in a few days the revolution would have entirely overthrown the powers of darkness, which so vitally dominated the great empire. A revolution in Russia means the opening of a new era of freedom, freedom not only for Russian political life, as well as for the national and cultural development of the numerous races composing the huge organism of the Russian state, but freedom for the Church, freedom for sixty thousand members of the Orthodox clergy, freedom for almost ninety millions of Orthodox Russians, and millions of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans. For even the Russian Orthodox Church, the dominating and official Church, was more enslaved by the despotic *régime* of the Tsardom than the other Christian and non-Christian religions. Catholics could be persecuted, but their patience, their heroism, their freedom in condemning the arbitrary excesses of the persecutors, place them on a higher moral standard than the vilified Orthodox clergy, who under the protection of a police government felt themselves deprived of the most sacred liberties, and doomed to apostolic inertia.

As Christians and Catholics we cannot refrain from greeting with a feeling of sincere joy the sudden evolution of the Russian empire, and the breaking off of the shackles of the Russian Church. The Catholic Church has struggled throughout centuries for her religious independence, and against the encroachments of the civil power. The secret of the victories, of the powerful influence of Christianity, or better, of the Catholic Church, lies in its independent apostleship; and consequently the emancipation of those

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Churches, which keep faithfully the greater part of the divine Revelation, and of the ecclesiastical traditions, must mean a *rapprochement* to Catholicism, a coming back to the true Catholic principles, a revival of their religious energies, a clearer and fuller comprehension of Christian truth. A political reconstruction of Russia will be followed, no doubt, by a rebuilding of the Russian Church on more ecclesiastical foundations, and probably by a reshaping of its course towards those ideals which are being realized in the Christian world by the Catholic Church alone.

The first result of the Russian revolution will be the disappearance of the obsolete and asphyxiating institution called the "Holy Synod." It has been said very often by European writers that the Russian Church was in a state of slavery, of servility, towards the civil power; that she was a tool in the hands of a corrupt bureaucracy; that she was a department of the Russian police. Russian Orthodox writers have tried to answer those accusations, to free their national Church from those stains. The attempts of these venal apologists have always ended in failure. The Russian Church was tyrannized over by a handful of laymen who subjected the Russian hierarchy to their own caprices, and who interfered even with the official teachings of the Russian Church. Whatever may be said, the supreme authority, as a matter of fact, of the Russian Church was the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod, called by Peter the Great "the eye of the Tsar." Peter the Great applied to the Church of Russia the military *régime*. The first Chief Procurator was Colonel Ivan Vasil'evich Boltin.

One cannot read without a feeling of deep sorrow the history of the synodal tyranny, written by a professor of the Ecclesiastical Academy of Kazan, Th. V. Blagovidov, and inserted in the official organ of the same Academy, *The Orthodox Speaker*. Because of the publication of his work, *The Chief Procurators of the Most Holy Synod during the Eighteenth and the First Half of the Nineteenth Century* (Kazan, 1899), Professor Blagovidov was expelled from the Academy, but the stanchest defenders of the synodal *régime* could not deny the facts related by the historian in his well-documented book. The history of the Russian Church for nearly two centuries has been one of moral abasement, of spiritual paralysis, of the atrophy of apostolic life, of shameful servility to degraded and sometimes atheistic rulers.

It is time, indeed, for the Russian Church to avow that the *régime* of the most Holy Synod has entirely crippled her energies,

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and stopped her apostolic life. There is no truth in the assertion that the Chief Procurators limited their function to referring to the Tsar matters dealt with in the sessions of the Synod. We are not far from the truth when we say that they regulated even the slightest details of the life of the Russian Orthodox Church. At times they interfered even in doctrinal and liturgical matters. A striking example of this is afforded by Ivan Ivanovich Melissino, upon whom Catherine II. bestowed the highest dignity of the ecclesiastical bureaucracy.

In 1767, Melissino called the attention of the members of the Holy Synod to a memorandum, in which he championed the following reforms:

1. The reduction of the number of days of fasting in the Orthodox Church.

2. The correction of the ecclesiastical canons.

3. The adoption of measures calculated to rescue the faithful from superstitious worship of miraculous images and relics.

4. The suppression of the old practice of carrying the sacred images to the houses of the faithful and also the suppression of many holydays, of long ceremonies, of long prayers and liturgical offices.

5. The confiscation of the property of monasteries, and its employment for the purpose of building up schools to train learned priests and preachers.

6. The introduction of marriage even for bishops who, according to the rules of the Orthodox Churches, should be celibates and should be chosen from the Monastic Orders.

7. The abolition of the ecclesiastical habit.

8. The total abolition of prayers for the dead, on the ground that such prayers have no effect upon the future life of departed souls, and profit only the clergy.

9. The increase of causes for divorce, on the pretext that the ancient Church recognized as valid marriages between Christians and pagans, and that the Ecumenical Councils had not fixed the number of marriages allowed to every Christian.

It is easy to conceive the hardships of the Russian hierarchy under the rule of those Chief Procurators who arrogated to themselves the right of changing the liturgy and beliefs of the Russian Church. This, however, was nothing in comparison with the pretensions of other Chief Procurators who, imbued with the spirit and the rationalistic philosophy of the French encyclopedists, hated Christianity and openly professed atheism. Such was the case

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with Petrovich Chebychev (1768-1774) who, according to Blagovidov, did not hesitate to boast of his atheistic convictions before the clerical members of the Most Holy Synod. "We curse Chebychev," wrote Paul, Bishop of Yaroslav, in his memoirs. Cursing, however, did not help the Russian hierarchy, which had no alternative but to bear patiently the Chief Procurator's abusive language and violent treatment of it. And if Chebychev was obliged to resign office, his disgrace was not due to his harshness towards the terrorized members of the Synod, but rather to his plundering and waste of the income of the Russian Church.

On October 21, 1803, Tsar Alexander II. called Prince Alexander Nikolaevich Golitsyn to the place of Chief Procurator. Prince Golitsyn was an atheist. As he writes in his memoirs, he was highly surprised when Alexander offered him the position of authority over the Holy Synod. "What a strange Procurator I should be," he answered the Tsar, "since I do not believe anything.....I would be in a very false position towards you, towards the public, towards the institution I am called to govern."[1] The protestations of Golitsyn made no impression upon the mind of the Emperor. He was appointed as Chief Procurator, notwithstanding his immoral character and irreligious views.

Another Chief Procurator, whom Nicholas I. (1825-1855) charged "to bring the members of the Holy Synod to reason" *(vrazumit tchlenam Synoda)* was Stephen Dimitrevich Nechaev (1833-1836). He was a despotic tyrant who took pleasure in humiliating and limiting the hierarchy. The members of the Holy Synod who seemed dissatisfied with his despotism were expelled from Petrograd. The most prominent figure of the Russian hierarchy, Ambrosy Podobiedov, Metropolitan of Petrograd, was confined to the humble See of Pensa, and placed under the supervision of the civil governor of the town. In each diocese, Nechaev organized a special body of police to discover and reveal the misconduct of the bishops. His arrogance went so far that in their meetings the members of the Synod dared not discuss ecclesiastical affairs. When they protested against his despotism, he answered in harsh and scurrilous language and called them "abbey-lubbers not worth hanging."

The darkest pages in the history of the Holy Synod have been written by Constantin Petrovich Pobiedonostsev, who during twenty-five years (1880-1905) exerted a genuine dictatorship over the

[1] Razskazy Kniazia A. N. Golitsyna. *Russkaia starina*, 1884, vol. xli., p. 126.

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Russian Church. He is considered as the embodiment of those evil principles which led to the enslavement of the Russian clergy to the civil power. Even ecclesiastical writers accuse him of having "poisoned the blood in the veins of the Russian Church," maiming its social life, and causing the disintegration of the empire's political unity. He degraded the Russian episcopate by eliminating the most talented and energetic members of the Russian clergy, and by giving the high places in the hierarchy to fanatical and ignorant monks. Even the official organ of the Holy Synod, during a short period of freedom of the press in Russia, declared that Pobiedonostsev shamed the Russian Church by his atrocious persecution of the United Ruthenians, many of whom paid with their blood or with life-long martyrdom in Siberia for their devotion to the Catholic Church.

After the humiliating fall of Pobiedonostsev, the Holy Synod was ruled by some Chief Procurators who sold episcopal sees for the sum of one thousand roubles, and by others who were promoted from being directors of insane asylums to the supreme management of ecclesiastical affairs.

To the honor of the Russian hierarchy, it must be said that numerous bishops, either publicly or privately, deplored the sorrowful situation of the Russian Church and the bureaucratic yoke of the Holy Synod. The Russian Church has numbered among its prelates a few men who have defended the rights of ecclesiastical independence against the encroachments of the civil powers, such as Philip, Metropolitan of Moscow, and Patriarch Nikon and Arsenii Matsieevich. Other bishops tolerated patiently the enslavement of their own Church, but at times they openly spoke the truth and courageously pointed out the running sores of their ecclesiastical body. It was in 1905 that the *Bogoslovsky Viestnik*, the official organ of the Theological Academy of Moscow, published a memorandum of Nicodem, Bishop of Yenisei, who was removed from his see in 1870, and died in 1874. In that document are to be found such statements as the following: "The Chief Procurators enslaved the Church to the despotism of the Tsars, checked the spirit of freedom, violated the secrecy of the synodal decisions. Under their sceptre the Synod became a common dwelling house, wide open of access. Bishops were tortured till they bowed down before the Procurators in full and humble submission to their will." "I deeply regret," he writes, "the spoliation of the Russian Church achieved by the civil power, and its exploitation for human

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purposes. The supremacy of the State over the Church does not accord with the nature of religious liberty, with the teaching of the Apostles and the testimonies of the sacred traditions." Another Bishop, Agathangel Solov'ev, of Volhynia, who died in 1876, in a scheme of Church reforms, wrote: "The high ecclesiastical bureaucracy killed the living soul of the Church, made of it a civil institution endowed with the outward forms of life, but devoid of divine vitality. The Russian Church is a dying body, stirred by the spasmodic convulsions of death." Feofan of Tambov, who died in 1894, and is venerated in Russia as a model of ascetic life, wrote: "The police *régime* of the Chief Procurators harasses the Russian Church, and benumbs the members of its body, extinguishing their vital energies. No wonder, then, if it hinders its pastors in their task of pouring light and warmth upon their flock."

Even under the iron rule of Constantin Pobiedonostsev, Russian bishops uttered words of protest against the bureaucratic *régime* of the Holy Synod. In a collection of reports made by the Russian episcopate on the Reform of the Russian Church (privately printed by the Holy Synod in 1906), Demetrius, Bishop of Balta, expressed himself in these words: "The ecclesiastical reform contemplated by Peter the Great was carried out by a man of doubtful reputation and more doubtful orthodoxy—the 'protestantizing' Feofan Prokopovich. The Spiritual Regulation of Peter the Great is, in many points, not at all in keeping with the definitions and the spirit of the Councils, either ecumenical or particular. But our best prelates, for reasons of ecclesiastical policy and in order to avoid greater injury to the Church, submitted to the behest of the civil power and assented to the new organization of the Church."

Bishop Kirion, of Orel, a learned Georgian prelate, whom Constantin Pobiedonostsev and his successors transferred from diocese to diocese, declares in his report that the reconstruction of the Russian Church on the lines traced by Peter the Great, was a great injury to Russian Christianity. "It must be affirmed," he says, "on both canonical and dogmatic grounds, that the Church is not to be regarded as an instrument of political ambition. A constitutional government must break the fetters of the Russian Church. The task of holding Christian souls firmly to their faith, and of exerting a beneficial sway upon all the manifestations of the life of mankind can be fulfilled only by a Church freed of the tutelage of the State."

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No less strong are the protestations of Anthony, a former Bishop of Volhynia, and at present Archbishop of Kharkov. How great is the weight and significance of Bishop Anthony's words may be gathered from the fact that this prelate has always been a stanch defender of the autocratic *régime* of Russia, and a warm friend of Pobiedonostsev. He writes: "A layman, the Chief Procurator, is invested with an authority which Russian Patriarchs never possessed. If in the sessions of the Holy Synod the views of the Chief Procurator are not in harmony with those of the bishops of the Synod, the report of the debates is dropped. The appointment of the metropolitans and the members of the Synod, the translation of bishops from one diocese to another, and many other practical decisions in ecclesiastical matters rest with the Chief Procurator, *who is indeed the sole ruler of the Russian Church.* This ruler's authority over the Church extends much farther than that of the Patriarchs, limited as they are by the higher authority of a Council, and he is but a simple layman *(prostoi mirianin)*."

These and other quotations which we might adduce show clearly that even among bishops and priests, victims of long-continued oppression, there are defenders of ecclesiastical liberty, who would strike off their fetters, raise up their eyes to a brighter light, extirpate, so to speak, the passing weeds and stunted shrubs which encumber the pathway of future regeneration. And these bishops and priests love their old Church, even if she is, as Monsignor Evdokim, at present Russian archbishop in the United States, remarks, "a corpse decorated with golden insignia and trimmings;" they are eager for her liberation from the tyranny that has weighed upon her for centuries. They are firmly convinced of the historical truth of a statement of Kirieevsky, the first leader and expounder of Slavophile theories: "Russia possesses in the simple faith of her people the very element which has been found wanting in the West, and the intelligent consciousness of her leaders must be directed towards a development of the fundamental religious ideas round which all the moral and juridical conceptions of the nation are centred."

Our quotations show clearly that the best representatives of the Russian Church were conscious of a constitutional defect in the body of their own Church. Now, it seems, that a new era is beginning in Russia, and that the spirit of freedom and democracy will infuse a new breath of life into Russian political and religious institutions. We say, "it seems," for we must not lose

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sight of the fact that the Russian soul, according to the great philosopher Berdiaev, is essentially anarchical. The forces of darkness (so-called by Tolstoy) are still alive, and the revolution for freedom may be at once checked by a counter-revolution of tyranny. In any case, at the moment of writing, Russia is enjoying the fullness of liberty and, in a few days, she has done a greater work for the emancipation of her children than she did during long centuries.

Even the Russian Church shares in the new life of a free Russia. The stronghold of Russian autocracy, the Most Holy Synod, is crumbling, and the Russian Church is facing vital problems which concern her future existence, and the establishment of a new order of things. Probably the Russian episcopate will vindicate its independence of the lay bureaucracy of the Synod; probably the Chief Procurator will be replaced by a Minister of Public Worship. Yet, the Russian Church will not recover her independence. She cannot escape the fate of all the Churches which have recoiled from the centre of ecclesiastical unity. Even though free of the tyranny of the Chief Procurators, the Russian Church will become an acephalous body, and such a body is not able to direct its movements and energies. An institution, which lives among men, which claims the right to exercise a high mission among men, cannot be devoid of a supreme head, of a visible ruler. Even democratic powers theoretically and practically acknowledge the necessity of a president, of a supreme representative of authority. The Russian Church declares that she has a supreme head, our Lord Jesus Christ. But if the Church is a visible society, if this society is perfect, she cannot be left by her divine Founder without the element essential to her cohesion and preservation, without a visible embodiment of His authority, without a visible ruler. During her earthly life, the Church of Christ cannot survive without taking account of the inherent characteristics of human relations. Even while Himself on earth, Jesus Christ organized His first Apostles, Jesus Christ established a hierarchy; and a hierarchy cannot be acephalous. To use a characteristic expression of Basile Rosanov, the most talented of religious and philosophical writers in Russia, "everywhere and always, Christianity has been pyramidal—it always has clung to one head, and not to many. In Kaluga this head ministered unto a small flock, in Moscow a larger one, in Constantinople one still larger. But only in Rome was the head of the Church suc-

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cessful, there where Peter was caught up unto God, and conquered the Coliseum, and dethroned the Cæsars, and established the Kingdom which is not of this world."

The fact that the Russian Church has no head—neither lay nor ecclesiastical—can only signify the twilight of the Holy Synod. Every bishop will be a little pope in his own diocese. An anarchical *régime* threatens the Russian Church. There is, no doubt, a handful of idealists who dream of a resurrection of the Russian Patriarchate. For reasons, which I may explain another time, this reconstruction of an obsolete institution would not solve the problem of religious liberty in Russia. Perhaps it would be more useful to the future leaders of a revived Russian Church to call to their mind the following words of Vladimir Solovev:

> Throughout the Christian world only the Bishops of Rome have claimed for their own see supremacy over the whole Church. The rivals of Rome, even when opposing the claims of Papacy, dared not demand for themselves the same prerogatives. There is, then, in the Church of Christ, an historical centre of religious unity, a centre which has never existed, either in Jerusalem, or Constantinople, or Moscow. He who disowns that centre of unity is logically forced to admit that either the Church is headless in her earthly life, or that her supreme government must rest in the civil power. In the first case, we would infer that Jesus Christ believed religious anarchy to be the best means of perpetuating His work amongst men; in the second, the Church would no longer be the universal society of the faithful, but a political tool, a department of a civil bureaucracy, suffering all the changes and vicissitudes of human policy and of human uncertainty. A single man, a man assisted and directed by God, is the granite foundation of the Church, and it is through that man that the Church states and formulates her authentic beliefs.[2]
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> [2] *La Russie et l'Église universelle*, Paris, 1889, pp. 93-95.



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# RISING PRICES AND THE WAR LOAN.

BY FRANK O'HARA, PH.D.

HEN President Wilson addressed Congress on the opening day of the present session he gave some interesting advice on methods of financing the war. The costs of the war ought to be borne, he thought, by taxing the present generation. It is the duty of the Government, he urged, "to protect our people, so far as we may, against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans." This principle, that war should be supported out of taxation, has the sanction of text-writers and theorists generally, although European publicists feel that it is subject to important qualifications in practice. But the reason which the President gives for adopting the principle of immediate taxation is not the reason which is usually given. In fact it is a reason which would not probably have occurred to him if the nation had not already been suffering from the evil which he hopes to keep within bounds, namely, the evil of rising prices due to monetary inflation.

There is abundant testimony that we have for some time been experiencing a condition of rising prices. It is a matter of common knowledge and a subject of general conversation. The newspapers have been full of it. It has furnished inspiration alike to the cartoonist and to the paragrapher. Legislatures, too, have recorded their convictions by appropriating money to be used in making a study of the causes of the rise in prices and the remedies suited to the occasion.

Almost as widespread as the view that prices are rising is the conviction that rising prices are an evil. If the level of prices would only remain constant, we feel that we would be much better off than we are at present. This does not, of course, mean that we want all prices to remain stationary. The fluctuation in the prices of individual commodities serves a useful purpose. It warns us of the shortage or the oversupply of the several commodities. We are entirely willing that some prices should go up if a corresponding number of other prices in which we are interested come down. But we do not wish the general level of prices to rise.

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There are a great many persons who, influenced by this general hostility to rising prices, cherish the illusion that a period of falling prices would be a time of comparative bliss. When such persons are informed that the present era of rising prices dates back only to 1896, and that from 1873 to 1896 prices were constantly falling they are likely, if they have short memories, to conclude that the golden age of which the poets have sung came to an end only twenty years ago. If rising prices are an evil, they argue, falling prices must be a good.

But the period immediately preceding the year 1896 was not the golden age. The conditions of life at that time were not exactly idyllic. Indeed, it was in 1896 that Mr. Bryan electrified the American nation by declaring in behalf of those who wished to see prices rise, and in defiance of those who would continue things as they were, that his opponents should not press down upon the brow of labor their crown of thorns, that they should not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold. No orator has yet achieved fame by declaring that our present-day rising prices are crucifying mankind on a cross of gold, although we have much more gold out of which to make the cross than we had in 1896.

It was not Mr. Byran alone who believed in 1896 that economic conditions had arrived at a serious pass. Both of the great political parties of the country had come to the same conclusion. The Democratic Party had been in control of the Government for three years, but the Republican Party did not feel constrained to say to the Democratic Party that it deserved the congratulations of the country for its success in keeping prices on the down grade. Not at all. On the contrary, the Republican Party in its platform of 1896 said, "The full and unrestricted Democratic control of the government.....has been a record of unparalleled incapacity, dishonor and disaster.....In the broad effect of its policy it has precipitated panic, blighted industry and trade with prolonged depression, closed factories, reduced work and wages, halted enterprise, and crippled American production."

The Democrats in 1896 were no fonder of falling prices than the Republicans proved themselves to be. In their platform of that year they hark back to the "crime of '73" and lay the blame for the ills of their own day at the door of the Republican Party. "The act of 1873," the Democratic platform read, "demonetizing silver without the knowledge or approval of the American people, has resulted in the appreciation of gold and a corresponding fall in

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prices of commodities produced by the people." The two parties were convinced in 1896 of two things: first, prices were going down, and, second, a fall in prices is undesirable.

But after 1896 a change took place. Prices which had been falling now began to rise. This was taken as a sign of returning prosperity. But soon we had too much prosperity. By 1912 prices had become so high that the two great political parties once more felt called upon to place the responsibility. The Democratic Party in 1912 had no doubt that the Republican Party was the evil influence that was causing prices to rise. This is brought out clearly in the Democratic platform. "The high cost of living," that document reads, "is a serious problem in every American home. We charge that excessive prices result in a large measure from the high tariff laws enacted and maintained by the Republican Party, and from trusts and commercial conspiracies fostered and encouraged by such laws, and we assert that no substantial relief can be secured for the people until import duties on the necessaries of life are materially reduced and these criminal conspiracies broken up."

The Republican Party was equally convinced in 1912 that the rising cost of living was something to be deprecated, but it disclaimed responsibility for it. In its platform of that year we read, "The steadily increasing cost of living has become a matter not only of national but of world-wide concern. The fact that it is not due to the protective tariff system is evidenced by the similar conditions in countries which have a tariff policy different from our own, as well as by the fact that the cost of living has increased while rates of duty have remained stationary. The Republican Party will support a prompt scientific inquiry into the causes which are operative both in the United States and elsewhere to increase the cost of living." In other words, in 1896 each party tried to fasten the blame for falling prices upon the other party; and in 1912 neither party was willing to accept the responsibility for rising prices. From this we may reasonably conclude that the people of the United States are satisfied neither with falling prices nor with rising prices.

There is of course a tendency on the part of those who do not feel the pinch of rising prices to be humorous, and to say that it is not the high cost of living so much as the cost of high living that is the real source of complaint. They mean by this that people live higher than they did a few years ago; that stand-

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ards of living are rising; that we spend more money, but that we also purchase more enjoyments with the money. The humorous turn of the phrase, however, makes much less of an appeal to that large class of persons with relatively fixed incomes who find that year after year the things that they can buy with their incomes are steadily contracting rather than expanding. Persons of this latter class have a feeling of fellowship with the Scotsman who gave up the use of tobacco. "When I smoke my own tobacco," said Sandy, "I feel that I am downright extravagant. And when I smoke someone else's tobacco I push it down so tight into my pipe that it won't draw. So, either way, I don't get any pleasure out of smoking."

The problem of rising prices is really two problems. The first and more important of the two problems is that of the rise in the general level of prices, irrespective of the ups and downs in the prices of individual commodities. This was the problem which President Wilson had in mind when he spoke of the "very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans." Essentially this is a monetary problem. The second problem has to do with the ups and downs in the prices of individual commodities. It is essentially a question of changes in the relative demand for and supply of the various commodities. These variations in supply and demand are due to a thousand influences. Although the first problem is the fundamental problem, it is the second problem which constantly arrests our attention, and which misleads us in our consideration of the essential inwardness of the question of rising prices.

Let us examine these two problems in the inverse order of their importance. Why are there ups and downs in the prices of individual commodities? The answer is that the prices of some articles rise as compared with the prices of other articles, because of an increase in the demand for or a falling off in the supply of the first-mentioned articles relatively to the demand for and supply of other articles. During the past winter there was a shortage in the supply of freight cars to transport potatoes from Maine to New York City. The result was a shortage of potatoes and a rise in the price of potatoes in New York. As soon as cars could be secured to transport the potatoes in sufficient quantities the New York price fell until it practically coincided with the Maine price. In some parts of the country there has been an

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insufficiency of freight cars to carry coal and flour and other necessaries. When the supply of these things fell off their prices went up. The relation of cause and effect is sufficiently established here by the fact that where there has been an improvement in transportation facilities in these cases, there has been a tendency for prices to decline.

In recent months the price of wheat has been going up in a spectacular way. A number of causes have been at work to produce this effect. Perhaps the most important of these causes was the shortness of the 1916 wheat crop. In the preceding year, 1915, we had a wheat crop of a billion bushels in this country, an abnormally large crop. This unusually large supply kept the price down in spite of an unusual demand. The 1916 wheat crop was only about two-thirds the size of that of the preceding year. It was a relative failure. The price naturally went up. In so far as this was the cause of the high price of wheat the remedy is, of course, to produce more wheat. This, however, has not been the usual method advocated during the past months for keeping down the price of wheat. The popular plan has been to get Congress to forbid the exportation of wheat to Europe. This would decrease the demand and so lower the price, it was claimed. This, however, is merely a modern variant of the age-old plan of killing the goose that laid the golden egg. When the farmer strikes a bad year, instead of encouraging him we propose to discourage him. We tell him that since nature has been unkind to him, we shall punish him further by destroying a part of his market. At the same time we lend our sympathy to the city dweller who is striving for higher wages and an eight-hour day. Will such a policy tend to drive labor from the city to the farm or from the farm to the city? Will it tend to increase the production of wheat or to decrease it? To ask these questions is to answer them. Penalizing the farmer will give us less wheat in the long run rather than more wheat.

A great deal of nonsense has been written and spoken against the egg trust, because some forward-looking and profit-seeking men placed eggs in cold storage last summer and kept them until winter. The price of eggs was higher in the winter than in the summer, because the supply in the winter was smaller relatively to the demand than in summer. If the egg kings had been imprisoned and their eggs confiscated last winter, it might have resulted in a temporary reduction in the price of eggs, but it would

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have made the situation all the worse for next winter. No one would store eggs next summer with a prospect of similar punishment ahead of him; and the result would be that we should find ourselves with a greatly diminished egg supply next winter. This would of course tend to raise the price.

In general we may say that anything which tends to increase the supply of a thing as compared with its demand and with the supply and demand of other things, will tend to lower its price. The problem, then, of keeping down the prices of certain articles, as compared with the prices of other articles, is the problem of increasing the supply of, or of decreasing the demand for, these certain articles.

Let us return now to the more important problem, that of the rise in the general level of prices. We have already said that this is a monetary problem. It is a monetary problem as distinguished from a problem of supply and demand of individual commodities. In a sense one might say that all questions of prices are monetary questions; but this is a monetary question in a peculiar sense.

As every schoolboy knows, value depends upon supply and demand. The value of money, whether it is gold money or paper money, depends upon the supply of it and the demand for it. The prices of things are the values of things expressed in terms of money. As the value of money goes up, the prices of other things go down. As the value of money goes down, the prices of other things go up. In recent years the supply of money has been increased more rapidly than the demand for money. Therefore the value of money has been going down. And so prices have risen; there has been a rise in the general level of prices.

The marked increase in the world's supply of gold began about 1896. New methods of production of gold had recently been introduced which permitted of the securing of the gold from the ore at a reduced cost. The result of the improved methods was a tremendous increase in the gold output. Prices began to rise ever since, with only temporary setbacks. But with the outbreak of the European War we began to get not only our normal share of the world's production of gold, but an abnormal share. Europe needed our goods, our food supply and our munitions, but Europe had not time to produce things to exchange for our goods. Europe was too busy with her own affairs. And so Europe has been paying us in gold instead of in goods such as she sends us in normal times.

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A year before the outbreak of the War in Europe, the gold money supply of the United States amounted to one billion nine hundred million dollars. At the present time the gold money supply of the United States amounts to more than two billion nine hundred million dollars. There has been an increase in less than four years of a billion dollars in gold, or an increase of about fifty-three per cent in the total gold money supply of the United States. Between July 1, 1914, and March 1, 1917, the total money in circulation in the United States was increased thirty-four per cent. The circulation per capita increased from $34.53 July 1, 1914, to $44.26 March 1, 1917. In other words the amount of money in the United States has been increasing more rapidly than the demand for money. Consequently, the value of money has been going down, and the general level of prices has been rising.

Prices have gone up not alone because there has been an increase in the amount of actual money in the country, but also because there has been an increase in the amount of substitutes for money, such as bank deposits subject to check. A bank deposit which is used to make payments with by means of checks drawn against it does the work of money, inasmuch as debts are paid by writing checks as well as by the handing over of actual money. The greater the amount of checking against bank accounts the less will be the need for money. Or, stated in another way, the use of the checking system constitutes virtually an addition to the money supply of the country. The year before the War broke out Congress passed a law known as the Federal Reserve Act, which organized the banks of the country into a single system, and which made it possible for any bank in the system to do a larger amount of lending, and thus to create a larger amount of bank deposits, on a given reserve of actual currency than was possible before the passage of the act. The Federal Reserve Act, by permitting the further inflation of credits through diminishing the amount of cash reserve required by the banks, has thus tended to further accelerate the already rapidly rising cost of living.

The problem of rising prices is, as we have seen, in the main a problem of too much money. It is a problem of monetary inflation. The solution of the problem is accordingly the finding of the remedy for inflation. Several remedies have been proposed. Before our own entrance into the War it was proposed, for instance, that we discontinue the sending of munitions and food supplies

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to Europe. Those who were responsible for this suggestion had for the most part a political purpose in mind. But the proposal was also put forward on monetary grounds. It was argued that since our increasing gold supply was due to our excessive favorable balance of trade, we could cut down that balance and relieve ourselves of the evils of gold importation by practically discontinuing our commerce with Europe. This, however, was a heroic remedy which few were willing to see adopted.

Another proposed remedy which had many supporters before we became belligerents, and which is likely to be adopted in a considerable measure, is that we lend money freely to the Allies, thus establishing huge credits for them in this country and making it unnecessary for them to send us a balance in gold. This plan, also, was intertwined with political considerations, and could not be undertaken on a sufficiently large scale in the past to give much relief. With our entry into the War it becomes feasible, and its adoption will doubtless offset much of the tendency to inflation arising out of our trade with Europe. It will hardly be flexible enough, however, entirely to overcome inflation due to this cause, and it will not meet the situation with which we are shortly to be confronted growing out of the financing of our own war.

A remedy for the evils of rising and falling price levels, which has long challenged the attention of economists, is the device known as the multiple standard of value. The proposal is made that the Government keep accurate records of the prices of a great variety of representative goods in many different parts of the country from week to week, as indeed it does at the present time, and that these prices be brought together in such a way as to make it a simple matter to calculate the amount of money today which is equivalent in value to (say) a hundred dollars a year ago. Thus, if money is depreciating at the rate of five per cent a year, an amount of representative goods of various kinds which was worth a hundred dollars last year will be found by the Government statisticians to be worth ninety-five dollars this year. Borrowers and lenders, employers and employees, and sellers and buyers will have in this device a means of overcoming variations in price levels through the necessary readjustments. Thus, the man who borrowed a hundred dollars last year, agreeing to pay back an equivalent value plus six dollars interest this year, will pay under this plan, if money has depreciated five per cent in the meantime, not a hundred dollars and six dollars, but rather six dollars plus the

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amount of money which it takes this year to buy the representative goods which a hundred dollars would buy last year. Since it would take approximately a hundred and five dollars to buy the goods that a hundred dollars would buy last year if money is depreciating at the rate of five per cent a year, the borrower would pay back approximately a hundred and eleven dollars this year, including principal and interest, in return for the hundred dollars which he borrowed last year. Similarly, wage readjustments would be made so that wages would advance to keep pace with advancing prices due to the depreciation of money.

The machinery for working the multiple standard plan is somewhat complicated, and not readily understandable by the majority of those who would be expected to use it. This would undoubtedly prove an obstacle to the adoption of the plan in spite of the fact that the plan itself would be entirely feasible if adopted.

A variation of the multiple standard plan for doing away with changes in price levels is the plan known as the compensated dollar. At the present time the gold dollar contains 23.22 grains of pure gold. The value of the dollar is the same as the value of 23.22 grains of gold. The dollar from year to year contains the same amount of gold, but it is of a constantly varying value due to the variations in the market value of gold. The compensated dollar plan proposes to leave the present system of gold coins in actual circulation, but to introduce into our monetary system an ideal gold dollar for purposes of reckoning value. The ideal gold dollar is not to be coined, but accounts are to be kept in terms of it. In a very rough way there is an analogy between this system and the British monetary system. The English money of account is the pound sterling. But the pound sterling is not in actual circulation, although values are reckoned in terms of it. The real money in circulation which corresponds to the pound is a gold coin called the sovereign. The English sovereign is worth a pound sterling.

Similarly, we should have the real dollar or five dollars or ten dollars in gold in actual circulation, and alongside it the ideal gold dollar, the gold dollar of account in which we reckoned our debts but which we never coined. The real gold dollar would continue to have the same amount of gold in it that it has at present. The ideal gold dollar would correspond to a varying amount of gold depending on the value of the gold bullion. If the value of gold bullion in the market went down one per cent (as measured by an increase in the price level of practically one per cent), the Govern-

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ment would add one per cent to the quantity of gold which corresponded to the ideal gold dollar. Thus, if you had a paper dollar which called for one gold dollar, you could present it at the Treasury and get not 23.22 grains of gold simply (the amount contained in the real gold dollar) but one per cent more than 23.22 grains of gold, which would be the value of the ideal gold dollar. The Government would redeem all of its paper promises to pay in gold bullion at the rate of one dollar in paper, for the amount of gold bullion which at the time of redemption was declared to be contained in the ideal or official gold dollar.

The real gold coins would circulate as at present, but their value would no longer fluctuate as it does at present. Their value would be the same as the value of the ideal dollar, because the Government would redeem real gold coins at the same rate that it would redeem its paper money, namely, at as many grains of gold bullion to the dollar as there were grains of gold bullion to the ideal dollar at the time of redemption according to official declaration. The problem of keeping the real gold dollars at the same value as the official or ideal gold dollars, would be exactly of the same nature as our present problem of keeping silver dollars at the same value as gold dollars. The material out of which a silver dollar is made is worth at present in the neighborhood of fifty cents, but by limiting the coinage of silver dollars, and by making them legal tender and permitting them to pay debts just like gold coins, their value is kept at a par with gold. In a similar manner, by restricting the coinage of real gold dollars and continuing their legal tender qualities and redeeming them at par with ideal or official gold dollars, their value would remain the same as that of the official gold dollars.

What good would come from introducing a new dollar of account, the value of which did not fluctuate, into our money system? The good would be this: we should never again experience a period of rising price levels such as we have been having since 1896; we should never again experience a period of falling price levels such as we had from 1873 to 1896; the wage earner would not be under the necessity of continually striking to keep his money wages up to the point where they will buy the increasingly higher priced food and clothing and shelter with which he is confronted in periods of rising prices; he would not be in the same constant terror of being discharged that confronts him in periods of falling prices; the business man would find that all times were fairly good times, in-

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stead of finding despair succeed optimism as business depression succeeds business expansion; the widow with an income of a thousand dollars from bonds which her husband left her would know that it was an income of neither two thousand dollars nor of five hundred dollars, and she could plan accordingly. With the compensated dollar plan in operation there would still be fluctuations in individual prices. When there was a shortage in the wheat crop, the price of wheat would go up to warn us that we should put greater effort into the production of wheat; just as the feeling of pain warns us that we must withdraw our hand from the hot stove. But at present when all prices are going up at the same time we are constantly going from the frying pan into the fire and back again. A constant level of prices such as a money unit of unvarying value would give us, would furnish us a blessed relief from our frying-pan-fire existence. It would "protect our people..... against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans."

## THE CRY.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

WITHIN my heart's immortal house
A Dove broods the day long—
Paraclete of singing vows
And pentecostal song!

For God hath built within my breast,
Far from His gates of gold,
Like a bird of spring, a ghostly nest
Where He His wings may fold.

And when the fields of evening skies
Are silvered as with sheep,
The Spirit to the Father cries
And Deep doth answer Deep.

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# SOME WAR IMPRESSIONS OF A CHAPLAIN.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, S.T.D.

HILE the daily press, the world over, was chronicling the doings of the opposed armies in France last year, and people in comfortable homes were reading, over their breakfast cups, of the valiant deeds of the British, or the French; individual infantrymen in trenches and dugouts; individual gunners in pits, or ammunition parks, or wagon lines; individual sappers or miners; individual drivers of supply cars or ambulances, individual doctors and R. A. M. C. orderlies; individual airmen and chaplains at the front, were actually waging war, or prosecuting one or other of those thousand and one avocations which war entails, to the best of their ability, and with little, if any, thought of this almost world-conflict as a whole. People in neutral countries, people at home, people even at the great bases of the armies in France, day by day eagerly read the *communiqués* from the various headquarters of the "Great War." There is an advance here, a retreat there. The British are gaining on the Somme front. The French are making history—glorious history—at Verdun. The Russian wave is ebbing or flowing. Rumania is putting up the valorous defence of its hearth and home. Greece is still playing a deep and crafty game against time—and with its weather eye cocked—not in the interest of the Allies. Such things you read in the morning papers. Such are the news items of the day. Such is war seen from afar: bombardments on an enormous and unprecedented scale, sweeping movements of troops, strategic or tactical successes and failures, hundreds of thousands of souls passing through the furnace of a drawn-out battle for a few hundred yards of ground and a few shattered forts, losses or gains upon broad fronts, diplomatic juggling and political backwash of the war at home and abroad. Whole nations are involved. Companies and battalions and brigades are submerged and lost in the larger thoughts of army corps and of whole armies, so vast as to be almost unthinkable and quite unimaginable. In the bases it is not quite the same perspective that is seen; but still the outlook is general, rather

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than particular. The bases are the points of supply, of men, munitions, food. Through them the drafts, the shells, the Maconochie tins, pass on and up to the front. Through them, too, the wounded are passed back. Great hospitals are located here, to which the wounded—collected from the battlefield or regimental aid-post, from the field ambulance and the casualty clearing stations—are brought down by train en route for England. At the bases—in the great hospitals—the war, as actual fighting, is still seen from afar, and as a whole, to a certain extent. But the medical officers, the chaplains, the sisters, know where actions have been recently fought, what units have been engaged, how the fortune of war has gone from the patients who are brought by the convoys to their wards. "The —th Regiment has suffered heavily." "The —th Battalion of ——— has made a successful raid." "The Boche has given way and is retreating on the Ancre." However, these are still generalities in a sense, and apart from some special interest—which those at home might, and do, indeed, have for a given individual soldier fighting at the front—there is nothing much in the base hospitals to be learnt other than that large or small bodies of men, at such or such a point on the front, have been recently engaged in a successful or an unsuccessful enterprise against the foe. Otherwise is it altogether with the troops on the battlefield, or in the trenches. Here the colonel has his battalion to consider, the captain his company, the lieutenant his platoon—totalling so many human lives in each instance. He has to "make good." But he has also, as far as lies in his power, to protect and save those lives. His preoccupations are complex—winning the war, as far as his responsibility runs, and sparing the men intrusted to his command. The conflict in his mind, if any, is one of judgments. And the sector of the war with which he is personally concerned—the so many yards of trenches, as things stand—is a limited one. His business—and it is a concentrated sort of business in point of fact—is with so many men, so many human lives, and so many yards of front. He has had his orders from a higher authority, which has coördinated his action with that of others. Their success depends partially upon him, as his upon them. His task is obey and to obey with judgment—defending the line, making his objective, and sparing his men. Turn now to the individual man who is fighting in the war. He may have large and breakfast table views; the chances are one in a hundred he has no such thing. He knows

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little, if anything, of the plans of the higher command. For him the war is the village, or the wood, or the section of trench occupied by his company. His captain is something more overwhelming than the commander-in-chief; his sergeant-major claims his whole allegiance; and he does what he is told, and does it cheerfully, as well as he can. Only, his outlook is no longer "the" war, nor the Flanders-French line, nor the corps, nor the divisional, nor even the brigade front. It is something far more restricted and limited. His preoccupation is individual. He is a man whose duty it is to uphold the honor of his country, who is pledged to what he believes to be a righteous cause, against the whole horde of enemy forces. But his outlook is narrowed down. His little sector of the trenches is his world. A few hundred yards on this side or on that and he is upon alien and more or less uninteresting ground for him. A score or so of yards ahead in "No Man's Land" are the grim mine craters, and, beyond again, the trenches of the enemy upon which he looks with determined and covetous eyes. Behind stretches the network of communications through which run the main avenues that lead to where in normal times he lives, to all that he holds on earth most dear. But even this last does not extend the horizon of his immediate vision overmuch. For it all enters into its place in his present environment. This might be and, indeed is, true at any time or in any place. A man's world is, in a very real sense, himself. Nowhere is it so true as here and now, under fire in the trenches. The things that really matter here are the things a man sees with his own eyes and hears with his own ears—things which he observes for himself or are told him by his pals. The trench work is monotonous, a round of repetitions from day to day, and from week to week; but it is so intense and full that its monotony never palls. Besides, at any moment, it may abruptly change to work of quite another sort. The "rest" back in the billets is more varied in its character; but it is filled up by hard work and much exercise. The days fly swiftly by and the weeks lengthen into months. At no period of his existence has the soldier ever lived his life so fully or so intensely as he lives it at the front. Most, if not all, his values have undergone a subtle shifting. He lives in the present; but that present includes the future as well as the past, all brought into the Now and Here of his being.

And this is true, within certain limits, for all alike, both officers and men; and, not in any sense the least, for chaplains.

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The circumstances in which they find themselves placed are new and unusual for professed men of peace, and though they are not belligerents and carry no arms, even for self-defence, they, no less than anyone else, go forward, carrying their lives in their hands. There are in the wonderful British army—that spontaneous marvel of the Empire's patriotism and devotion to duty—officers and men from every sort of peaceful walk in life. In the infantry battalion to which the present writer was lately attached, among the officers alone (officers in courage, ability, and military skill no whit behind the best, as the successes of the battalion in many actions and in the distinguished honors that it has gained prove), there were numbered a barrister, two stockbrokers, a planter, a Rhodes scholar, a schoolmaster, several undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and a sprinkling of public school boys. The quartermaster-sergeant was a Bachelor of Arts; and a clergyman was in the ranks. Before the war, the medical officer was a general practitioner in a rural district of England. Such men as these are also men of peace in every sense of the word. But they have, in the hour of England's need, become men of war; and the chaplain has left his altar and his pulpit, his study or his lecture hall, to join them, to minister to them spiritually, and to do whatever he can find to do for them, for whom nothing done could possibly be too much. He, with the rest, has found his horizon narrowed as he approached the front. From the frenzied excitement at the outbreak of the War, when he read every edition of the papers, and possibly spent most of his spare time pacing the pavements of Whitehall; from the time when he held large "views" upon the situation as a whole; from the time when, being a civilian, he was in a perpetual state of agitation; to the moment when, having "joined up" he took charge of his boys in training camps, and later on proceeded overseas with them and, by degrees, on up to the actual front line, his perspective of the war altered until, at last, there remained hardly any perspective at all, but a crude presentation of bare outlines, sketched in, as it were, upon a single plane surface.

Any account of actual experiences, it seems to me, must be interpreted in the light of this phenomenon. Historians who write of campaigns, correspondents who send accounts of actions to the press, write mostly at second-hand, touching up their accounts here and there with local color personally acquired, with facts personally observed, with feelings personally experienced. First-

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hand accounts of any action or experience are as limited as the interest of the observer and the scope of his bodily movements.

It is with no apology, therefore, that I attempt to put before the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD three mild "experiences" of the War lived through in 1915-16. What I have said has made it abundantly clear that I shall write of things local and circumscribed. Indeed they will even appear tame and colorless in comparison with the articles of the war correspondents, which have whetted the public appetite to a craving for highly seasoned and sensational flavoring. Nevertheless, I venture to think they form a part, and even a necessary part, of the *mise en scène* of the European War; just as a description of the placid and pastoral hills and valleys and meadows and ponds of the Somme district, with their wonderful coloring and light effects, is no unnecessary adjunct to a complete understanding of what is known as "the Battle of the Somme." Even the aged peasant guiding his clumsy plough upon the sky line across yonder field, almost within rifle shot of the German trenches, is a help towards the realization of the War.

## I.

### FRICOURT CEMETERY.

I had come to within some three or four kilometres of the front line trenches. Proceeding across seas with the battalion to which I was attached, we had disembarked in France and entrained, after twenty-four hours at the base—2 A. M. to 2 A. M.—for a destination unknown. Shortly after our arrival, I received an order to join the Field Ambulance doing duty with our brigade; and, with it, I moved on up to its headquarters. I remained with it—moving now and then as it moved—about a month; and then proceeded forward to one of its advanced dressing stations. In the meantime my battalion had been nursed into the trenches, and was in action. There is a wonderful comradeship engendered by war—even in the initial stages of camp training at home; but this bears no comparison to the comradeship welded by hardships and dangers commonly shared. Every one of my own Catholic men in the brigade, and every one of the officers, especially those of the battalion to which I was attached, whom I naturally had learned to know best, was by now my very good personal friend. Though I found no less comradeship in the Field Ambulance during the time I was with it, I longed to see my older friends again. I well



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remember my meeting them again for the first time. I had, with my batman, got up as far as ——. My first question put to the O. C., Advanced Dressing Station —— was this, "Where are the —— —— ——?" "Oh, we're looking after them, padre," he made answer, "they're in quite near here, in D.2." "Can I get up to see them?" "Surely, they're only a couple of kilometres from this village." I said no more; but found a billet, kindly secured for me by the staff captain, and had my things (thirty-five pounds regular kit, with a little over) moved in. Then I wandered back to the Advanced Dressing Station and had dinner, or supper, more likely—but any meal is what one chooses to call it. It was about 7 P. M. The O. C. was a kindly man—young, capable and efficient. We ate. After the meal he said, "Padre, I see you are dying to get up to the —— —— ——. I've an ambulance going in that direction this evening at 8:30; and I'll go up myself and take you with me, if you like." If I liked! We went. The night, fortunately, was dark. The motor ambulance ran smoothly, slowly through the main street of the straggling village and on out into the uncultivated country beyond. Then it put on speed and raced along a very bumpy road, avoiding shell holes, so I was told, when it swerved suddenly from one side to the other. At length it pulled up. "We can go no further with the car," said my guide. "We must walk the rest of the way. It's no distance at all." So we descended and walked. It wasn't far; but the queer whine of spent rifle bullets and their sharp impact, when they hit anything—tree, wall, or chalk formation—worried one. There is no other excuse, save that it was the first time; but I confess I ducked when I heard the "pin-n-n-g." And I have not yet got over the first impression. Though I know that the bullet had passed by the time I heard it singing through space, the instinctive movement for protection is made none the less to this day. We had to negotiate a hundred yards or so of road, ankle deep in mud. "Keep to the left here" advised my guide. "There is a Boche machine gun trained on the right-hand side of the road." We kept to the left. We passed under a light railway bridge, chipped and scarred, as I afterwards saw in the daylight, by machine gun bullets, and took a sharp turn to the right, following a sort of natural ravine, or dry water-course, at one point in which there was a most pestilential smell. "The Battle of Fricourt was fought round about here," remarked my mentor. Ultimately we reached the headquarters of the battalion.

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What pleasure when I passed the sentries and reached the headquarters of my old battalion, situated in dug-outs on the reverse slope of a little hill! What a greeting was given to me! If there had been any danger run in coming up to make this informal evening call, it was more than repaid by the large-hearted welcome of the H. Q. Staff—not one of whom, be it noted, was a Catholic. They made one feel not only that one was at home there in every sense of the word, but that it was their own padre who had thus "blown in" to visit them. Of course the Catholic chaplain is really posted to a brigade, and not to a single battalion, but as he is attached to the latter, it often claims him as peculiarly its own; and as a general rule its officers make him feel that he is a very intimate member of a select little family, from whom they expect much affection and devotion, and for whom they are ready to do almost anything. But this last is true pretty much of all the officers in the brigade. It is this spirit of true comradeship which makes the chaplain's work among his men much easier to do, and helps and inspires the priest himself in doing his work. Personally, I never had anything but the greatest consideration and kindness shown to me by all the officers with whom I had to deal; and in the formation to which I was posted—a southeast of England one—one could count the Catholic officers almost on the fingers of one hand. Many of them in all probability had never met a Catholic priest or been in any way intimate with one before the War. It is not difficult to appreciate the amount of prejudice that has been, and is being dissipated by such a state of things as this, repeated again and again throughout the whole British army, and in all the circumstances of the intimate and actual and limited interest of life at the front which I have endeavored to portray. I think I am not alone among the Catholic priests with the British Expeditionary Force—priests from England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Australia and New Zealand—in being able to say that some of the warmest and stanchest friendships we have ever made have been with non-Catholic officers and men—friendships formed in the throes of war and cemented by the common dangers of the front line. It is a small thing, perhaps, and a very personal one; but my evening visit in August, 1915, to the trenches in front of Fricourt Cemetery will always be one of the memories that I shall carry through my life, and not least because of the real affection and regard which I found awaiting me there.

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## II.

### At ——— ———

It was growing dusk; and we had been marching for a long time. We were halted for the clock-hour halt just below the crest of a hill, on the reverse side of which lay a biggish village—or small town—through which we had to pass on our way to a new trench sector. There was a fine view in the clear afterglow over the rolling downs and valleys back along the road we had come, up which light evening mists began to rise. Innumerable spirals of cigarette smoke rose from the right-hand side of the road, where the men had fallen out. They were making the most of their ten minutes; for smoking is not allowed on the march. Officers in little groups were speaking together on the left, and the grooms held the horses of the mounted officers, which cropped the grass placidly by the side of the road.

Ten minutes up, the whistles blew and the men, shouldering the heavy packs which they had for the brief interval thrown off, fell in. The officers got astride their horses; and the battalion moved in a sinuous line up and over the crest, and on through the town. There is something inspiring and thrilling in watching a thousand soldiers on the move; in riding in their rear and seeing the steady, resistless advance, in perfect order, of so many men, resolute, silent, determined, as they pass on towards the unknown, to give battle to the enemy. On through the stone-flagged streets of the little town they marched, the soldiers billeted there lining the pavements and crowding in the *Place* to see them go by—doubtless, also, to pass judgment, as soldiers do, on the order, equipment, and appearance of a battalion other than their own. There is much friendly jealousy and rivalry between the regiments, and even between the various battalions of the same regiment; all of which makes, no doubt, for smartness and efficiency. Arrived at the far side of the town, an order came through from the head of the column—"Halt!" We halted in a narrow, cobbled street, more than crowded with motor lorries, ambulances, horsemen, and soldiers coming and going everywhere. There was barely room for the big lorries to pass; and motor-bicycle orderlies were dodging in and out among the congested traffic at every moment. Then—"Fall out!" "Fall in!" "By the right, quick march!" "Halt!"—at intervals of a few minutes. Something seemed to be wrong. What could it be? Word came back that the road

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was being shelled ahead of us. We were to wait until the shelling stopped and then go forward in artillery formation. The block in the street became more dense; the language sometimes sulphurous. At last the tension slackened. We were on the move again; and left the town behind us, as we stepped out in the gathering darkness, with little sound but the dull beat of many feet upon the road. The battalion split up into companies; the companies into platoons. The trail lengthened, with intervals between the groups of marching men. On, on, on. It was not far really, but new ground, and in the darkness, seems longer than it actually is. At last we reached and passed —— the danger spot which had caused the halt. We bore to the left, keeping the Somme on our right, and following its sinuosities. Here we formed again into normal marching order. It was now so dark that we could only make out the general conformation of the hills, the trees by the roadside, and vehicles close at hand, coming towards us on the left-hand side of the road. Star shells were beginning to rise and fall now to right and left of us ahead, each lighting up for a few moments a distant hill or a ruined house or clump of trees, which stood out, clear-cut in profile, against the darkness. A muffled order came; and once more we halted and fell out. There was hardly a sound to be heard, except the rustle of leaves in the trees bordering the road, a subdued murmur from the men, now and then the nervous pawing of a horse, and—very occasionally—the whip-like crack of a rifle. The river was at our feet, close by the road, rippled by a light breeze, catching the reflection of the star shells, and, perhaps, for a moment reflecting the silhouettes which they painted. There were no cigarettes on this halt, no lights, no loud sounds. The men talked in whispers. By daylight, here, the Germans overlooked the spot where we sat, under the trees by the river. It was a weird, a curious experience. The great vault of night overhead, the mists coming up from the river, the star shells, the inarticulate feeling of present multitudes, the knowledge of intimate danger and absolute helplessness if an enemy shell should happen to find this mark. And there we waited for the moment to take the place of outgoing troops, seeing much in the fitful light of "star lights," thinking in a dumb, inarticulate sort of way, of problems that plumb the very abyss of human thought, and touch the Infinite through their sheer human interest. Is it blind fate, or an infinitely wise Providence, which orders the affairs of this world of human strivings, hopes and aspirations? War, I think, has

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pointed the answer to such a question. The answer, like the question, is dumb and inarticulate, too; in the heart rather than of the head; emotional, perhaps, rather than strictly logical. I am not now speaking of Catholics, for whom feelings such as these find definite articulation in the clear-cut doctrines of their faith, but of the great majority of the soldiers, I believe, in our new armies. The War—and especially what I may call the monochrome moments of the War, such as that spent by the —— —— —— just beyond —— —— has brought home to the men a lesson. Though their language is not choice; though their doings will not always square with the right solution of a case of casuistry, the British soldier, I believe, has reached and realized some living notion of the truth of the Fatherhood of God, some vital idea of the Brotherhood of Man, some very real glimpse of the meaning of sacrifice, and of vicarious sacrifice, some solid grasp of a "beyond," which depends, in a large measure, upon his personal effort and uprightness. Surely that is something gained. Faith may be—and is—a gift of God; but, I believe, the natural foundations of that faith are being laid in the odd moments of reflection which are interposed between the comparative safety of camps at home, or on the lines of communication, and the personal struggle for life of the front line and the battlefield. I may be wrong. I think I am right. In the furnace of this affliction I believe character will be formed, on real and not artificial grounds; on which character truth may be engrafted—truth revealed and supernatural—to bear fruit a hundred and a thousand fold, to the glory of God and to the salvation of innumerable souls.

## III.

### Vaux Wood.

As I write I have before me some dried violets. They were gathered in Vaux Wood in May, 1916. My readers will, in all probability, recognize the name of the place. Vaux is the tiniest possible of villages on a loop of the River Somme, near to Frise. Behind it cliffs rise sharply to the wood. In front of it glides the river, spanned by a causeway. The tongue of land in the loop of the river was disputed territory a year ago. English patrols and Germans fought for mastery at Knowles' Point—the far head of the causeway. The British were always successful. The

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first Germans I buried in this war—Catholics, too—were killed at Knowles' Point, and now lie, awaiting the Resurrection, in a consecrated garden behind a cottage in Vaux. May God assoil them! There were no trenches, properly so-called, behind the village. No trenches were necessary. A height of ground commanded the intervening space between the English troops and the enemy; and that space consisted of river, marshes and ponds. All this is now ancient history, or I should not write it. Today the British line is miles beyond Vaux. I was living, at the time of which I write, in dug-outs. The village, ——, had become too hot for me; and I had obtained permission to go to the headquarters of my battalion to live. True, I had to walk back through some miles of communication trenches to say Mass. But even that was better than that nerve-racking and irregular bombardment of the village. Headquarter dug-outs were, as is usual when possible, on the reverse slope of a hill. The valley in which they were located fell away gently down to the Somme River. There was little or no exercise to be had except up or down this valley, or through what communication trenches existed to other battalions of the brigade. And exercise, where possible, is imperative. My exercise, with that of my good friend the medical officer, when the work of both was finished, consisted in a ramble down the valley to the river, looking in at some gun pits, cunningly concealed, on the way, and chatting with the gunners. We had improvised some fishing tackle; and, under gun fire and anti-aëro shell bursts, fished for pike in the Somme at Eclusier. We managed to catch them too—a great delicacy for H. Q. Mess. Stuffed with bread crumbs, sage, found in the village garden, and onions they are good eating. Served in any way—as, for instance, fried steaks—they vary monotony. I had visited Vaux Wood the day before with the medical officer. It was not the first time. The first time had racked my nerves—that was when I had passed through it to bury the Germans in the quiet *Jardin Potager* at Vaux. But yesterday I had gathered my violets. Violets, primroses, and other spring flowers glowed in the wood. It was in every way a scene of peace, of pastoral beauty, save when my friend the medical officer bade me look out, through a skimpy screen of hazel twigs, upon the German lines below. We could see, from the height upon which we stood the village of Cléry, on the same bank, but separated from us by two stretches of the river as it flowed around in its great curving bend. And over

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there, in the distance, we marked from time to time great plume-like masses of smoke rise and float away in the clear air as our shells burst over the German line; and we heard the irregular crackle of rifle fire as German sentries or snipers fired across at us. Today I was making my way from Eclusier back up the valley alone. I had stopped to talk to some men standing in the sun in front of a dug-out on the way. The day was an absolutely perfect one—clear blue sky with little white clouds sailing across it. The birds were singing in the joy of spring. There was hardly a sign or sound of war: no more than an occasional muffled explosion, the droning of aëroplanes now and then coming nearer or retreating, with the sharp accosting of the anti-aëro guns whenever they ventured toward forbidden ground; sometimes the prolonged rattle of a machine gun afar off; but taken all together, it was an afternoon of comparative peace and quiet beauty. The brooding spirit of the day must have taken possession of my mind, for I was enjoying one of those rare moments at the front when war lies altogether in the background of consciousness, unobtrusive and quiescent, while thoughts of other and more pleasant things unroll their sequences undisturbed. I remember noticing in a passive sort of way the grace and beauty of a taube which was manœuvring over towards Vaux Wood in front of me on my right. It swam through the air gently, like a living thing. That it was seen by our gunners was evident from the fact that twin shell bursts, like tiny living cloudlets, marked its wake, and heralded its course. But it was too far away as yet for me to hear the hivelike drone of the fragments of the aërial shells falling to the earth. It all fitted into the picture and my mood. It was all beautiful, and peaceful, and just as it should be. Half day-dreaming thus, I had reached a bend in the valley, fairly close to and under the wood; when I noticed, quite suddenly, that the taube was no longer over it. Then a long-drawn sigh shivered through the air, and crash—a huge shell burst up above me in the wood. Crash! Crash! Schrump! Another, and another, and another! I saw the dense volumes of smoke go up, and took in the fact that one or two trees had fallen. At first I stood quite still. I didn't know quite what to do: and my brain refused for the instant to adjust itself to the new "set." Then I acted—and did, of course, just the wrong thing. I was already under as good cover as I could get—barring a really shell-proof dug-out. I left the lee side of the hill and walked smartly out from it and

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away across to the far side of the valley. Then I realized what a fool I had been, and began making my way back. All the time a perfect deluge of shells was bursting in the wood. One would have said that it was quite impossible for any living thing in it to remain alive; or, indeed, for any tree to remain standing. It did not last very long—at the outside, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes. While it did last it was terrific. And quite as suddenly as it had begun it stopped. By this time I was back again on the other side of the valley, and near the dug-out where I had spoken to the men some few minutes before. One only shell, and that, judging by the sound, a small whizz-bang, punctuated the ensuing silence. It did not burst in the wood. It exploded in the village of Vaux below it and on the other side of the hill. And that one shell alone, of the whole deluge, did any material damage. I suppose there must have been a company or a company and a half in the little wood during the bombardment. Not a soul was wounded, though many trees fell. One officer who happened to be visiting our sector was slightly grazed by a bit of that last one shell and one man, who, as soon as he thought the bombardment was over had come out of the shelter which he had taken, was killed.

Of course I did not know these facts at the time; and hurried back to the regimental aid-post as fast as I could go, to learn them when I reached headquarters. The dead man, a much respected N. C. O., was not a Catholic. Later, I saw some of my boys who had been in the wood when it was "strafed." "Well," I asked one of them, "what were you thinking at the time?" I know my own thoughts; but those I keep to myself. "Father," he answered, "I was thinking at the time that it was like hell. But I felt, somehow, that Our Lady would see us through; so I just gripped my rifle with my one hand, and said my beads with the other." And with that really beautiful statement and profession of faith to finish it, any other end to the present paper would be superfluous and banal.

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# NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY: ITS DIAMOND JUBILEE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL.D.

IN the year 1842 the religious community commonly known as the Society of the Holy Cross began its educational career in America on the site now occupied by the famous University of Notre Dame. The Holy Cross community was one of the innumerable clerical associations which sprang up in France between 1800 and 1835 to repair with all speed the ravages of the Revolution of 1789. Having helped to restore to France its religion and its Christian habits, many of these associations vanished, while others continued to thrive. Among the latter was the Holy Cross Society, which was able in 1841 to send one priest and six brothers to the diocese of Vincennes, Indiana, upon the urgent invitation of the Bishop, Monsignor de la Hailandière. In the possession of the bishop was a tract of land in northern Indiana, bequeathed to him by Rev. Stephen Badin, said to have been the first priest ordained in the United States. This land the bishop deeded over to the Holy Cross Society on condition that within two years the Society should build thereon a novitiate and college, and should assume the spiritual care of the Catholics, both white and Indian, in the district. The offer was accepted and in the autumn of 1842, Rev. Edward Sorin and Brothers Vincent, Joachim, Gatien, Anselm, Francis Xavier and Lawrence located themselves in the log cabin on the premises, and began the great work whose diamond jubilee will be celebrated nobly and splendidly next month.

No better understanding of that work can be got than from contrasting pictures of the place then and today. Indiana in 1842 was part wilderness and part prairie, and the region about Notre Dame was still the uncleared forest. The country is rather flat in the immediate vicinity, but as it rolls on towards the rivers and Lake Michigan, gentle hill and fruitful valley diversify the scene. Few were the settlers at this date and even the Indians were few; but the westward-rushing tide of immigration had begun with its promise of a golden future. The only building on the grounds was a log cabin. The unbroken forest stretched away for miles. A lovely lake relieved its monotony, and its waters found an outlet

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into the river St. Joseph about a mile away, at this point a rough and swift stream which empties into Lake Michigan. A little to the south was a small village known as South Bend. Chicago was an obscure city eighty-six miles to the west. The community passed a severe winter in the log cabin, frozen in and unable to do much more than examine their new possession and draw plans and dream dreams for the future. That was Notre Dame in 1842, the primeval wilderness at the feet of the pioneers.

Today the visitor rides up from the prosperous city of South Bend through handsome streets and through cultivated fields. If it is his first visit he is quite unprepared for the surprises which await him. At various points in the trip he has caught glimpses of a golden dome which dominates the horizon. It seems out of place as well as unexpected in that simple agricultural country, being a spectacle which Americans associate with rich cities, not with rural landscapes. Nevertheless its emphasis becomes more intense as the visitor advances. If he travels along the west road from the town, groups of buildings under the dome come into view, and the spire of a church, and then more buildings, which detach themselves by degrees from the group around the majestic dome and take their proper perspective. Instead of being huddled around the main building, they are scattered over considerable territory, with twin lakes between. Far to the left, on the banks of the river St. Joseph, rises another stately group of buildings, the girls' college in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The visitor staring is reminded of other scenes by this unexpected array of edifices. The flat landscape with dim woods in the rising background; the glimmer of waters; the gilded dome, the church spire, the towering roofs amid the trees, and the unbroken silence, except for the sweet bells which tell the passing hour! What other picture does this recall? Why, the peaceful university towns of old Catholic England, before learning drank the poison of heresy and unbelief to the destruction of what little peace the world enjoyed.

Swinging into the main road leading to the quadrangle the visitor begins to understand that he is not visiting an institution merely but a town. To his right is the post-office, to his left a porter's lodge. Far up a shaded avenue is the building which carries the gilded dome. Right before him is a statue of Rev. Edward Sorin in his prime, the founder of the University. To the right again are three stately buildings, a science hall and a chemistry hall; in the background a little observatory; at the north end the

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assembly hall, built in the form of a theatre. To the left, facing these three are Walsh and Sorin Halls, two dormitories; at the end of the quadrangle stands the church, an immense structure which would serve as a cathedral for an important diocese. The main building is cruciform, lofty and imposing; two corridors traverse it at right angles, and from their intersection rises the dome. A look from the upper galleries excites still further astonishment. At the back of the main structure are various buildings, St. Edward's school for the minims, the natatorium, the infirmary and guest house, the offices and laundry and bakery and printing shop, the freight house with a railroad running out a mile to the main line, a second group of offices, and the gymnasium, handball alley and indoor track under one immense roof, with the athletic field and grandstand in the distance, and six other baseball fields near by. The novitiate is visible beyond the lake. To the left the presbytery, the seminary, the community house and the brothers' scholasticate are scattered; to the south are the workshops and barns; close to the church is Corby Hall, a dormitory; just across from it is the old college, the first durable building erected by the pioneers; next to that stands a replica of the old log chapel which served the predecessors of Father Sorin; farther south on the main road is another dormitory, St. Joseph's; and in the great space around which these lesser buildings are grouped is the new library, just erected, with capacity for a million volumes, modern in all its appointments.

The territory occupied by the institution is about two miles square, as flat as a floor, except where the twin lakes sparkle in the light. With one thousand three hundred students living on the grounds, and a population of at least one thousand six hundred all told, with machinery running as smoothly as if Edison had invented and directed it, one can faintly estimate the immense labor which fashioned from the wilderness of 1842 the modern University of Notre Dame. Wonder grows when the visitor at his leisure studies and observes the daily and monthly routine. The territory is so immense that a country village could hardly be quieter, for noise seems to dissipate quickly in the great spaces between and around the buildings. Twelve hundred boys can make noise enough for any town, but here there is no noise. There must be a tradition of gentlemanliness in the university town, since no matter what the gathering may be order seems its strongest feature. The bells ring the boys out of bed at six in the morning, and far off may be

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heard a dull roar in the dormitories, which presently subsides. Around seven the dining-halls begin to fill. From an elevation one can see the lads sauntering along from the various dormitories, or meet them in the corridors chatting as they meander into the dining-rooms, without hurry or horseplay or undue delay. They stand at the tables until all are in, repeat the prayers, and fall to in easy-going fashion, talking more than they masticate, all pretty much as well-bred people do in a hotel. They leave at the end of a meal in the same easy fashion. If a student is not finished when the others rise, he lingers until he is satisfied.

Perhaps it is a gala day on the athletic field. The hosts gather in the same easy fashion. The grandstand is crowded, the bleachers are filled, standing room is occupied, feeling is intense and finds expression in scattered gibes and sneers, varied with loud recommendations to the field, with applause and with cheers; but no rowdyism, not even horseplay, a well-bred way of doing even the most enthusiastic things without the offensive, which surprises the experienced man of the world. The day ends and the night comes on. The lights begin to shine in the great buildings, faint snatches of conversation echo from the windows, occasionally the tinkle of a mandolin tickles the ear, or a chesty laugh whose music warms the heart, and that is all. At a certain hour the lights vanish and the university colony for the most part is asleep. Perhaps it is a Sunday morning or a day of religious festival, which may mean a procession from the main building through the quadrangle to the church. Then the wise visitor mounts to the available spot under the dome, and with his eyes on the whole plantation dreams of the ancient, far-off Catholic days, when all the world was young and believing. He sees the novices leave their home beyond the upper lake and the brothers of the scholasticate leave theirs on the lower lake, and the seminarians theirs between the two lakes, and wander comfortably through the leafy lanes to the church; he sees the thousand students drift out of their dormitories and into the big buildings; then come the people from the town, a few; and at the right moment the procession, all color, streams out of the main building and marches slowly around the verdure-bordered walks of the quadrangle up to the grand entrance. And all the time the strange bell in the church tower is booming, the strangest bell in America, because close at hand it seems to be the rumbling of an immense but smothered gong, yet its reverberations are heard miles away along the flat reaches of that country.

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The scene in the church itself is almost beyond description. It is both immense and beautiful, Gothic, ornamented in the method and taste of a hundred years ago, cruciform, prevailing colors blue and gold and yellow, an altar in brass, double-faced, skeleton, so that on either side you can see the other, and great spaces above and around so that the sense of vastness and dignity quite overpowers you. The boys pour in at every door, the choir climbs into the loft, the chancel choir fills the chapel in the apse, the organ sets the great structure breathing with melody, and then the procession enters and the Mass begins. There is no delay, no drawling in chant or sermon or ritual, no undue haste; but the movement is smoothly brisk, and the moment the ceremony is over all is ended, the group in the sanctuary vanish into the sacristy, the congregation rises on the moment, and in less than two minutes the edifice is left to the echoes, the incense, and the lonely sacristan. But what a sense of power, of majestic religion, of human faith, of solemn and beautiful ritual, and above all of youth's swiftness and flexibility. The visitor never tires of this impressive spectacle at Notre Dame.

It illustrates the temper and method of the establishment. Everywhere one finds the effort to attain to the best. The stately buildings so lavishly scattered over the territory upon examination show two things openly: the dream of the builders and the necessity for more buildings. Large as they are they do not accommodate the ideas that struggle for expression in this University. The main building, for example, holds the library, the museum of Catholic historical materials, two dormitories, two study-halls, class-rooms, two dining-rooms, the offices, and so forth. The walls of its corridors carry the frescoes of Gregori, worthy of a state capitol, and the portraits in oil of a thousand bishops and other eminent people. Each department finds itself cramped for space, and cries out for its own building in which it may develop. Probably the only parts of the institution which are not taxed in this way are the athletic field and the indoor track, for space is more plentiful than money in Notre Dame. In almost every detail the outward expression of the ideas of the founders and administrators is nearly as perfect as the nature of things will permit. The beauty of the locality, the dignity of the buildings, the easy politeness of the students in every circumstance, the good order on the most tempting occasions, the smoothness of the entire machinery of administration, the easy, natural movement of the social life, without noise, or parade, or

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effort, are so evident and so impressive that the experienced know well what tremendous labor and power must be steadily if quietly exerted by the institution.

The founders of Notre Dame were exceptional men, and their successors have earned even a greater reputation. Father Sorin brought with him the French educational, community and religious traditions of the eighteenth century, more or less modified by the disasters of the Voltairean cataclysm and the Napoleonic revolution. His problems were chiefly the organization of the community and the establishment of a good college on well-known lines. He had the lofty imagination of the French temperament, which gave his plans a fine scope for the future. He drew all sorts and conditions of men to his work. In fact the mere story of the members of his community through the second half of the last century would be more charming than the finest fiction. His plan called for a community of priests, brothers and sisters, and he made a tremendous effort to carry it out. It failed in regard to the community of the sisters, because they elected to become independent and to go their own way, while still aiding the work of the community, as far as they could. It was successful in other respects, and the Holy Cross community is now composed of priests and brothers, the latter divided into teaching and laboring brothers. Besides the Notre Dame institution the community directs colleges in different States, administers parishes, and gives missions; so that there is no lack of opportunity for the active members in various fields of effort. Father Sorin's second problem was the establishment of the college on familiar lines. Up to the close of the last century no great difficulty was found by teaching communities in following the old French methods of teaching and discipline. After that date the American temperament, and above all the American conditions, not finding the old methods and customs agreeable, the problem arose to suit the new conditions.

The resistance of the authorities to change was resolute. In the Province of Quebec it has even been successful, and in scattered institutions in the United States. But no institution, however powerful, could wholly resist the demands of its patrons under the circumstances which began to prevail. The American people had accustomed themselves to such systems as prevail in Yale and Harvard, where the boy is practically without guardianship and without the protection necessary to his youth and inexperience. The lesser schools frequently adopted the same system, while doing something

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to guard the morals of the student. The Catholic colleges and boarding-schools found themselves facing a cruel alternative: either to adopt a compromise system, or to remain in the old shell of the eighteenth century. That meant stagnation and no development. Notre Dame adopted compromise, along with the leading colleges of the time. It was not always called compromise, nor always acknowledged. It was said that the boys of the present day, being less turbulent, more refined, better trained at home, required less watching. Nevertheless it was a change along American lines. Because of its share in it, Notre Dame was the object of widespread observation; but, as a matter of fact, the change was absolutely necessary for continued and progressive life.

Father Sorin possessed in a marked degree the flexibility and mentality of his race, and he found no difficulty therefore in grasping the American situation. He became an American of the Americans, and preached Americanization to his community. As far back as 1870 he instituted a special scientific course, a remarkable departure from the traditional course. Not only was there no opposition to this development, but on the contrary such enthusiastic encouragement that it has continued successfully up to the present moment.

Students poured in under the new conditions, and its fame began to increase in the Middle West. The fact that without a cent of endowment the community could erect its numerous buildings and rise above the disaster of two fires, shows how the institution appealed to students as the community appealed to recruits. It had become a university under the pleasant American fashion of getting a charter from a good-natured legislature. The difference between Notre Dame and others was that it set out at once to become a real university. It had been a French classical school, as were all Catholic colleges in the last century in this country and Canada. By degrees it became something higher and better. Educators know what the change entailed in labor and thought and money. The old French classical school was dominated by one aim, to provide priests for the missions ruined by the modern Revolution; Latin was its chief study, literature its chief diversion, mathematics, history and oratory its ornamentation. The American educators turned the whole system into scrap iron, not by direct attack, but by example. There was opposition to change, but men smile today at that opposition, which died while being formulated. The Americans had that human failing upon which the world is

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run and often mismanaged: they wanted to be like other people. So the system of education changed into the generous creature which it is today, too generous perhaps, but erring on the right side. The laity were looked after as well as the clerics. Notre Dame was among the first in the field with a curriculum to suit modern taste, if not modern fancy.

The new discipline and the modern flexibility won the boy and the parent together. The story went abroad that a fellow could be trusted with a room all his own; that he could get out of bounds and disport in the town without a guardian at his heels; that even a night frolic was not a mortal sin, that a dance was sometimes permissible, that seniors and juniors could give a ball to which their girl friends might be invited; along with other wonders, which read like the romance of a boy at West Point. The increasing crowd of students enabled the University to add to its departments. In due time it became fairly easy to add the department of law, because Chicago was near by, and South Bend began to develop lawyers of good professorial fibre. It was chiefly a question of money, to pay decent salaries to capable professors. Pharmacy was also an easy subject to provide for. Six courses in engineering offered innumerable difficulties, but they were finally overcome. Architecture did not offer insuperable difficulties and was introduced into the curriculum. Journalism at the beginning of the century had the appearance of a genuine profession, which was intensified by Joseph Pulitzer's endowment of a school of journalism at Columbia University. Notre Dame, with the aid of Mr. Max Pam of Chicago, founded a Catholic school of journalism, which has earned success by the adoption of a simple method: the students follow the arts course and take a special training in their profession. The extent of territory owned by the community has made practicable the establishment of a course in agriculture, which is about to be opened up; and the erection of the new library also has enabled the University to introduce a course in the management of libraries, a new science and a new profession, of immense importance in modern times.

The formation of a university faculty became in this development the great problem, which was solved with the same good luck as all the others. The priests, the brothers, and the lay professions were called upon to provide professors. The community itself might have been strong enough in time to fill the demands of Notre Dame, but it would have been at the expense of their other good



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works, parishes, missions, schools, colleges elsewhere, which they had undertaken and were pledged to maintain. The laity were, therefore, called upon for their aid, which naturally was a more costly affair, since lay professors must be paid good salaries. The plan succeeded, and the University today owns a competent faculty of young and energetic teachers, probably the most enthusiastic university faculty in the country, as it is surely the least conventional. Some of its members earned national fame, men like the late Judge Howard of Indiana, Col. Hoynes, the dean of the law school, Maurice Francis Egan, our Minister to Denmark, the late Charles Warren Stoddard, Dr. Austin O'Malley of Philadelphia, Dr. Albert Zahm, Dr. Charles P. Neill and others. Among these others Professor Stace was a graceful poet and delicate humorist, most versatile, an authority in history, letters, science and mathematics, without a trace of the shallowness of the average versatile writer, and the author of *Vapid Vaporings,* a volume which made the world laugh in his day; Professor Lyons, a man of marvelous heart, the best loved lay professor of his time, and the author of a most popular book on elocution; Professor Edwards, the librarian, the creator of the Bishops' Memorial Hall and the Catholic archives, leaving behind him the largest visible monument of his lifelong labors; and Professor McCue, still presiding over the department of Civil Engineering, which he created thirty-five years ago. All these men received so little money as almost to have practised the vow of poverty, and displayed a devotion to the University unsurpassed even by the religious themselves. It would take an article in itself to describe the work of the army chaplains whom Notre Dame sent into the field during the Civil War; suffice it to say that for many years past Notre Dame has had a G. A. R. Post, composed solely of priests, brothers and professors of the institution, a remarkable sign and expression of their patriotism.

The splendid effort made to form this faculty attracted to the community a number of young men, for whom an institution was founded on the grounds of the Catholic University in Washington, from which after the usual studies they take their degrees. Others were sent to study in Rome and elsewhere in Europe. It is likely that henceforth the University will never lack for capable professors. Unless its development should pass ordinary bounds, as it promises to do.

The attendance increases faster than the dormitories, for which new factors are responsible, besides the rising fame and successful

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methods of Notre Dame. The question of college athletics was one, the question of military training for boys was another. The discussion over the first is not yet ended. Opinions are innumerable and unsatisfactory. One fact is prominent: the American boy wants his athletics at school in just the fashion he is enjoying them now. He must have a good baseball team, a splendid football team, and for lighter mood a sprightly basketball team. These must in turn demand his loyalty, admiration, affection, enthusiasm to the exploding point. When he becomes a staid merchant or a member of the university faculty, he insists on the same pabulum as a "rooter" for his college. Maybe it is a kind of insanity, but one is inclined to think it the prelude to something worth while. While it is not an argument for the *mens sana in corpore sano,* it reaches the popular heart more quickly and universally than one thousand arguments. Not a doubt in observing minds that the industrial slavery of the time is bent on increasing its demands upon the helpless workers, until every minute that labor can spare, and every ounce of effort it is able to make, will be demanded and exacted by the money-mad leaders of men. This overpowering demand of the students for athletics may be the antidote to such savagery. Notre Dame adopted athletics after the usual struggle, and found a way to harmonize the physical with the intellectual. Financially the result has been good and worth while. The fame of the Notre Dame athletes has surmounted even bigotry, and the hearts of the graduates are warm towards Alma Mater for a splendid and profitable adoption of their favorite.

The introduction of military training found its chief opponents in the students. Training was too much like work. Playing games in the athletic field was fun; standing at attention, drilling, dressing, under military severity, were labor and pain; particularly with no girls to look on and admire! Yet military training had become inevitable. The world is no better today than under Napoleon. It is said to be much worse. A rich country like ours, not merely unable to defend itself against the modern wolves of war, but without any idea of the need, is as much a prey of powerful States as innocence alone with vice. The Federal Government has politely but strongly requested all educational institutions to accustom the students to the idea of defence and to the charm of military play. Athletics against the money power, and military sports against the lust of conquest! What can surpass the combination? So the undergraduates are drilling on the pleasant plains of Notre Dame!

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Naturally after this description one will ask two main questions: how has it all turned out, and who did it? It has turned out so delightfully and so fruitfully that one wonders whether to admire more the method or the result. The Holy Cross Community cannot number more than five hundred members in this country, yet it has produced in the University of Notre Dame the most delightful educational institution in the land. Its location is beautiful and spacious, its buildings are immense and impressive, it houses sixteen hundred people as quietly and tenderly as the best hotel in the world, it keeps them occupied, trains them, guards them, cares for them with immense skill, and it provides a social life so charming that one never tires of it. Its only fault is its vastness. It provides a noble training-home for the American boy, that restless, imaginative, nervous, impudent creature who imagines the world an inexhaustible joy, which he must exhaust if possible; it gives him something of the freedom and glory he longs for, and directs his wavering gaze to the better life of glory. It has formed a group of teachers whom it is joy as well as honor to know, not only for their learning but for themselves. It has solved pressing problems, such as have been mentioned here, with a maximum of success and a minimum of waste and friction. It deserves the study of the genuine educator, no matter what pedestal he stands on. It should be a special inspiration to Catholic educators of any degree, for its success will hearten the weakest and speed the strongest. I have seen everything educational in America from the best to the worst, and Notre Dame with all its faults, failures and limitations stands alone in its class.

Who accomplished this delicate, effective, splendid work? A group of men with Father Edward Sorin at their head. He was nicknamed affectionately and comprehensively Richelieu by his friends and associates, and the kindly title gives one the measure of a remarkable man. The grand manner, the silent tongue, the kindly endorsement of every service, no matter how simple and cheap, the wide view of life, the tremendous faith, the tireless energy, the deep sympathy with men—Father Sorin had them all. He planned, or directed, or approved, or opposed. He was defeated at times, frustrated at other times, made the usual miscalculations, the usual blunders, but in the general scheme won out in his plans. He gathered about him a group of priests and brothers of whom only the community members know anything, since that generation has passed away; but their memory breathes in the spirit of the

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University, and their bones lie in the shadow of the institution. It was the last desire of the majestic Brownson to have his bones repose with theirs. What finer comment on their character and their achievement could be made. So Brownson's ashes lie under the floor of the community chapel, where priest and brother and student meet for prayer all the days of the year. How lovely a resting-place for that great and heroic body and brain!

Father Sorin's aids were men of different nationalities, French, German, Irish, Polish and American, and they served him with equal zeal. The community today speaks with respect of the efficiency and devotion of Father Granger, who carried the spiritual administration on his shoulders; of Father Corby who won other fame as a chaplain in the army and whose statue in bronze faces the hall named after him; of Father Colovin, a notable preacher in his day; of Father Dillon, who filled many important offices; of Father Scheier, Father Kirsch, Father Fitte and Father Stoeffel, eminent professors; of Brothers Edward, Celestine and Marcellinus; of Father Regan, for twenty-five years Prefect of discipline, a great figure in the history of Notre Dame; of Father James Burns, who helped greatly in developing the modern attitude towards school work; and above all of Father T. E. Walsh, the beloved and efficient rector of the institution when the more radical changes already mentioned, the transformation of Notre Dame in fact, were in the making. His career was not long, and its close left, in the hearts of his associates and in the progress of the institution, the void not easily filled. The impression which one gets of these men from the people who knew them in their prime is a combination of their strength and natural vivacity. They were characteristic men, blessed with an originality which had more freedom of expression than similar qualities in our more conventional day. Father Walsh seems to have been the incarnation of his time, his community, his institution and its hopes and dreams, so did he fill the need, the eye, and the hearts of his brethren and dependents.

The generation which succeeded him displayed fine qualities. Rev. John Zahm became the leading spirit in the community as professor in the University and provincial of the congregation. He was a scientist of repute and an educator of merit, occasionally shocking the torpidity of the faithful in his books and lectures with speculations which then looked like rash inventions, but which are popular today with the schools. He gave the great impulse

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to the work of forming a faculty, had the young men trained in different universities, and founded the house of studies in Washington for members of the community. His literary tastes helped the development of writers among the students, and secured for the faculty members eminent in the literary world. Upon his retirement from direct administration he devoted himself to authorship, and has become a notable figure in the literary circle by his fascinating books on South America and woman's influence in education. Rev. Andrew Morrissey succeeded him, a man of engaging personality, eloquent in speech and strong in administration, who as rector and as provincial continued the work of building up the community and the University, and still directs his splendid energies to the same goal. They were particularly well seconded in their labors by Rev. James French, at present head of the missionary band, who in various capacities provided the administration with counsel perhaps keener and more dispassionate than either the scientist or the orator usually possesses.

These three men were for long the executives and spokesmen for the community and the University faculty, which directed, or restrained, or inspired their labors. Eminent priests and eminent brothers in the council of the community had their share, often very important, in the external government. The most notable of these are the men who manage the well-known publication, *The Ave Maria,* which has served the Catholic body so faithfully for a half century and more. Founded by Father Sorin and edited most of the half century by Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, this publication has earned a high place by its steady devotion to the best in life, by its encouragement of Catholic writers, and by its refusal to cater to popular fancy or to lower its ideals. It is an educator not an entertainer, as so many magazines have become. It holds to the old method, which guided all our publications thirty years ago. Since then the publishing world has adopted the insanities of Wall Street, and has made its business as much a gamble as stocks or race horses. *The Ave Maria* has gathered about it a band of workers at home, and of contributors and readers abroad, who are an honor to the Catholic body; and its gracious influence carries the spirit of Notre Dame far among the English-speaking peoples.

The present administration and faculty of Notre Dame embraces about sixty professors, priests, brothers and laymen, at whose head is the rector, Rev. John Cavanaugh. The institution has now reached that point where its capacity in every direction is

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being drained to the last ounce. Its entire space is filled with students, professors and paraphernalia, and each department is crying for more room and more help. New dormitories are needed, new apparatus, new buildings. All the dreams of Father Sorin and his associates have come true. Perhaps the finest achievement of Notre Dame, beyond its physical growth, its popularity, its solution of problems, its peculiar distinction, and its local beauty, is the formation of the present faculty. For enthusiasm and work, for youth and devotion, they can hardly be surpassed. They are taking to authorship, a work which Catholic professors in America have as carefully avoided as their European brethren have boldly cultivated. A European professor who does not write a book or two is not highly considered; the Catholic American professor who does write a book is so rare that he gets little honor from it. The rectorship of Notre Dame is nobly filled by a worthy successor of the notable rectors of other days. Father Cavanaugh reflects the genial spirit of Notre Dame in his personality and method, and carries the heavy responsibility with dignity and spirit. He will preside at the celebration of the coming diamond jubilee, and welcome a thousand distinguished guests. He will give them the story of Notre Dame, and dwell upon its plans and its hopes for the future. The plans are made and ready for inspection: another thousand students, more dormitories, more professors, a new equipment, a new method of caring for the students still more effectively than before, and above all the preservation of that fine spirit which pervades and perfumes and illumines the place; the inheritance of ancient days, the priceless thing long ago held by the schools of Columba or Bede or Anselm, and now the iridescent glory of Notre Dame.

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# THE CONVERSION OF A "GODLESS" COLLEGE: IRISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY EDUCATION TODAY.

BY MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., D.LITT.

ON Sunday, November 5th, of last year, there occurred at Cork an event of much historical significance in the religious and educational history of Ireland. It was the opening of the new University College Chapel, dedicated in honor of St. Finn Barr, the Patron Saint of Cork, and founder of the celebrated monastery and school which flourished on the same spot from the seventh to the tenth century. To any thoughtful mind, which recalls the long and bitter struggle of the Irish nation for its liberty and educational rights, this incident, so seemingly small amid war and political troubles, is of profound import. It is the crowning act in the transition or conversion of the "godless" Queen's College, banned by the ecclesiastical authorities for two generations, into an institution of university rank, enjoying the full approbation of the Catholic Church. The college, which for nearly sixty years was under censure and disapproval, on account of its secularistic constitution and character, is now governed by a board which includes the Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishop of Cork and three other priests, four-fifths of the remaining members being Catholic laymen. Its President, Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, a considerable majority of the professors, and some ninety per cent of its students, are Catholics. Finally, by the munificent liberality of the late Miss Honan, it is now equipped with a generously endowed Catholic hostel, to which the new chapel is attached. There is a Royal Charter, signed by His Majesty, King George V., defining the conditions of the trust, and requiring the chaplain of the hostel to celebrate Mass in the chapel every morning during terms—we believe the first ordinance of the kind since the Protestant Reformation. The chapel itself, to the consideration of which we shall return later, will probably rank for generations to come as one of the most perfect specimens of revived Celtic art and architecture in the country, altogether it is a very happy and expressive symbol of the final triumph of the old Faith in a long, dark and dreary struggle.

The main features of that struggle are well known. During

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two centuries the most ingenious and cruel penal laws were employed to exclude from even the most elementary education the Catholic people of Ireland, who then formed nine-tenths of her population. The story of that period has been crystallized in the immortal stanza:

> Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge,
> Or stretched on mountain fern,
> The teacher and his pupil met
> Feloniously to learn.

However, by the close of the eighteenth century, it was realized that the weapon of direct persecution had hopelessly failed. It was found to be impossible to extinguish the Irish Papist schoolmaster, even by making a criminal of him, and equally futile to attempt the perversion of the nation by bribing it with richly endowed proselytizing schools. As the nineteenth century advanced it became also increasingly evident to the Government that education was no longer a luxury to be enjoyed solely by the better-off classes, but a necessity for the continued life and well-being of the State. With the victory of Emancipation, won in 1829 by O'Connell and the millions behind him, the Catholics of Ireland ceased to be helots. They acquired the status and legal rights of free citizens of the British Empire; but it still needed a long campaign to make these rights operative in many departments of life.

In education the first concession wrung from the British Government was the system of national primary education. Though in principle it was unsatisfactory, and in administration most unjust towards Catholic claims yet by degrees, through continuous fighting, amendments were worked into the original scheme, until though still containing serious defects, it has gradually become a tolerable system.

Over three-quarters of the nineteenth century had elapsed before the Government did anything whatsoever for Catholic secondary education. Whilst the wealthy Protestant minority, enriched originally through the confiscation of Catholic property, were in possession of a number of schools, also endowed out of the proceeds of Catholic spoliation, Catholic secondary education was left entirely to private effort, unassisted by any kind of State encouragement. At length, in 1878, an Act of Parliament was passed introducing a scheme of intermediate education, and allotting a sum at first of one hundred thousand dollars a year, raised

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subsequently to over double that amount, in aid of secondary schools both Catholic and Protestant alike.

The need of university education acceptable to Catholics remained still unsatisfied; indeed it became more acute in proportion as Catholic secondary schools and colleges improved. There existed since the reign of Elizabeth, Trinity College, or the University of Dublin, a thoroughly Protestant institution, which during a large part of the nineteenth century maintained religious tests designed to exclude Catholics. Even after these were removed the anti-Catholic spirit and atmosphere of the place remained as effective a barrier. This had been recognized and admitted by the British Government as early as 1845. In that year they made their first move towards meeting the Catholic claims for higher education by the establishment of three Queen's Colleges, designed to constitute the Queen's University. They were located in Cork, Galway and Belfast—this last to meet Presbyterian needs. They were admirably built, well-equipped and endowed with about sixty thousand dollars a year apiece.

But with the blundering which has marked almost invariably even the well-intentioned measures of the British Government in Ireland, the new institutions were founded on secularist principles, and staffed and launched in a manner that made their rejection by the Catholic Hierarchy inevitable. The outcome was that the ecclesiastical disapproval was, if anything, more acute in regard to them than to the formally Protestant University of Dublin. They were dubbed from the start the "godless" colleges, and as the century progressed their failure to meet the Catholic need of university education became only more and more evident. Thus down to 1880, the only university in Great Britain or Ireland capable of giving degrees recognized by the State, open to Catholics and free from episcopal censure, was the University of London—then merely an examining body.

The bishops had made the attempt to found a Catholic university in Dublin, presided over by Newman in 1854. But the absence of State recognition and legally valid degrees, as well as financial difficulties, doomed it to failure from the first. However, the effort and the sacrifices were not altogether vain, as it strengthened the force of the Catholic protest, and in addition left the nucleus of the future University College of Dublin in the form of the school in Stephen's Green. The next step was taken in 1879 by the Government establishing the Royal University, modeled

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largely on the London University, that is an examining and degree-giving body, but provided with twenty-four professors. These were bound to lecture at some existing institutions preparing students for degrees in the Royal University. Half of these were Catholics and were allotted to the school in St. Stephen's Green surviving from the Catholic University, which was then placed by the Irish Hierarchy under the management of the Jesuit Fathers, and called University College.

The result was that this institution, though heavily handicapped by want of equipment and insufficient endowment, speedily outdistanced the three Queen's Colleges and all other rivals in the quantity and quality of the degrees and distinctions won by its students in the Royal University examinations. This continued demonstration year after year of the flagrant injustice under which conscientious Catholics suffered, finally compelled the Government to make a real effort to meet the Catholic grievance, and led to the establishment in 1908 of the present National University.

The new institution absorbed the Examining Body, which constituted the Royal University, reformed and took over the two Queen's Colleges in Cork and Galway, and added a new college to be established in Dublin. These three colleges, henceforth styled the University Colleges of Dublin, Cork and Galway, constitute the National University. It is thus a Federal University. At the same time the Queen's College of Belfast was erected into a separate University to satisfy the Presbyterians and Protestants of Ulster.

In theory both new Universities were to be undenominational, but unlike their procedure on former occasions, the Government now took care that the management and staff of the National University and of the three colleges which were to form it, should be constituted in such a way as to secure the confidence of the Catholics. On the first senate of the University, which was nominated by the Government, if my memory is correct, twenty-three out of twenty-eight members were Catholics, including two Archbishops and three priests. In future the senate will be elected, but as the electors will be overwhelmingly Catholic, its Catholic character is safe. It has, in fact, at its first free election, chosen Archbishop Walsh as Chancellor of the University. The Governing Board of the new University College in Dublin was constructed on the same lines, containing twenty-seven Catholics and three Protestants. The great majority of the professors, including all the professors of philosophy, are also Catholics. Of the students in attendance, who

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number nearly a thousand, about ninety-six per cent are Catholics. The State endowment allotted to this Dublin College is about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, which with the students' fees makes a total revenue of about two hundred thousand dollars a year. Six hundred thousand dollars were allotted for the building of the new Dublin College, which is still in process of construction. The management of the Cork and Galway Colleges was transformed in the same direction, and as they are located in more purely Catholic districts, this Catholic character should tend in the future to become, if anything, even more marked.

As, however, the new University was by statute undenominational, no public moneys could be allotted for a theological faculty, or to provide a chapel, or any form of religious instruction or worship. At the same time the constitution of the University and the three constituent Colleges is quite consistent with the acceptance of provisions for such matters from private sources. And experience already goes to show that a satisfactory institution for higher education being once secured to Catholics, the old charitable instinct of the Pious Founder, which established and supported so large a part of the educational machinery of the Middle Ages, will, as times goes on, provide liberally for the religious needs and the specifically Catholic teaching of the University. For, provision for the religious side of higher education has always been deemed one of the worthiest and most fruitful fields for Catholic charity and zeal.

In connection with the Dublin College a legacy of a considerable amount, left by a Dublin merchant to the Jesuit Fathers, was devoted to the building of a hostel, capable of lodging some sixty Catholic students; and in 1912 steps were taken by the Hierarchy towards the establishment of a lectureship in theology, Father Peter Finlay, S.J., being appointed to the office. These are, it is true, merely small beginnings, but as the College is only eight years old, and only part of its own building yet erected, we may hope that gradually, as in the history of the great mediæval universities, there will come into existence a well-equipped and well-endowed faculty of theology, worthy of the city of Dublin and of the National University of Ireland.

In Cork the munificent bequest of the late Miss Honan, to part of which the recently-opened college chapel there is due, proves still more clearly that private Catholic beneficence will in time provide generously for the religious interests of the University. Al-

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though naturally the State endowment there is considerably smaller, Cork possessed the advantage over Dublin, that it had already in existence the fine set of buildings of the Queen's College with their large and handsome grounds. Even the edifice of a hostel was already available there, having been erected formerly for Protestant students. These latter had become too few to occupy it, and accordingly it was secured at a very moderate price, first by the Franciscans and subsequently from them by the Honan trustees.

The Cork College also enjoyed singular good fortune in possessing at this period as its President, Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, with whose able and brilliant writing in defence of religion the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are familiar; a man of great energy, of exceptional administrative talent, of distinguished scientific attainments and an earnest Catholic, he was peculiarly qualified to direct the College in the transition from the old status to the new. Though born of Protestant parents, he inherited strong Irish sympathies on his mother's side. Educated in part at Kingstown school, in part at Ripton, he passed through an extremely brilliant university course in Trinity College, Dublin, taking the degrees of M.A., M.D., and D.Sc. with the highest honors. Subsequently, he held the chair of Anatomy and Anthropology and became dean of the faculty at the University of Birmingham; and whilst there he gained the coveted distinction of F.R.S. Meantime the fundamental philosophical and theological problems of religion had been exerting an ever-increasing pressure on his mind, and by 1883 he had come to the conclusion that the only adequate solution for them was to be found in the Catholic Faith, and in that year he was received into the Church. From that time he has been constantly working for the advance of Catholic educational interests.

In 1904 the Presidency of Cork Queen's College was offered to Professor Windle, and in view of the approaching changes to meet the Catholic claims he accepted. He was made a member of the Government Commission appointed to draft the statutes of the new University, and was thus intimately instrumental in carrying out the conversion of the old "godless" Queen's College to its present status. In this reformed condition, as we observed at the beginning, the College contains on its governing board the Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishop of Cork and three other priests, whilst eight out of ten of the remaining members are Catholic laymen. During Sir Bertram Windle's presidency the material equipment of the College has also been much improved, and it now possesses nine

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admirably furnished laboratories devoted to the various branches of science, three of these having been recently built, or reconstructed, out of funds supplied by the State, or by private benefactions.

Chief among the benefactors so far have been the Honan family, wealthy people of the city of Cork. Already three valuable scholarships and one of the new laboratories had been provided by this family. But further, at her death some years ago the late Miss Isabella Honan bequeathed a large sum of money to be devoted to the interests of Catholic education in Cork, leaving to her friend and executor, Sir John O'Connell, LL.D., the decision of the best method of expending the money. After conference with Sir Bertram Windle, he decided that he could not carry out the intentions of the pious donor more usefully than by allotting the main part of the legacy to the foundation and endowment of a hostel for Catholic students, and applying the remainder, about fifty thousand dollars, to the erection of a chapel that would, even in its material structure, worthily represent the interests of religion alongside the handsome set of buildings devoted to art and science in the College grounds. And this object has now been admirably achieved.

Sir John O'Connell is a man of a highly cultivated taste, with an enthusiastic love for Irish history, literature and art. He resolved that the chapel should be in every way worthy of the purpose for which it was intended, but also should be characteristically Irish in every detail. "It was obvious," he tells us, in the excellent little work which describes the chapel and narrates the story of its construction, "that for a chapel which was to be set up almost on the very spot where St. Finn Barr had marked off his caseal and had set up his monastery and school—for a chapel, moreover, in which the Catholic youth of Munster would day after day for generations to come assemble for prayer and praise, there could be only one style of building possible, that which should remind them in its form and in its decoration of that precious heritage which had been handed down to them from and bound them to the past. Such an ideal could only find its material expression in the Hiberno-Romanesque chapel, such as our forefathers built all over Ireland in and about the eleventh century."[1]

And the architect, J. McMullen, has been singularly successful in producing a masterpiece in this Celtic style. Moreover, every detail of the structure, of its decoration and even of its furniture,

[1] *The Honan Hostel Chapel.* By Sir J. O'Connell, p. 22.

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down to the beautiful binding of the missals, the illumination of the altar cards, and the embroidery of the vestments, have all been planned with most loving and ingenious solicitude in relation to the central governing idea of the edifice. The history of the grand epoch of the Irish Church is painted in the beautiful stained glass windows, which contain the most celebrated Irish saints and tell their lives; whilst the golden age of Irish art is reproduced in the fabric and its adornment. And every bit of the work has been designed by living Irish artists and executed by Irish craftsmen. Thus after the long and bitter struggles of Catholic Ireland for higher education the Honan chapel worthily symbolizes and crowns the triumphs of the Faith which Finn Barr taught on that very spot thirteen centuries ago.

And that triumph has a very real practical value. It is true that the new University, being in theory undenominational, does not satisfy the full just claims of a Catholic nation. Still in view of the difficulties surrounding the question a better solution was not easy to find, and certainly the gain to the Catholic youth of Ireland is evident. Whereas, a generation ago Irish Catholics were debarred from higher education by the influences hostile to their religion which dominated every university institution in the country, and compelled ecclesiastical superiors to declare them dangerous to faith, today there is open to Catholic students the National University with its three Colleges, having a State endowment of three hundred thousand dollars a year, and including on the governing body of each College the Archbishop of the Province and the Bishop of the city in which the College stands. A large and increasing majority of the professors are Catholics, and of nearly sixteen hundred students attending the courses probably over fourteen hundred are of the same Faith.

Moreover, the education given by the University, which reaches the highest standard in the various faculties, arts, science, law, medicine, engineering and commerce, is extremely cheap—a very important matter in a country like Ireland which is not rich. The fee for board and residence in the Honan hostel in Cork for the scholastic year is only one hundred and sixty dollars. The fees for the lectures and laboratories would add from fifty to eighty dollars more, so that the expenses of an economic student need not much exceed fifty pounds or two hundred and fifty dollars. In Galway living is even cheaper, though in Dublin it is somewhat dearer. Further, an important feature is the large number of scholarships offered

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for competition by the University and the County Councils, substantially covering the whole cost of a student's university course. Accordingly, considering what Catholic Irishmen, heavily handicapped as they were, achieved by their brains in the past, we may reasonably entertain good hopes of their success in the future.

And as the popular memory in a democratic age is not very enduring, it may not be out of place at the present time to recall the fact that Mr. A. Birrell was the statesman who accomplished this solution of the Irish university question. Mr. Gladstone, the greatest liberal Prime Minister of the nineteenth century, at the zenith of his power, tried his hand and wrecked his Government on it in vain. Mr. Balfour, as leader of the conservative party, again and again publicly confessed the reality of this Irish Catholic grievance, and fostered hopes that he would remove the injustice, but whenever it came to the point of practical action he timidly shrank back. Finally, it was Mr. Birrell, to whose alleged timidity and weakness of government the catastrophe of last Easter week in Dublin was ascribed by his opponents, who had the courage to face the opposition not only of the Orange faction, but of his own non-Conformist supporters, and the energy and skill successfully to carry through this valuable installment of justice to Ireland.

The State has now very tolerably furnished the new University in regard to secular science, and launched it on lines acceptable to the Catholic Church. There remains open, however, to the munificent charity and patriotism of wealthy Irish Catholics, who love their country and their Faith, a fertile field for their zeal and generosity during the years to come, providing a liberal and abundant equipment for the specifically Catholic interests and religious functions of the new National University of Ireland.

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# EUGENICS AND THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE.

A DECISION given in the Supreme Court of New York last July by Mr. Justice Goff against the Binet test of mental deficiency, is a blow struck against one of the most detestable tyrannies with which we are threatened in the name of modern sociology. In the particular case which Mr. Justice Goff pronounced upon, an application was made by the authorities of a home of refuge to have a young woman committed to a custodial institution for the feeble-minded. As proof that the young woman was feeble-minded, the authorities of the refuge home relied upon what is known as the Binet test of mental deficiency. The judge refused to accept this test as sufficiently reliable. "All criteria of mental capacity are artificial," he declared, "and the deductions therefrom necessarily lack verity and must be to a great extent founded on conjecture." The young woman was twenty-one years old, but the Binet examiners pronounced her "mental age" to be nine years, meaning that she had the mental capacity found in a normal child nine years old. The judge refused to accept this grading, saying: "Standardizing the mind is as futile as standardizing electricity, and the votaries of science or pseudo-science are in their enthusiasm apt to confound theory with fact, and to reach conclusions that will accord with their prepossessions. The law, however, is made by men to apply to the human concrete, and while it welcomes and avails of the knowledge of science, it holds fast to proven fact."

The criticism of the judge touches the weak spot, not only in the eugenist treatment of the feeble-minded, but the "scientific" procedure of a great deal of current philanthropy. The "laws" of sociology are merely generalizations; they are essentially abstractions, but if they are to be applied to individuals at all, they must be applied to the concrete, and in this they are radically unsafe. "Probability is the foundation of eugenics," said Galton, the founder of eugenics in its modern scientific form. But probability is not enough as a basis for action when the life or liberty of an individual is to be taken away. We may consider, as an instance, Galton's famous "Law of Ancestral Inheritance." This law was an



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attempt to state the proportionate contributions of ancestors of different generations to the sum total of characters in an individual. Thus Galton calculated that one-half of the inherited characters in an individual came direct from his parents, one-quarter from the grandparents, one-eighth from the great-grandparents, and so on in a series adding up to unity. But, according to the Galtonians, this is only a statistical, not a physiological law. The individual receives, *on the average,* one-half of his inherited qualities from his parents, one-quarter from his grandparents, and so on; but of no particular individual can it be said that the law is true. This distinction between a statistical and a physiological law makes all the difference between a law that can be acted on in concrete cases and a law that cannot; yet it is a distinction constantly forgotten by sociologists who lay down policies based upon generalizations drawn from case-records.

The question of the treatment of the feeble-minded is most important in itself, and it is exceptionally instructive as an illustration of the fashionable "scientific" treatment of social questions. There has been much talk of eugenics amongst Catholics, but we have been prone to fix our attention on its more impossible and absurd claims, and we have felt satisfied in laughing it out of court therefor. There is no danger that the human race will put itself under the government of genetists in all matters pertaining to marriage and parenthood. There is little chance that what is called "positive eugenics" will ever have any wide application; but there is a real and even immediate danger from "negative eugenics." Positive eugenics means measures for promoting parenthood amongst the "fit" classes of society; negative eugenics means the prevention of parenthood amongst the "unfit." The reason why positive eugenics has less chance of favorable acceptance than the negative kind is that the fit classes are strong, and can resist the application of eugenist measures to them; whilst the "unfit" are the weak and defenceless upon whom experiments can be safely practised in the sacred name of race regeneration.

It is with regard to the mentally deficient, the feeble-minded, that there is most danger of an anti-Christian and inhuman policy being adopted by law. The policy now widely advocated by secular scientific philanthropy is the sterilization of the feeble-minded. In advocacy of the policy, it is asserted that a great part of crime, immorality, drunkenness, truancy, and everything else that is bad is due to mental defect. It is also asserted, and this is the crux of

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the matter, that mental defect is in most cases definitely inherited. The usual estimate put forward by the advocates of sterilization is that eighty per cent of all cases of feeble-mindedness is due to heredity. Therefore it is argued that if the feeble-minded are prevented from becoming parents the proportion of feeble-mindedness in the next generation will be reduced by about four-fifths, and the consequent reduction in crime, prostitution, alcoholism, etc., it is calculated, will be anything from fifty to ninety per cent.

It is on the strength of unproved and most doubtful theories that the race regenerators propose to deprive of the rights of liberty and marriage those whom they are pleased to label as feeble-minded. It is not always proposed to sterilize the feeble-minded by surgical means, but segregation, or "permanent custodial care," meaning life imprisonment, is put forward looking to the same end. In all the scientific discussions of the "treatment of the unfit" the rights of the poor people themselves are left out of account. The one test of right policy is "the good of the community," which often means merely the saving of public money.

Before bringing Catholic ethical principles to bear upon these proposals, let us examine them purely in the light of science and logic. Let us see what assumptions are involved in the advocacy of the segregation, to say nothing of surgical sterilization, of the feeble-minded. In the first place, we have to settle upon a definition of feeble-mindedness. Mental ability exists in all grades from the highest to the lowest. Where are we to fix the line between the normal and the defective? After we have got a *definition* we still want a *test* of feeble-mindedness. When we have agreed as to the grade of mentality below which a person is to be ranked as defective, we have still to ascertain to which grade a particular person belongs. This distinction between the definition of feeble-mindedness and the test of the same, must be clearly recognized. When we are agreed upon our definition and our test we have still another task before us, we have to find out whether a particular case of defect is inherited or acquired. It is admitted that there are a thousand and one causes, operating both before and after birth, which may result in mental defect, and mental defect so caused will not be inherited and therefore is not transmissible. And when the defect is not hereditary there is no call for segregation designed to prevent parentage. We might go on and specify other difficulties facing the eugenist before he can, even on his own principles, give the evidence required to justify the condemnation of any particular human being

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to segregation. But sufficient for the day are these three points, the definition, the test, and the determination of the hereditary or acquired character of feeble-mindedness.

As for the definition of feeble-mindedness, the one given by the Royal College of Physicians, adopted by the British Parliament, and accepted generally by scientific men, is as follows: "A feeble-minded person is one who is capable of earning his living under favorable circumstances, but is incapable from mental defect arising from birth or from an early age (a) of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows, or (b) of managing his affairs with ordinary prudence."

Another definition is given by Dr. H. H. Goddard in his book *Feeble-Mindedness; Its Causes or Consequences*:[1] "A state of mental defect existing from birth or from an early age and due to incomplete or abnormal development, in consequence of which the person affected is incapable of performing his duties as a member of society in the position of life to which he is born."

Dr. Goddard is the most prominent American authority on the subject of feeble-mindedness. His views may fairly be taken as representative of the scientific school which is dominant today. It will be noted that Dr. Goddard's definition makes feeble-mindedness relative to social position. A person with sufficient money to live without working for his bread and butter would not be feeble-minded, whilst a poorer person of exactly the same grade of intelligence would be feeble-minded merely because his livelihood depended on his own efforts. We may, however, ignore Dr. Goddard's supplementary definition and confine our attention to that of the Royal College of Physicians. It is obvious that a feeble-minded person may be well above the rank of an idiot or imbecile. The definition would brand as feeble-minded Francis Thompson, who used absent-mindedly to throw money orders into the fire when he was penniless and starving. Many men of genius have been unable to manage their affairs with ordinary prudence, and therefore they ought, according to the definition, be classified as feeble-minded, and according to the eugenists they ought to have been segregated and sterilized. If the definition be amended to make an exception for men of genius it still remains formidable. For it makes the test of feeble-mindedness the capacity to compete on equal terms with the normal-minded. Now, as already said, mental ability exists in all grades from the lowest to the highest, from the

[1] New York: The Macmillan Co. 1914.

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imbecile to the genius. To mark off a certain grade of ability and say that all above it are normal, and all below it are defective, is a perfectly arbitrary proceeding. Or if not arbitrary it is to make feeble-mindedness relative to environment. This is what Dr. Goddard, M. Binet, and others of their school actually do. Says Dr. Goddard:

> Strictly speaking, a feeble-minded person is not one who lacks intelligence, but one who lacks a particular degree of intelligence. The level is not fixed arbitrarily but by the social necessity.....Intelligence is thus relative.....The degree of intelligence that marks the line between the feeble-minded person and the normal has been defined as that degree below which the possessor cannot manage his affairs with ordinary prudence. Now it is the environment which determines how he must manage himself and what affairs it is necessary for him to control. In consequence of this it happens that a man may be intelligent in one environment and unintelligent in another. It is this point which Binet has illustrated by saying that a French peasant may be normal in a rural community but feeble-minded in Paris. The peasant life is simple, the environment requires little adjustment. In Paris all is different, all is complicated and requires the highest functioning of certain mental powers in order to enable one to adapt oneself.[2]

It is important to understand who are meant by the feeble-minded; otherwise we cannot appreciate the gravity of the proposals to deprive these persons of fundamental human rights. According to the definition, the more society "progresses" the more complex life becomes, the higher will be the standard of intelligence required to be considered normal, and the greater will be the proportion of feeble-minded to segregate or sterilize. Apparently the standard of normality now set is the capacity to earn a living. But what is a living? A living may mean nothing more than physical subsistence, but there is no reason why the capacity to earn a living of a very high standard should not be required, so that none but the supermen will be considered normal.

The eugenists have some difficulty in putting their programme into effect because of the difficulty of finding a satisfactory test of feeble-mindedness. The test is not the same thing as the definition. We may say that all below a certain grade of mentality are feeble-minded, but we have to ascertain by a test what is the grade of a

[2] *Feeble-Mindedness; Its Causes or Consequences*, p. 573.

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particular person. Many tests have been devised and the one that received the greatest vogue was that of the French psychologist, Alfred Binet, who in collaboration with Dr. Thomas Simon worked out a "measuring scale for intelligence." A series of tests, adapted to children of different ages, in the form of questions for answer, sentences and rows of figures to be repeated, pictures for description, etc., comprises the scale. The Binet test was adopted and approved widely in the United States. It was praised with the greatest enthusiasm by such an authority as Dr. Goddard; but it is now becoming discredited even among its former advocates. Last year there was an inquiry into feeble-mindedness in Cleveland, Ohio, conducted by Professor Mitchel of the University of Pennsylvania. The Binet test was applied, and it showed that there were sixteen hundred feeble-minded children in the schools of the city. This was distressing, but later the test was applied to the principals of the schools, and six of them failed to pass! The teachers failed to pass tests upon which children had been pronounced feeble-minded. The Cleveland School Board did not pronounce the teachers feeble-minded, but it pronounced the Binet test a failure. In other cities, some of the most successful professional and commercial men have failed to pass the test. No wonder Judge Goff rejected as untrustworthy the Binet criteria of mental ability.

The next stumbling-block for the eugenist is the difficulty of ascertaining whether feeble-mindedness in a particular person is hereditary or acquired. If it is acquired it is not of eugenic interest at all, for it will not be transmitted to offspring, and there is no reason for refusing the right of marriage to a person whose defect is not hereditary. There is only one way of judging whether a particular case of feeble-mindedness is hereditary, and that is by finding out whether there are, or have been, other cases of defect in the family. If a parent of a feeble-minded child is defective, or a brother or a sister, or one or two more distant relations as uncles or grandmothers, are defective, the case is assumed to be one of hereditary defect. But obviously this assumption lacks certainty. The feeble-mindedness of a child of sub-normal parents may be acquired, and not inherited. The children of normal parents are exposed, both before and after birth, to accidents that cause feeble-mindedness; and the children of defective parents are still more exposed to the dangers that come from neglect and incompetence, and they are more likely than others to acquire defects. It is admitted that defective parents often have normal children, and it is

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also admitted that there are innumerable causes of mental defect, other than heredity. We must demur, therefore, to the assumption that feeble-mindedness in the child of a feeble-minded parent is always inherited and transmissible.

A still greater objection to the easy assumption of heredity lies in the fact that there is often no real evidence of the mental condition of the family. The conclusions of Dr. Goddard on the proportion of feeble-mindedness due to heredity are based upon data that is untrustworthy. The brothers, sisters, parents, uncles, aunts, grandparents, great-grandparents, and other relatives of the feeble-minded children at the institution[8] with which Dr. Goddard is connected, have not had their mentality tested by the Binet scale or any other scientific means in the majority of cases. The evidence of the family physicians was rejected by Dr. Goddard as unreliable because of "lack of frankness." Upon what evidence did Dr. Goddard depend? He sent out a young lady called a "field worker" to interview all the accessible relatives of a feeble-minded child. The field worker was instructed to direct the conversation in these interviews along special lines, so as to bring out facts in regard to any member of the family who might be insane, feeble-minded, alcoholic, dependent on charity, or in any other abnormal condition. The field worker had to determine by this method the mentality of the persons she saw, and also of many persons she did not see. It is not surprising to learn from Dr. Goddard that in some cases this determination was not easy. But he assures us that it is a mistake to think that it is not possible to determine the mentality of persons three or four generations back. Dr. Goddard says:

> The idea that it is impossible to determine the mentality of persons three or four generations back is partly an ill-considered one, and partly the result of erroneous logic. One says, "I don't know my own grandparents, and as for my great-grandparents I do not even know their names." And the implied argument is, "if a person as intelligent as I am does not know his grandparents how can these ignorant defectives know theirs?" The argument is fallacious throughout. To begin with, family ties are often much closer with these defectives than with more intelligent people who are often too busy to keep up these relationships; the defectives are more apt to remain for generations in the same community, while the intelligent migrate and so leave their ancestors.....Again, the

[8] The Training School for Feeble-Minded Boys and Girls of Vineland, N. J.

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> fact that I do not know my ancestors does not prove that no one living knows them.....Further, three generations back is easy, and six is not impossible.....Physicians conclude on evidence infinitely weaker than Napoleon, Julius Cæsar and St. Paul were epileptic.[4]

The person who will accept evidence of the kind that satisfies Dr. Goddard, is an enthusiast with whom there can be no argument. If it is admittedly often difficult to a professional alienist to determine the mentality of a person under his direct observation, how can any safe conclusions be based on the second-hand or sixth-hand impressions of a field worker interviewing ignorant and often unintelligent persons about other persons whom neither the interviewer nor the interviewed has ever seen? If the eugenist theories of heredity and feeble-mindedness were put forward only speculatively, they would be interesting and they might be harmless. But they are put forward in support of a practical policy, namely, the sterilization of the feeble-minded. Sometimes it is proposed to sterilize by such means as vasectomy; sometimes by lifelong segregation of the sexes. The question that is at issue is one of human rights. We need not discuss surgical sterilization, for there will be no argument about that among Catholics. But segregation is another matter. It cannot be denied that a person afflicted with mental defect in a certain degree may, in his own interests and for the good of the community, be lawfully restrained from marriage. A hopeless lunatic, incapable of an elementary understanding of the nature of marriage, is incapable of marriage, and therefore has no right to marriage. To deny marriage to such a man is not to deprive him of his natural right, for the natural conditions that make the right do not exist in his case. By the same reasoning it may be lawful to deny the right of marriage to the lowest grades of the feeble-minded. What degree of mental defect is sufficient to justify a prohibition of marriage is a question that must be specifically determined. But it is safe to say that the current proposals for sterilization or segregation of the feeble-minded are utterly at variance with Catholic ethical teaching on individual rights. The Catholic position is, of course, that first consideration must be given to the natural rights of the individual. The sacredness of the individual does not depend upon his economic value to society, and the individual does not cease to have human

[4] *Feeble-Mindedness; Its Causes or Consequences*, p. 27.

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rights because he suffers from mental or physical defects. Among the most fundamental of human rights is the right to marriage, and this carries with it, in the Catholic if not in the eugenist view, the right to parenthood. The State can never deprive an innocent man or woman of this right. It is true that mental or physical defect may exist in such a degree as to make a person incapable of the right, but if the State is going to restrain persons from marriage it is bound to take the greatest care that the restraint does not apply to persons who ought not to be subjected to such a disability. For this reason it is necessary to examine rigorously the definition, the test, and the modes of ascertaining the hereditary character of feeble-mindedness. Whatever eugenists may think, public opinion in this country is not yet inhuman enough to consent to the segregation of all those who are feeble-minded, according to the definition of the Royal College of Physicians. Moreover, it is comforting to know that segregation of all the feeble-minded is impossible because the cost would be prohibitive. Dr. Goddard estimates that there are between three and four hundred thousand feeble-minded persons in the United States. No test of feeble-mindedness yet discovered is sufficiently reliable to justify us in condemning children to lifelong segregation, and there is still less reason for pretending to be able to determine in concrete cases whether or not the defect is hereditary, and therefore transmissible. If it is not transmissible the whole eugenic case for sterilization is gone.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident," said the framers of the American Declaration of Independence: "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The eugenists, with their division of humanity into the "fit" and "unfit" deny the fundamental principle of the American Constitution. They take it upon themselves to say who shall have life and liberty, who shall marry and have children, and who shall be denied these human rights, who shall be treated as belonging to stocks that society must exterminate. There is a certain amount of political support behind the proposal to sterilize the feeble-minded which makes it immediately dangerous; but the same scientific arguments in favor of this treatment of the feeble-minded are applied by the eugenist theorists, with equal logic, to the deaf, the epileptic, and other classes of the afflicted whose unfitness is alleged to be hereditary.

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The eugenist programme is unscientific because its application depends mainly not upon certain knowledge but upon guesswork; it is impolitic because it could not be carried out completely, but only partially, in a manner that would cause a maximum of hardship to individuals and a minimum of benefit to the State; and it is unethical because it sets up a purely animal standard of "fitness" and it violates individual rights. It makes society not a brotherhood for mutual help, but a selfish combine in which the strong get rid of the weak as an encumbrance. No society that acts on such a principle of egotism can have a healthy life, for to follow such a programme would be to outrage the very nature of man. The theories which assume "unfit" stocks in humanity ignore the great, though incalculable natural powers of the free human will, as well as the regenerative efficacy of Divine Grace.

No one will question the gravity of the social problem of feeble-mindedness and the need for some solution. No one will say that because mind-measuring tests are futile, it is never possible to determine feeble-mindedness. It would be foolish to deny that there are many persons so feeble-minded as to need institutional care, and for whom voluntary celibacy is better than marriage. But those who are careful of human rights will resist the agitation for the compulsory segregation and sterilization of alleged feeble-minded persons on the eugenist ground that otherwise such persons might get married, and then they might have children who might be feeble-minded and who might therefore become a burden on the community. That kind of outrage on human rights in the name of social benefit is what Christianity has fought against since the days of pagan Rome.

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# OUR NEW ISLANDS.

BY M. R. RYAN.

A WAR was responsible for the initial negotiations between our Government and Denmark in the purchase of the Danish Islands in the Caribbean. Today indications point to the present great conflict as having been instrumental in aiding us at length to acquire them. And we have bought them solely with the thought of a possible future war before us!

St. Thomas, St. John, St. Croix are three small islands, yet in the world of diplomacy they have loomed in gigantic proportions, and have made for grave international discussions.

During the Civil War some of our naval officers complained of the lack of a station in the Antilles. Without a base there for supplies, coaling, repairs and the like, the service found itself badly handicapped in its task of dealing with carriers of contraband and blockade-runners.

Now, the complaints and recommendations of navy men frequently receive but the most casual governmental attention. As Mr. Miller, of Delaware, observed in the House last year while speaking on the Naval Appropriation Bill: "Nobody hires experts in business and then ignores their advice in the manner in which Congress treats the advice of our naval experts. We often hear the remark that the mere fact of a naval board of officers advising something is a good reason why it should be turned down."

Fortunately, the official representations regarding a naval station in the Caribbean received no such summary treatment during the Lincoln administration. In January, 1865, Lincoln directed Seward to approach General Raasloff, the Danish Minister at Washington, with an offer to buy the Danish Islands. The eminent Secretary met with no success in this mission. But determined to carry the plan to completion, he finally insisted that Raasloff present the offer to the Danish Government. Through his very persistence, however, he made an enemy of the General; and after an unfavorable report from the latter, Denmark rejected the offer.

Seward was an exponent of the "try, try again" theory. The month of December, 1865, saw a new ministry in Copenhagen—a ministry friendly towards the Secretary's wishes. Seward, there-

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fore, reopened the purchase proposition; and presently he was apprised that the Danish Government was willing to begin negotiations. Having personally estimated the worth of the islands, he offered five millions in gold for the three. It was a good price, and Denmark at that time needed gold for home defences. Yet suddenly she balked at selling. Prussia and France had stepped into the scene! To Prussia and Austria, in 1864, Denmark, after a brief war, ceded the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, Prussia taking the former and Austria the latter. In less than two years, however, Prussia was at swords' points with her old ally, and delayed not in moving her troops into Holstein. Denmark, fearful that any disposal of the islands at that time might displease the all-powerful Prussia, concluded to wait until Austria and Prussia had adjusted their difficulties before acting on the sale. She hoped that with Prussia in an amicable mood, the transfer might be managed in a fashion acceptable to all the countries concerned.

As for France—scarcely had our Government begun to deal with Denmark, when the empire put in a claim for the island of St. Croix, on the grounds that Denmark was breaking the purchase agreement she had entered into with the Knights of Malta, from whom she had bought it in 1733. The agreement was that Denmark would never alienate it unless France consented. Of course, France stood in a glass house, as it were. In the instance of Louisiana, had she not made a like promise to Spain and later disregarded it when she signed the territory over to us? Nevertheless, indifferent to consequences, she threw the stone, and pointed out that Denmark must either retain St. Croix or surrender it to her. Little Denmark could no more afford to offend Louis Napoleon than Bismarck. So the sale episode was practically at an end.

Again in the spring of 1867, Denmark, on her own initiative, advised our State Department that she was ready to dispose of St. John and St. Thomas for ten millions, and of St. Croix (providing France would interpose no objection) for five millions. Denmark added, however, this stipulation: that the proposed sale must prove satisfactory both to the Danish Parliament and the people of the Islands. Seward, in reply offered one-half the designated sum, but he strenuously opposed a vote of the islanders on the question, for he desired that Congress, in the event of the acquisition of the Islands, be free to fix their status without any interference from the dwellers thereon. He held that if the wishes of the latter were recognized before the sale, they must necessarily be recognized after, should

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statehood be demanded, for example. Denmark, however, stood firm with regard to this stipulation. However, she lowered her sale price to $3,750,000 for each island.

Seward could do no better. In the fall of that same year a treaty was drawn up, by which we were to purchase St. Thomas and St. John. St. Croix was not included, for the simple reason that our Government realized that Louis Napoleon would not agree to the transfer. As to the island plebiscite, Seward, in private, consented to its being taken, though he permitted no reference to it to be made in the treaty.

This treaty was ratified by the Danish Parliament. The island vote was taken, and it was favorable to the United States. But our own Senate proceeded to ignore it. The anti-expansionist won the day. Moreover, Sumner, the Chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, and some other leaders, had put themselves in opposition to President Johnson and Secretary of State Seward, and as a result the treaty was pigeonholed.

As a consequence of the Senate's attitude, this country was then in an extremely unenviable position from a diplomatic point of view. We were standing for this principle: no foreign Power could transfer its possessions in or about this continent to another foreign Power; should a Power be desirous of ridding itself of any such possessions, it must either declare them independent or turn them over to us, the natural inference being that we would be glad to secure them and to pay a reasonable price for the privilege. Yet in this case, the Senate said in effect to the Danish Parliament: "Gentlemen, we will not buy; neither may you sell. Object at your peril!"

Luckily for us, Denmark did not press the point. She allowed the perturbed Seward an extension of time for ratification of the treaty; to Fish, the next Secretary of State, she gave another such extension. But finally, the treaty lapsed.

In 1892, Denmark intimated to the American Minister to Copenhagen that the Islands in the Antilles were again for sale. Now, the President of the moment, Harrison, was indeed anxious to annex the group. His successor, Cleveland, had, however, been already elected; and Cleveland's sentiments did not at all incline towards the purchase. So, since no negotiations could be completed before the incoming executive's inauguration, Harrison was obliged to decline to consider the matter.

But the upkeep of the islands had become exceedingly expen-

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sive for Denmark, and in 1896 she again proposed their sale to the Cleveland Cabinet. The United States Government declined, however, to entertain it.

In 1901, the question of sale again came before the Secretary of State, John Hay. Hay favored the purchase, and in January, 1902, an agreement was reached with Denmark whereby we were to purchase the three Islands (France having withdrawn her claim to St. Croix) for five million dollars. The Danish Government was satisfied to accept a lesser price than it had first demanded, because the Islands had depreciated in value through business competition, and were accounted worthless to the distant mother country.

Our Senate confirmed the treaty the following February, and the Lower House of the Danish Parliament did likewise. Its Upper House, however, defeated it. This was the period when the understanding was that Germany was planning to become a power in the "American Mediterranean." Our presence there, would, obviously, have caused complications. So intense was Germany's disapproval of the treaty, therefore, that a sufficient number of the Danish Upper House, out of friendliness for her, succeeded in killing it.

But, last year, interest in the treaty question was once more revived. And finally, as in 1902, a treaty was ratified by the United States Senate and the Lower House of the Danish Parliament. Also, as in 1902, the Upper House rejected it. However, this rejection did not invalidate the treaty, and M. Zahle, Denmark's Premier, determined to force it through to ratification.

Before it was presented to Parliament, he announced that he would resign should it fail of carriage. So, upon the Upper House rejecting it, he threatened to resign his portfolio at once, thus dissolve Parliament, and compel an election, in which the sale of the Islands would be the principal issue. Undoubtedly such a course on the part of M. Zahle would have precipitated a crisis in the kingdom. For to this issue another probably would have been coupled—that of Danish neutrality. That the people of Denmark, as a whole, are not pining to do battle with the mighty armies of the adjoining empire, goes without saying. Yet, within the kingdom there is present an element, so incensed against Germany, so reckless of disaster and displeased with the Government's foreign policy, that would not hesitate so to arouse the country during a national election that peace would be no longer possible.

Public sentiment, then, was effective in persuading M. Zahle

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to retain his high office. But it was necessary for the Conservative Party and the Left which had opposed M. Zahle, to agree upon a compromise. By mutual arrangement, committees of fifteen from both the Upper and Lower Houses considered the proposed sale and all its details, and speedily reported favorably upon it. The issue was then presented to the country in the form of a referendum, the vote resulting in a victory for the Premier; and in January, 1917, the disposal of the Islands was effected.

So today the Stars and Stripes are floating over St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix. The population of all three Islands, according to the census of 1901, is thirty-one thousand. We have paid twenty-five millions for the group; five times as much as Seward first offered. In this connection it is interesting to note that we gave for Alaska less than two cents an acre, for the Canal Zone about thirty-six dollars an acre, and for the Danish West Indies two hundred and ninety-five dollars an acre.

Are the Islands worth it? Our navy officers believe they are. For in case of war this tiny group would hold the strategical key to South America. Its harbors would prove invaluable for stations for our men-of-war. Coral Bay in St. John has the reputation of being hurricane-proof. And Charlotte Amalia, on St. Thomas, might easily be fortified into a second Gibraltar, according to naval experts. From an agricultural standpoint alone, the Islands are of considerable value. St. Croix produces fine crops of sugar cane, and the best bay oil of the West Indies is shipped from St. John. Probably with the introduction of American capital the output of the entire group will be materially increased.

The Islands are tropical, fragrant, and colorful. Travelers aver that Charlotte Amalia, with its purple and red-roofed houses climbing the hills and its turquoise bay, is one of the most picturesque spots in the Antilles. Twenty-five millions is a vast sum of money. Yet if it has secured for us both a magnificent naval base and the beautiful St. Croix, surely we may flatter ourselves that we have made an excellent bargain. To the islanders themselves the United States Government gave the privilege of renaming the Islands after they were purchased by our country. It is gratifying to know that they have chosen to call them "The Virgin Islands"—the title first given to them by Columbus on his second voyage to America in 1494, and originally bestowed on the Islands in honor of St. Ursula and her companions.

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# THE LITERACY TEST.

BY T. J. BRENNAN, S.T.L.

"I cannot rid myself of the conviction that the literacy test constitutes a radical change in the policy of the nation which is not justified in principle. It is not a test of character, of quality, or of personal fitness, but would operate in most cases merely as a penalty for lack of opportunity in the country from which the alien seeking admission came."—*President Wilson.*

THE words quoted are from President Wilson's comments when vetoing the Immigration Bill recently passed over his head. They suggest to us the question of illiteracy in its influence on social and moral life. It is a very big question, and we can give expression to only a few of the thoughts to which it gives rise.

We might, first of all, ask why did Congress bar the illiterates? Was it because it considered illiteracy as incapacitating them for the full discharge of the duties of an American citizen? Or did it consider that illiteracy connotes moral depravity and social backwardness? Or did it judge that an exodus of these unfortunates would create for us a problem of dangerous potentialities? Not having seen the report of the debate on the question we cannot tell; but we can consider for ourselves some aspects of the question.

And first of all we may say that the illiterates, just like the literates, are neither all good, nor all bad. They range over the whole moral scale; there are good and bad and passable. Anyone who would condemn the illiterates as universally bad, is either ignorant or bigoted. Anyone who would laud them as universally guileless and innocent of human weakness, is altogether benighted as to broad facts of human nature and human sinfulness. To be conceived without sin and to live untouched by moral stain is claimed for only one human being, and that claim is made by a society which is divinely guided in its dogmatic statements. The same society has condemned both the idea of universal depravity, and the idea that we can avoid all sin without special divine assistance. Hence, all sweeping assertions either about the goodness or badness of illiterates are based neither on theology nor on common sense.

The same may be said as regards education. For literacy and education are no more convertible terms than illiteracy and

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ignorance. There are millions absolutely illiterate; there are no rational beings absolutely ignorant. Indeed if you travel through districts or countries where illiteracy prevails, you will be surprised at the skill and ingenuity with which these illiterates manage to support life, and raise large families by the intensive use of their hands and their small gardens. Necessity has been for generations their school and their schoolmaster. It has taught them to limit their wants, and to provide against cold and hunger and nakedness. It has given them secrets about soil and crops and raiment which we seek in vain in the curriculum of our agricultural colleges or social science classes. Education is after all only an equipping of individuals to make the most of environment; and I think you will find that in this respect illiterates are as well equipped as the annual output of our colleges or universities. We often hear, of course, of the starving peasantry of such or such a country, we very seldom hear of the starving college students of our own; the reason being that the aforesaid peasantry are all congregated together and are afflicted at the same time; whereas the starving college men are dispersed throughout the whole country, and are afflicted all the time. If you take any country where illiteracy abounds and compare it with a country where everyone can "read and write," I think you will find that there are as many hungry in the one as in the other. Education indeed increases our efficiency; but at the same time it increases our wants, makes necessities of luxuries, and gives us a distaste for and dissatisfaction with the simple things that were once considered a sufficiency. Illiteracy shuts us off from the world of thought and activity for which reading and writing are prerequisite; but, by way of compensation, it considerably lessens the number of bills and collectors at the end of the month. Literacy has of course its advantages; but advantages always have to be paid for in cash; and, too, after the collector is asked to call again, to find, when he does call, that his debtor has moved and left no address.

You may say, then, that all this merely proves that an illiterate population may be, comparatively speaking, as well off at home as a population that is literate; but that when they leave their environment and come into a country like the United States, they create a twofold problem, one for themselves and another for us: they cannot keep up with the procession, and the procession itself is encumbered by their presence. Let us consider this twofold problem for a moment.



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And first, the problem of the illiterates. But is it really about that we are worrying? And if so, why *should* we worry? Have not the illiterates sense enough to solve the question for themselves? And the very fact that they are coming and have come is a proof that there is no such problem, or that they have already solved it. After all this coming of the illiterates is not something sudden and unpremeditated. They have been coming from the very beginning. They have formed a portion, though a gradually lessening portion, of every nationality that has peopled our country. They must have done well, and reported favorably, otherwise the supply would have gradually dwindled down to the vanishing point. Men do not continue for centuries to follow a beaten track unless the track leads to something better than they leave behind. They must have found that notwithstanding our school and college-trained population, there is room for those who have known neither school nor college. They must have discovered that there is a big demand for unskilled labor and untrained minds—if these illiterates can be so described. And if we find them pouring in through all our ports, we may safely conclude that they are rushing neither to early graves nor to social annihilation; but that their flight, like the flight of the birds, is guided by a safe if vague instinct. From the point of view of the illiterates, therefore, we need not worry.

However, the other question comes: are these illiterates a problem for us? Are we taking into our system an element that we can neither eschew nor assimilate? This question demands an answer.

And first of all we may say that we have been assimilating them from the very beginning; and the farther back you go the more we did it. For, illiteracy was far more common among the European nations formerly than now. A large percentage of the early immigrants knew very little about the three R's. We took them as they came, asking no questions about literary attainments; nor do we find in reading over the history of the country that there was ever any difficulty arising from illiterates. They all seemed to find work and to make a living; and when it came to a question of fighting they lacked neither the will nor the power to use the rifle as cheerfully and intelligently as they used the shovel or the pickaxe. You will search in vain through the records of our county coroners for a verdict of "death from illiteracy;" and I have never seen a report from any general of the War of Independence or of the Civil War saying that he was defeated

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because his soldiers could not read or write. One thing seems certain, namely, that this scare about illiterates is something new and has no justification in the history of the country.

Nay, rather, it is based on a false idea of the value of universal education. For universal education is quite a new thing; and like many new things it seems to its devotees to be an absolute necessity. Whereas, the truth is that the more widespread is education, the less commercially valuable it becomes. It ceases to be an asset, and becomes merely a condition. If you had only a few million in the country who could read and write, then reading and writing would become a good investment; but when the number of such runs up to eighty or ninety millions they need other accomplishments ere they can succeed.

Furthermore it is a well-known fact that education gives men an aversion for any kind of work where education is not required. Education is usually acquired for commercial reasons, and we hate to think that all our years in school are to be thrown away for nothing. Hence there is a scarcity of hands for farm work and manual labor; and a superfluity of applicants for clerical positions. It is much easier to get a stenographer than a day laborer; and forty dollars a month in an office is a far more effective bait for a graduate from school or college than two and a half a day with the obligation of using a spade or a hoe.

And here precisely is the value of the immigrant illiterates. We need them and need millions of them for the gardens and the farms; and for the railway tracks, and the city sewers. We cannot run a country by fountain pens and typewriters and tables of logarithms. We need such things indeed; but we need also bone and sinew and muscle; and unless we had the bone and sinew and muscle of these foreign illiterates to draw from, we would soon have very little for the fountain pens and typewriters to do. We have in this country no landed peasantry; for each generation of peasants becomes the parents not of other peasants, but of lawyers and doctors and trained nurses; and unless the supply of peasants is kept up from abroad, our gardens will soon be weed patches, and our sewers choked with dirt.

Of course our illiterates *are* a problem, there is no denying the fact. However, there is this consolation—that they are themselves as willing to help in its solution as we are. And even if the experiment is a little costly, yet we ought to be broad and philanthropic enough to stand the cost. We have been blest in

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many ways, and instead of sending the multitude away hungry we should say with the Master, "whence shall we buy bread that these may eat." We have boasted much of our broad humanity, of our welcome for the persecuted, of our land of opportunity. But is there much humanity in judging a man by his ability to read and write? Is not illiteracy the greatest of all persecutions? Is it fair to deny an opportunity to a man because of something he never had an opportunity to acquire? Indeed if this present bar had been set up fifty or a hundred years ago, there are many of those representatives and senators who voted "yes" who would now be in European war trenches or concentration camps; for their fathers or grandfathers could not pass the test now raised by their offspring. The Immigration Bill is un-American, and has been so designated by no less an authority than the President of the United States.

## THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

*(From a letter from the trenches.)*

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

.....SOMETIMES there come strange moments, spirit-rife,
Filled with swift light, till all the embattled air
Seems fanned by wings of angels dazzling-fair;
And sudden sounds break o'er the deafening strife
Of gun and shell, as if a golden fife
Played on the wind far echoings of prayer
And song commingled.....and I smile! I dare
Death and its darkness, or the worst of life!—

Death and its darkness in the trench's mud,
Or life, a limbless tottering to the grave:
No matter! Still I smile, through tears and blood!
For to mine ear, sweetly to heal and save,
That music sounds across the singing sea—
My mother's voice, saying her Rosary!

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## SOME THOUGHTS ON THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

WHY is the play named after Antonio rather than after Shylock? The first entry at the Stationers' describes it as "*The Merchant of Venice,* or otherwise called *The Jew of Venice.*" Shylock is undoubtedly a more important character than Antonio, and on first sight it would seem as if the second of the titles given were indeed the right one. But, looking more closely, we see that, as Mr. Hudson long ago pointed out, the individual importance of the Jew must come below the dramatic importance of the merchant. "Antonio is the centre and mainspring of the action: without him, Shylock, however great in himself, had no business there. And the laws of dramatic combination, not any accident of individual prominence, are clearly what ought to govern in the naming of the play."

Antonio of Venice, a man rich in the gifts of nature and of fortune, meets us in the first scene. He is young, lovable, wealthy in the world's riches and the possessor of one of those supreme friendships that have been celebrated alike in history sacred and profane. He is introduced to us oppressed with a strange sadness, whose source and meaning he cannot tell. That there is, indeed, a meaning in the melancholy that has fallen upon him we are soon to learn. When a life is very full of happiness, it is notable that he whose life it is, sometimes almost trembles with a vague feeling that he has no right to so much and cannot go on possessing it. So much comfort, so much happiness cannot last, as it would seem. We have this very clearly expressed in Othello's words when he meets his wife:

> If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
> My soul hath her content so absolute
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate.

This feeling, as it is well known, is prominent in Greek literature. Antonio had not been brought into Othello's regions of ecstatic joy, but he had enough of the good things of life to make

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him feel that the shadow of coming grief might even now be stealing forward.

Antonio's dearest friend, his kinsman, Bassanio, has been extravagant with his worldly goods. He has "disabled (his) estate by something showing a more swelling port than (his) faint means would grant continuance;" and this hinders him in the quest of the golden fleece—the lovely lady, "richly left, fair, and, fairer than that word, of wondrous virtues."

This lady, this Portia, is "nothing undervalued" to Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia, that Portia of whom Shakespeare later on drew a fadeless portrait. Here is that admiration for Rome and the qualities of ideal Romanhood which was to give us some of the poet's great work not long hence. So, in describing Antonio, Bassanio says he is

> The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
> In doing courtesies; and one in whom
> The ancient Roman honor more appears
> Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Bassanio asks Antonio with the frankness of that equal love which can take, without pride to hold it back, as boundlessly as it would give, to help him as he has done before. Without such help he cannot either pay his debts or go to Belmont. Antonio's fortunes being at sea, he cannot furnish his friend with the money he needs, but Bassanio and he go forth to inquire where money is to be had, and to obtain it on Antonio's credit. Three thousand ducats are borrowed from a rich Jew, Shylock, who refuses all security except the sealing of a "merry bond," by which his creditor agrees to forfeit a pound of flesh in the (unlikely as it seems) case of his being unable to pay. The bond is sealed and the ducats delivered.

In the meantime we have come to know the woman whom Bassanio loves. Beautiful, witty and talented, she is bound by the will of her father to marry no one who does not obtain her after the manner of his will. The terms of that will are strange enough—the happiness of a life, of two lives indeed, is to depend on the right choice of one among three caskets.

Portia will never break her father's will. Suitors depart who will not face such conditions as have been imposed; for the failure to choose aright imposes the obligation of a perpetual celibacy. A cruel condition, as it seems, and one not lightly to be risked in its accept-

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ance. As we see from her humorous description of those who have gone away, not one of them has touched the heart of Portia. She "dotes on the very absence" of each and all. Yet there is "a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier," upon whose absence Portia does not dote. Nerissa calls him of all the men her eyes have looked upon the best deserving a fair lady. Portia with simple dignity replies, "I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise."

The conditions of her father's will do press upon the daughter so loyal in observing them. It is hard that she may neither choose whom she will, nor refuse whom she dislikes. So is "the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father."

There is a deep spiritual truth in these words. It is not right that the dead should rule the living. It cannot be well that such promises should be exacted as have often, in unreason or supposed reason, been exacted from the living by the lips of the dying when refusal was hard indeed. The heritage of a man is the possession of his own soul. He must think out and act out his own life, and to do this he must be free. Yet it is a law of our existence that each man is, whether he will or no, to an incalculable extent in the power of those who have gone before him, and this even whether they have willed it or no. Our hands are day by day forging what may be for others golden chains to bind them to the feet of God, or fetters to hold them back in their struggles after Him. The will of the living is curbed by the will of the dead. Well is it then if it can be said of such dead, "Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men have good inspirations at their death." This judgment of Nerissa is a very important one, and helps largely to understand the will. Portia's father was a judge of character. He believed that only a man who was strong enough to put away external delight and dare to accept plain and dull fact would choose rightly, even as only such a one could "rightly love." He knew the danger to which her great riches would expose his daughter; he wished if possible to guard her from this. In one sense it was right for the suitor to expect to find Portia's portrait in the golden coffer, as a lovely body ought to enshrine a lovely soul, and a lovely soul should be enshrined in a lovely body. But in all ages men have felt and have told their fellowmen that the way to the best and fairest is through strife and pain; that to choose true delight means to be willing to suffer, means that a man "must give and hazard all he hath." This is the *Via Crucis*. So, in the plain lead,

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in that which has no external beauty, the turning to which means the renouncing of all beside, the sacrificial life itself, lies the treasure that shall make a man rich forever and ever.

There is doubtless a difference between what any great poet says and what he suggests, and there is often a danger of taking our own thoughts for his. But there cannot, one would think, be a doubt that Shakespeare intended us to look beyond the story into its meaning, for he dwells largely on that meaning, and the very improbability of the story itself would furnish us a ground for believing that it was used for its meaning's sake.

We notice the characters of the men who choose wrongly. Morocco is less of a thinker than Arragon. He is sure that he deserves the lady. His birth, fortunes, graces, qualities of breeding, all these, he thinks, are equal to hers. But he must go farther than the silver. "What many men desire" must be the lady. Men come from the corners of the earth to kiss this shrine. The desire of the many is more than the deserving of the one. The gem of the world must be set in gold—and so he loses his hope forever.

Arragon is proud of intellectual superiority: he speaks contemptuously of the fool multitude who choose by show. He will not choose "what many men desire," not because he has attained to the seeing of that to whose seeing many are called, but few chosen, but because he will not "jump with common spirits and rank him with the barbarous multitudes." He is the centre of his own thought, and his choice is governed not by love but pride.

Bassanio chooses the "meagre lead," whose "paleness moves (him) more than eloquence." He chooses that which "rather threatens than promises aught," and his great joy comes to him. The proof that he is the true man who will give up all for the right comes instantly, as the duty of friendship calls him from his love, and as with instant obedience he arises and departs. He has scarcely found himself under the sun of his great happiness when the cloud comes over it. The friend who has so loved and trusted him, the friend who has seen beneath the gay and careless exterior with its apparent ignoring of the greater things of life, to the noble nature underneath, this friend is in the power of one who claims the deadly forfeiture of the bond sealed so short a time ago, as it were "in a merry spirit." At once Portia claims her privilege: she has from fortune the thing to give, as she has from nature the love of giving. What are three thousand ducats?

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Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

The fine open-handedness of the new-made wife as she will be just before she sends her husband forth is of no avail. The passion of revenge stands supreme over the passion of avarice, and nothing will content the creditor but his debtor's death.

The story of the pound of flesh is found both in the East and the West. How old it is we do not know. The bloody-minded creditor and his debtor stand out through at least hundreds of years. It is found in East African folklore, where we have the full story, with the wife's expedient to save her husband's life: this is given in a Swahili M. S. lately translated into English, which is said to have been obtained from an old Indian document.[1]

It was easy enough to fix upon the Jew the character of the cruel creditor, and to the audience of Shakespeare's day there was nothing improbable in the accepted version of the story of this horribly planned revenge. Tales of Jewish cruelty to Christians had for long been easily believed,[2] so great was the hatred of the Christian to Jew, so bitter the feeling against his race. To understand the beginning of this we have to remember that by the eyes of Christendom the Jews have been seen as the slayers of the Holy and Just One, God the Redeemer, Who had come of their own race royal. This central cause had no doubt often been obscured, and people had hated and despised the Jews from generation to generation, and taken heavy and deadly toll of them. It is too large a subject to do more here than touch upon, but we must try to understand the popular feeling of Shakespeare's day.

In Shylock we have the making of that element which so nearly turns the play into a tragedy, as in Portia we have that which hinders this and gives us light and joy. What a wonderful portrait we have of the usurer Jew: here is the blending of strength and meanness, of the pathetic, the terrible and the contemptible. Think of him, the son of a nation that had borne the proud title of the Chosen of God; the nation that had set its foot on the necks of kings and dyed its garments crimson in their blood; the nation that had worshipped an unseen and only God when its neighbors

[1] See S. L. H.'s paper in the *Daily News* (London), July 28, 1915.
[2] See, for instance, Chaucer's *Prioresses Tale*.

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were worshipping what were often personifications of cruelty and lust; a nation whose prophets and seers had caught from the lips of God what should be set down in the rhythmic glory that cannot die off, words strong as the rushing hail to sweep away the refuges of lies, words sweeter than honey and the honeycomb for comfort and refreshing. Yes, a nation whose old honor and ancient glory live forever in the hearts of Christendom. Think of Shylock also as the son of a nation that had called down upon itself and its children the Blood of Incarnate God; a nation thrust from its own land; a nation apart from all, the very type of a separatist people, refused a refuge in other lands; mocked, reviled, down-trodden, all the channels closed by which a nation may send its wealth, intellectual and spiritual, into the great sea of human progress; reduced to live by that which its early law had forbidden; tortured and deprived of its hard-earned pelf, slandered and tormented. Think of a race to which the passion of patriotism could be as naught, seeing it had no country for it to be poured out upon. Think of the gifts of eloquence and practical wisdom, of feeling and of power, spurned back by the feet of nations who would have none of them. Think of the wall of separation which the Jews had reared between themselves and other nations, flung back upon themselves until they were bruised and crushed beneath it. Think how short a time it is since the England who banished them has given them their civil rights and bidden her children treat them as equals. Then wonder how Shylock's nature could have escaped its awful stain. Even the gentle Antonio, the man so full of courtesy and sweetness to his own people, so ready to help, so generous in giving, even this man could spit on Shylock and call him dog. He could allow his right and natural indignation at the grinding of the Jew's creditors, the hard grinding, to take this brutal form, and say that he was as like as not to do it again.

Shylock has the love of his race, and the reverence for it is shown in his "he hates our sacred nation:" but he hates Antonio not only on the ground of his hatred of the Jews, but because he lends out money gratis and interferes with his trade of usurer. Were he removed, much money might be made. He rises into sublimity when he pleads the humanity common to Jew and Christian, but draws from it the lesson of the revenge which he says is also common to both. He will, he says, buy and sell with the Christian, talk and walk with him, but not eat with him, drink with him or pray with him: yet strangely enough he will accept an invitation

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to Bassanio's house "in hate, *to feed upon* the prodigal Christian." He can be tortured at hearing of the loss of his ring, not because of its value, but because his Leah had given it to him when he was a bachelor; and he can bewail the loss of his ducats more, as it would seem, than the loss of his daughter and her marriage with a Christian.

The ferocious tenacity with which he clings to his purpose of claiming Antonio's life for his forfeited bond is met by Portia with the strongest plea, the prayer that he will show mercy, pleaded for in the exquisite sweetness of the words that tell of the mercy that "droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven," the mercy that, twice blest, blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Nothing of this will avail; the passion of avarice is overridden by the wild lust of revenge, and the offer of ten times the value of the bond is refused alike with the prayer for mercy.

After a time of the extremest tension, after the tragic gloom and horror, that the passion of revenge has wrought, the light comes in. A woman's hand flings aside the cloud-curtain; a woman's hand banishes the darkness.

The character of Portia is the most beautiful that, up to this time, Shakespeare has drawn. In her is the union of sweetness and strength, of self-trust and modesty, of wit and wisdom, of intellectual power and womanly reverence.

Bassanio's superior, she is utterly unconscious of being so, and with womanliest sweetness acknowledges his lordship and kingship. She has "a noble and a true conceit of God-like amity." She recognizes that the formation of a new tie, though it be the very closest of all ties, must not loosen for Bassanio the sacredness of the tie between him and his kinsman-friend. She obeys the law of right without studying to obey it. She stands a test stern indeed when, unknown as herself, she hears her husband say that loving his wife as dearly as life itself he would lose her, as well as his own life, and sacrifice all to deliver his friend. She can bear the test, even notice the words jestingly; she is the true gold that for the test will only shine the brighter.

It is to the love of Lorenzo and Jessica, episodical to the main action, that we owe those exquisite bits of lyric sweetness beginning "how sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!" After the heat and high-stringing of the trial they come like dew to the spirit, and make it cool and apt for its everyday life again.

"Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of

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bright gold." Is it a fancy to suppose that the imagery by which a star becomes the Eucharistic paten might come with double force and beauty from the lips of one whose love had just been admitted into the Christian covenant?

After the quiet and the sweetness (Portia is "drawn" home with music), we have the pretty fun of the ring-scene. It is like listening to the babble of a brook over pebbles. We feel that it is well for those who, ***drawn home with music,*** can laugh laughter that is all sweet and gay. The souls that are the quickest to feel life's sorrows may be the aptest to drink of its joy. They are the greatest who can buffet the waves that would overwhelm the drowning one and save him from their terror, and anon, when the time of rest has come and the spring woods call with tender voices of delight, and the children and the child-hearted are at play, stoop to the stream and drink of water from the leaf that is curved into a fairy cup.

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## WINOOSKI FALLS.

BY JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

O MY silver shining river,
I could dwell by thee forever,
Where the sunbeams in the water
  Gleam like golden minnows all:
And my red canoe a-quiver
Feared upon the rock to shiver,
Where the golden wall of water
  And the golden thunders fall!

Like a rose on music floating,
O the time that I went boating
On thy waters, turned by magic
  Into lucent, liquid pearl;
And the throstle sweetly throating
Angel music he was quoting
Made the roaring river listen,
  And the waves forget to whirl!

Ah, my beautiful blue river,
Shall mine eyes behold thee never?
Never watch the diamonds dropping
  From the silver flashing oar?
Shall I never hear the quiver
Of the mandolin forever
Or the mellow sound of singing
  All along the sylvan shore?

O the wings of Heaven hover,
With their purple plumage over
Waters like to waves of music
  Falling down the deep below:
And the sunlight, like a lover,
Fondly walks the fields of clover,
By the silver running river,
  Where the foambells float and flow!

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## ON READING VIRGIL AGAIN.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

IT was many and many a year ago that the beloved Andrew Lang penned the facile epistle to that prince of letter-writers, Q. Horatius Flaccus. It was a delightful thing, as all of us who have an affection for Horace—and for Lang—remember. Read it again tomorrow; not in that lovely mañana-land of Hispanic dreaming, but in the real tomorrow, before the sun is twenty-four hours older than it now admits. You will not, if you are wiser than you sometimes are, let the tomorrow glide into that last syllable over which Macbeth breathes in so morbid a sighing. For by then you will have joined Horace's paradise and Lang's, without, perhaps, knowing the secret key to their hearts. And that would be a calamity akin, say, to meeting a certain Tennysonian lady without the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

So much for the writer's advice, certainly unsought and unwarranted, and probably just as assuredly unhonored. But giving advice is so burdenless a charity that one cannot refrain, especially when one is very sincere, and very earnest, and very loving of one's friends' well-being. If you read again this two thousand word letter to the dead lover of Italy, you will enjoy it as you once did, you will taste the sweetness of an old-world gladness, and breathe anew the fresh, fair atmosphere that is so redolent of a classic, cultured age. For Lang, no one will deny, embodies the spirit of Greece and Rome, no less than of Britain, as few of his generation do. He had a genuine love for Horace, as the epistle amply shows; and you will note as well, as you did years ago, that another poet trembles on the author's lips, and with a not undefined affection. Virgil is there, too. He wrote no letter to the famous contemporary and friend of Horace; with no sweet melody of words did he evoke from sleep the singer of Rome's birth and the laureate of her fame. But the letter to Horace tells us of Lang's intimate acquaintance with the great Augustan, and of his reverence for him. He knew the boy who had lived amid the bucolic joys of his father's cornfields and bee-hives near Mantua; he knew the youth who had come to Rome to sit at the feet of the masters

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of oratory and philosophy; he knew the man had seen quite face to face the vision of a great dreamer, who had woven with a steady hand and a sure skill the fabric that clothes the major prophet. And if he did not chose to indite an idylic missive to the long departed worthy, it was not because he did not often gaze out with him in spirit over the blue waters of the bay of Naples, or in sweet converse with him woo the gladness of the lovely hills of Campania, or enjoy the hospitality of his house on the fashionable Esquiline in the great city of the world. And so let us be satisfied with the letter to Horace.

Do you ever read Virgil now? Yes, now; for you surely read him once upon a time, about the time, perhaps, when the scholarly Scot was penning the letter to Horace, unsphering the spirit of "the wise and kindly heathen" that was so dear to him. You read him on sunny autumn afternoons, when the wander-spirit was very craving, and the slanting sun was beckoning to the red-tinted woodlands. You read him on cold, moonlit nights, when the frozen lake was waiting for the song of your skates; yes, you read him then in an ill-feigned peace, while your elders talked of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, and of other subjects so woven into the enthusiasms of a certain walrus and carpenter. You read him on delicious, intimate spring days, when the trout were running in the mountain brooks, and the pleasant fields were touched with the fresh green of May-time, and the fragrant woods were alive with a thousand suggestions for your fancy. But you were faithful to your ideal—very often; adverbs have their uses, as grammarians agree.

And that was long ago, or was it one of those closer yester years, five or six or ten cycles back? Perhaps it matters not; we have a habit of accommodating our memories to our years. There is much relatively in our mental workings, as one of Professor James' students once informed his teacher.

But do you ever read the Augustan poet now? Now, when you are grown out of academic days, when you are immersed in a perpetual surf of work and worry. You are a lawyer, and you are endeavoring to make the truth prevail against the coördinated efforts of a multitude of gentlemen who seem to be the cousins of the father of lies; you are a physician, battling against the germs of unnumbered thousands of years, an immense throng of untutored animalcula warring on the human kind; you are a business man, striving to defeat the law of diminishing returns by a score of well-

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conceived *coups de maître;* you are a teacher, believing, more or less sincerely, that all the ideal republics from Plato's conception to Brook Farm will become real when the youthful generation grows up; you are a priest, sacrificing the joy and glow of human ambitions to further God's desire that men should follow Him. It is incontrovertibly a workaday world, a busy place of business. And Virgil seems very far away, perhaps where he ought to be, in a semi-fabulous tomb in a wholly unmythical Naples, dead and buried long ago, singing now his endless songs in sweet Elysian fields.

Come, confess that you do not indulge in Virgilian *ordinaire* very often. Well, will you open the book with me now, and help me keep my vigils? On the first fly-leaf you gaze upon your own name, somewhat faded, or blacker, indeed, than when you wrote it; the quality of the ink governs all that. You turn a blank, seared leaf, and then you read this, or something like this: "The Æneid of Virgil, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, a Metrical Clavis, and an Historical, Geographical, and Mythological Index, by Charles Anthon, LL.D., Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York." How meangingless, it may be, the legend was to you in the long ago. What an ungrateful regard you presented to the clavis. Professor Anthon, forsooth! What meant his scholarly name to you? Nothing; he was simply another of those gentlemen whose aim seemed to be to make life hard for you. They were all in the game, all in the conspiracy against your well-being, professors at Columbia, professors nearer, even the book company that published the work in 1843, and after. You have more respect now for the professor whose name is a treasured memory; let us hope you have for the supreme Latin poet he loved so well and tried to make you admire.

Pray do not skip the preface; prefaces of books are sometimes all the reviewers read, so some of them say in their mellower moods, when their managing editors are absent, or mellower still. And surely you are reviewing now. Read the biography of Virgil now or later; later is better, perhaps, if you feel in fettle for the *lingua Latina* today. And so, if obedience be the courtesy due to suggestion, on to the *Liber primus.*

*Arma virumque cano.* Are the words really there, immured these years within the unturned pages, or are they merely a remiscence of a long ago, spurious Virgil you used to know, a vision unreal as the thane of Cawdor's dagger? No; here they are in

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all their Roman majesty and beauty, marshaling you onward with a magic sway. Read them once again, and their fellows, six lines in a breath. Close your eyes and say them. Surely you can, if you are *amator amandorum*. Beseech the Muse, the vocative muse, for four verses, as you did in those years ago. Does it seem easy now, or the puzzling jumble of Latin syntax that once clouded your intellect and made you blaspheme the queen of the gods for compelling you to attempt the task she knew was beyond your powers? Could such personal, passionate hatred find hearth and home in a celestial mind? You found out once upon a time that it could.

But now, let us hope, time has changed all that. Reading Virgil is a labor of love, if you read him at all. And the verses you once scanned and labored through unlovingly you now scan with a smiling eye, remembering those old, unhappy, far-off days when the shipwreck of Æneas was fully as annoying to you as it could have been to the son of Anchises. But you are in Carthage ere you are aware, in close communion with the silent throng at Dido's court, who listen to the Trojan hero telling his tale of Troy divine.

Wretched Sinon—why did he tempt the men of Ilios to welcome the fateful horse against the counsels of Laocoon? *Timeo Danaos et eos dona ferentes,* urged the Trojan seer, but the gods would have their Olympian laughter, and the towers and battlements of the queen city were doomed. As you see those Argive heroes tumbling out of the cavernous steed, you feel that the hand of fate is writing another chapter's end.

Troy is burning. There are few passages in all literature that surpass the narrative of the last agony of the Asian city. Troy sleeps; Troy wakes; Troy dies. This is the message that you gather from the brilliant drama. What avails Hector now? The city's star has set, and carnage and pillage run riot where noble maidens once sang pæans to friendly gods. How the flames leap high and higher, how the turrets topple in clamorous crash, how palace after palace dissolves into the ashes and dust of a smoking pyre. There is the unheeded Cassandra, dragged from the fane of Pallas; by a gleam of fire through the murky gloom is revealed the fell brow of Ajax; there is Priam, with the life-blood ebbing from his side; there is the face of her who launched the thousand ships, the beautiful, traitorous Helen. Breathless you read it all through, this olden tale of an olden city by the sea, a town that was and is not.



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Will you sail with Æneas from smouldering Troy, and thread the pathway of his journeyings until you come to Juno's darling Carthage? Of course, for you are indeed there now, letting him tell the story, while you listen like a three years' child. Tragedy you have heard, tragedy the queen has caught from the lips of the wanderer. But for her awaits a tragedy of greater import than the fall of Troy. During the days of her hospitality to Æneas she has learned to love her guest; and she believes that his love for her will endure. But the gods that govern the plans of the Trojan exile are minded otherwise, and he tells the queen of Carthage he must go. What a wondrous picture is that which Virgil gives us on that fateful morn of her lover's sailing! The dawn has just come up, and the palace walls of Carthage are beginning to glow in the pale-rose colors of the east. The heart-sick, sleepless queen gazes out of her turret window to greet the new-come day. She is in a desperate mood, her joyless heart aching with a vain desire for the thing it has won and lost. The golden sun, the glorious daily gifting of the gods, brings her no gladness, but is only lighting a ruthless world. But no, it does more. For even in its faint, primal gleaming over the far horizon it discloses the white sails of her faithful-faithless lover driving before the wind, as he flees the land of Dido, in search once more for a heaven of repose and a home for his household gods. Rise in thy hate, rave in thy statelihood, oh conquered queen; scourge Rome in thy prophecies, presage Hannibal in thy frenzy, and die at the last, queen-like in the pyre of thine own piling! Virgil is here the supreme poet of the Augustan age, a master that may gaze full-face into the eyes of the literary masters of the world.

Troy is left in ashes; Dido is left to die; and you sail in fancy's ship over the trackless seas that sweep the tireless Trojan toward his goal. But it is worth while to stop with him and watch the games in memory of his sire. Is it not gladsome now to be present at that boat race? Oxford never vanquished her great rival in a more soul-stirring contest than the struggle which Cloanthus won. But then, the divine Portunus does not live in British inland waters to lend his helping hand. A foot race now is yours and the great boxing match, a classical classic of the gauntlet thong. You wonder how Dares and Entellus would succeed in the arenas of today, and how the modern art would fare before the strength of a dimmer age. But you return from the vision, for still the Virgilian games continue; and then they end, like every game,

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and candle. And you are perhaps a little glad when Æneas finally sets sail again, leaving behind on the Sicilian shore those that have wearied of the quest, and who would find here a local habitation and a name. Poor, sleepy Palinurus, why did he not elect to take an additional siesta?

Wide awake is the Sybil of Cumae, and if by this time in your Virgilian holiday or night you droop for the weariness of the flesh, the priestess of Apollo will help you defer the tragedy of sleep. It may be that you will wish to follow Æneas, or to precede him, piper-like, into the depths of the lower world. *Facilis descensus Averni est;* but to return—this is the laborious task. Still, if you are one of those souls elect, as Æneas was, or Dante, you may wish for this visit to hell and heaven, to Tartarus and the Elysian fields. You made the journey as a child, and surely the poet tells us that the child is father of the man. But whether you go, or whether you wait without for the goddess-born, you will be interested in that glowing prophecy which Anchises makes to his son of the rise of imperial Rome. Æneas certainly is, and again furls his sails in the blowing breeze, ever bent toward home.

Perhaps in your youth-time you read but six books of the *Æneid,* and then fared forth boldly into the delights of the *Eclogues.* If you did, your companions in Virgilian lore have been many. In these later years you may be tempted to delve into the mysteries of the full twelve cantos of Æneas' venturings. It may be too cruel to invite you to read the latter half in the beauteous Latin of the Augustan age; but a good translation will detain you only an hour or two—Conington you will like. He will carry you safely to the end, where the last combat is waged, and Æneas by his triumph over the unfortunate Turnus wins the princess of Latium.

Long ago, in our school days, we did not know very much about epic poems; the word *epic* conveyed a meaning not altogether clear. Perhaps we had never heard of Ariosto, or Tasso, or Spenser; assuredly we had never read a line of *Beowulf,* or the *Lusiad,* or the *Kalevala.* And so we were not troubled with the nice balancing of one work against another in the eternal weighing of literary gold. Enough it was for us to know that only Homer surpassed Virgil in the epic manner; perhaps that is enough for most of us now. Let us ungrudgingly allow Homer, in his single self, or in his corporate multiplicity, to bear the palm alone. And in doing this, we diminish in no wise the Latin poet's glory. Virgil wrote a poem

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of technical perfection; the Latin hexameter in his hands touched the highest reaches of art; he was the master builder of the great line. No less an artist was he in style and mood. In portions of his narrative passages there is a dramatic quality that is, perhaps, unexcelled in all literature, or at all events unrivaled in the letters of Rome. In and out the measures of the masterpiece floats a music comparable in grace and charm to the melody of Verdi or Mozart. Throughout the long tale of arms and the man there dwells a pathos unsurpassable, a threnody of tears sounding as a far-off accompaniment to the majesty of broken things. "These are the tears of things" he sings, in what Mr. Mackail calls the most famous of his single lines! Perhaps this is the keynote of the whole poem, these *lacrimæ rerum*, as it has been the keynote of many of the great tumultuous changes in the fate of mankind since the foundation of the world.

And so you have read Virgil again. You have found a new tale and an old story, a blending of the wisdom of now with the memory of the wonderment of boyhood. You have lost something: you have lost that feeling of mystery, that sense of docile reverence that used to be yours not long ago when you looked upon your unopened volume, that wistful longing which often came to you of reading the ancient lines when the time would serve. But you have gained more, immeasurably more. The old vague sense of mystery born of ignorance or forgetfulness, has given way to a feeling of wonder for the gift of the divine fire in the singer of song; an enlightened, unjaded wonder for the prophet and poet, a genuine, sincere longing to approach a little closer to the *pietas* of the goddess-born, and to realize in a personal way the keen sense of duty that led him, in the face of Juno's spite, to the shores that he sought as home. Place Virgil back on the shelf, next to Homer, if you will, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Calderon, or Goethe. He will live in friendly converse with them all, and when you glance at him again he will speak to you. For the Latin tongue is never dead.

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# New Books.

**JESUS, THE CHRIST, IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHOLOGY.** By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D. Two volumes. Garden City, N. Y: Doubleday, Page & Co. $7.50 net.

There are many reasons why this work must receive notice here. Dr. Stanley Hall, its author, is in many respects one of the most eminent academic men of our country. He is well known as the President of Clark University; he is famous, at home and abroad, for his studies in psychology, which have shown originality and daring; as a pedagogue, he, more than anyone else probably, is a prophet and an oracle to many hundreds of American teachers. He is, in fact, one of the lights of the non-Catholic American world. He has been particularly friendly to Catholics, and by his very courteous and high-bred manner, by his sympathetic understanding of much in the Church, by his absence of rancor against Catholicism, and by his broad culture and reading, he has won the friendship of many Catholics.

Dr. Hall considers the present work as the consummation of his life of study. Based upon his study of adolescence, it has itself been twenty years abuilding. It seems to him a labor of piety and religion, the full flowering of the old Puritan religion in which he was reared. In it "senescent insights"—Dr. Hall is seventy-two—"and adolescent sentiments meet and reinforce each other." This work of piety is also, he believes, a work of pioneering. He expects many to follow in his wake, and considering the vogue he enjoys and the mental character and outlook of very many in the non-Catholic university world, we do not doubt Stanley Hall will have many followers. Therefore, we judge it right to state, in plain language—for Dr. Hall is very often not plain—our understanding of the meaning of this book.

Dr. Hall starts from the idea that "the old objective God" is dead. God did not make man, but on the contrary, man, the folksoul, Mansoul, through its aspiration and needs created God. So thought Feuerbach, and Dr. Hall agrees. There is, therefore, no religion coming from without, but all comes from within; beliefs, dogmas, fears, hopes, rites and institutions of religion are all products of human evolution. The modern mind cannot believe

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in miracle or revelation. It can see the usefulness, the inevitableness of such beliefs in the past; it can take a sympathetic view of those who, through heredity or environment, still cling to supernatural religion; it can appreciate both the beauty and the pragmatic value of the old religion, but that old religion itself is as doomed as the cult of Osiris, or rather, it will live in a higher and purer form. It must be interpreted by the new psychology.

What then can Christ mean to a psychology starting from such principles? But before this question can be answered, there is the previous question, what do we know about Christ? The critics have shown, Dr. Hall thinks, that the Christ of St. Paul and of the fourth Evangelist is the creation of those great geniuses, aided by the Christian folksoul; but what of the Christ of the synoptic Evangelists? After the work of the textual and higher critics is done, little certainty remains. The fact is that though Dr. Hall "believes in the historic Jesus," he declares His existence is really doubtful, and he has the highest appreciation for the work of Smith of Tulane, who believes the Founder of Christianity is a myth.

Dr. Hall's study of the folksoul, of its conscious and particularly of its unconscious life, has led him to the view that it has itself imagined most of the traditional features of Christ. And if this be true, if Christ never existed or if we know nothing of the historic Jesus, is religion thereby injured? Far from it. Indeed, though orthodox people cannot see it, Christianity is thereby purified and spiritualized and strengthened. Dr. Hall himself assures us—and he is the world's leading expert on adolescence—that the discovery by his pupils of the new Christ, the Christ that never existed, and of the new God, whom the race soul and the seminary of pedagogy are even now creating, is immeasurably more real and helpful to these young men than the Christ and the God of their childhood. If, then, the real Christ must vanish, let not your hearts be troubled. Be a true psychologist and you will be the best Christologist. Recover the energy and imaginativeness of the world's youth, "when the soul let itself go with abandon and with no regard to the awful repression imposed by the ideals of consistency." Original spontaneity must again come into the world; and as every artist imagines his own Christ, so let Christianity henceforth, acquiring "a new infusion of blood from the forces of modern paganism and secularism," limn the ideal image of the new Christ.

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If, then, we know nothing, or next to nothing, with certainty about Christ, psychology has to deal not so much with the mind of Christ as with the great geniuses and mystics and the folksoul that created Him. Its chief problem is to explain how the image of Jesus, under the touch of the Mansoul, took shape and coloring on the world's canvas. So all things human, and even the ways of our humble arboreal ancestors, are laid under contribution to explain just why the Mansoul must have created the Jesus of the early Church. The Fathers of the Church, who drew up those rigid formulas so derided by skeptics, are dealt with very tenderly by Dr. Hall. They acted more wisely than they knew; and the truth about Jesus, which has been rediscovered in our day, could not have been preserved in any other formulas.

But what, after all, about the real Jesus? We are dumbfounded, after reading the first volume, to discover how much Dr. Hall knows about Him. His knowledge is astonishingly minute and usually quite unhesitating. What historical principles guide him we are utterly at a loss even to conjecture; but one thing we have no doubt about, though it is a painful thing to put before our readers, is that it is very evidently the firm conviction of Dr. Hall that if Jesus ever existed, He was, though a great and beautiful soul and the ideal of youth, yet the most deluded of beings. This does not shock Dr. Hall, because he believes the line of demarcation between sanity and insanity is very hard to discover.

After all this, the reader may be surprised to learn that, in Dr. Hall's own opinion, he deserves to be considered an orthodox Christian, because Christ represents to him all that is highest and best. He even calls Him "Our Lord." A vein of pietism runs through the book. Truly the race soul dies hard, and the need of religion must be ineradicable when it makes a complete atheist pietize like his great-grandmother. This is the most valuable thing we have learned from this particular product of the new psychology; but incidentally the book, which is, to our mind, chiefly a crazy-quilt of the wild dreams of German university professors, unintentionally throws "the light of psychology" on the men who made the Great War. The majority of them look on Jesus as mad. To read a collection of their opinions on any point in this work is like visiting a madhouse. The present reviewer has read very many agnostic and atheistic works, but this is of them all absolutely the most hideous, the most pitiable, and the most devoid of reason and judgment. No intelligent friend of Stanley Hall but will

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regret that he lived to write it; yet because it bears his name it will be lauded probably by many superficial reviewers who will not read twenty pages of it.

**THE FRENCH RENASCENCE.** By Charles Sarolea. New York: James Pott & Co. $2.00 net.

The exact thesis which this book is designed to prove is difficult to fathom. The title is, of itself, misleading, though the introduction explains the sense in which it is used. In something of the grand manner, the author there declaims against the traditional view that France is a decadent nation, and, after matching Sedan with Valmy, calls upon the battlefields of the Marne to witness that, for a decadent nation, France can still offer stiff opposition to an enemy. So far, so good. But, with never a hint as to what is coming, the introduction ends with an elaborate apostrophe, the extremely florid style of which is scarcely atoned for by its obvious sincerity; and then there follows a series of essays on prominent Frenchmen, from Montaigne to Mæterlinck and Poincaré. Now, even the most rabid "Gallophobe," to quote Dr. Sarolea's own epithet, would scarcely place the beginning of France's supposed decadence as far back as the sixteenth century, in the days of that horrible ogre, Charles IX., who, as we read on page 38, directed and enjoyed in the Louvre from a window the holy and wholesale murder of his miscreant subjects. But, unless French decadence reaches far back into history, what part do Montaigne and Pascal, not to speak of Madame de Maintenon or Rousseau, play in her renascence? Or, to put the question in a slightly different form, unless the French spirit was decadent, not to say dead, why speak of a revival, a rebirth? This is a real, not an historical question; there may be an explanation, a reconciliation, but this essay does nothing to establish one.

It would be too much, and doubtless unjust, to say that Dr. Sarolea was designedly anti-Catholic, but over more than one passage lies the trail of the serpent. Thus, in a comparison between Pascal and Newman, he speaks of Newman's "conversion," thus, within quotation marks. Newman is also for him the "professional churchman with the narrow outlooks of his class." Again, in a chapter on the recent condemnation of Mæterlinck's works, we read that the ways of the Roman Curia "are not our ways, nor the Catholic ways," and hence that "spiritual liberty and clerical government are still contradictory terms." All things considered, there

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are many things which can be purchased for the price, more worth while than a copy of the *French Renascence*.

**THE MENACE OF JAPAN.** By Frederick McCormick. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00 net.

Before President Roosevelt brought Japan and Russia together at Portsmouth to make the treaty which concluded the Russian-Japanese War, we enjoyed the confidence and friendship of three important nations in East Asia, namely, Japan, Russia and China, according to Mr. McCormick. Japan was our friend not only because of the contributions which we had made towards her modernization, but also because we had contributed half of the foreign loans with which she overcame Russia. Japan's hostility to us dates from the Treaty of Portsmouth. President Roosevelt used his influence to secure a settlement between Japan and Russia upon the only basis upon which a settlement was possible, *i. e.*, the foregoing by Japan of a claim for indemnity. Peace was made, but Baron Komura felt that we had betrayed him and the interests which he represented.

While the treaty of peace was being signed at Portsmouth, Edward H. Harriman was being received in audience by the Emperor of Japan, and within five days thereafter Mr. Harriman was in possession of a signed memorandum of agreement for the lease and operation of the Russian Railway in Southern Manchuria which had been acquired by Japan in the war. Mr. Harriman had visions of making this railway a part of a railway-steamship girdle around the earth. Upon Komura's return to Japan from Portsmouth he set forces at work to nullify the agreement between Harriman and the Japanese Government. "Komura was the first Asiatic of power in the Pacific to distrust the motives of Americans and of American policy there."

Komura's new policy demanded that Japan expand on the continent, and to establish a political basis for expansion Japan had need of the rights to the Manchurian railway which she had received from Russia. She could not afford to part with these rights to Harriman. Russia tried to sell her own remaining railway rights in Manchuria for the purpose of establishing a neutral barrier between herself and Japan, but events so shaped themselves that she was unable to secure a buyer. In the meantime Japan laid siege to the affections of Russia, and in the course of four or five years of effort succeeded in winning them, or at least winning them to the

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extent necessary to put Russia in the position of pulling Japan's chestnuts out of the fire. Japan and Russia both had now "special interests" in China in connection with their railway rights, and these "special interests" were in conflict with the "open door" policy to which the United States was committed. Japan succeeded in engineering a diplomatic situation in which Russia was compelled to establish her own interests, and incidentally the interests of Japan, against the United States. This left us one friend, China, in East Asia instead of three.

Japan had in a very few years learned the lessons of European secret diplomacy so well that she soon isolated us, uniting the interests of England, France and Russia, and to a certain extent Germany, with her own interests against our policy of the "open door." Secretary Root had concentrated his attention on South America to the neglect of East Asia, and during his administration of affairs of State our star suffered a partial eclipse in the Far East. President Taft and Secretary Knox exerted much effort towards regaining the lost ground in East Asia, and were achieving a fair measure of success when Mr. Bryan came upon the scene. Mr. Byran took the high ground that securing first the moral and religious welfare of the Chinese people was the best basis for trade and commerce, and that we ought not to combine with the other powers in lending money to China and enforcing its repayment. The further policy of "scuttle" in the Philippines by which we were in a few years to cut those islands adrift, would only have put off our conflict with Japan temporarily if "scuttle" had been adopted, according to Mr. McCormick.

> We did not have a war with Japan in ten years as Harriman thought. By surrender at every point of contact in the Pacific, except in California, and by the World War, we were brought to avoid it. Japan eliminated us for the present because she could.....Whether the United States keeps out of East Asia or not, Japan and the United States will not get along. The only way for the United States to get along is to face Japan as forcibly, if not as defiantly, as Japan faces them.....The United States cannot keep on writing treaties in the Pacific and seeing them broken.....Japan's policies are such, both political—in her foreign relations and domestic—in her ethical teachings and education of her people to their peculiar blind patriotic duties to the sovereign, that we could not but be obliged to inculcate among coming and present Americans the principle of war with Japan.

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Mr. McCormick, although at times unjustifiably violent in his rhetoric, has without any doubt made out a clear case against Japanese diplomacy and our own inaction. But our entering the European War will probably help to restore to us the rights which we have been abandoning in East Asia. Early in the war Japan not only took from Germany her settlement of Kiao Chau and transferred it to herself, but also, when no one was looking, she compelled China to make important concessions to her in violation of our treaty rights. As a belligerent we shall insist upon having these matters looked into when peace comes, and if our army is sufficiently large we shall be listened to with respect while we plead our own cause and the cause of China.

**A MANUAL OF MODERN SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.** By Cardinal Mercier. Vol. I. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.50 net.

We have special reasons for welcoming this English version of the *Traité élémentaire de Philosophie* just at the present time. It comes from the first of our Catholic Universities in Europe, and mainly from the graceful pen of Cardinal Mercier, the founder of the *Institut Supérieur de Philosophie de Louvain.* The Catholic traditions clinging to this Athens of Belgium, and the heroic bearing of her present Primate in the crisis which has overtaken his country and his school, have served to fix the admiring gaze of the thinking world upon this Catholic prelate and people. Are not many asking: "What can be the philosophy of life which nerves men to make such a stand for law and right against that brute force which considers all moral obligations as 'a scrap of paper?'" Here we have an answer in intelligible form. Here we have a presentation of those underlying principles which have given us lofty and heroic men in all Christian ages. Not a few thinking men, shrinking with horror from the frightful carnage and wanton destruction that mark the path of the World War, and realizing that such havoc is the logical outcome of the godless philosophy of the age—materialism driven to its legitimate consequences—cry from their hearts: "Back to Christian principles and to the philosophy in which they are imbedded! Enough of the ethics of blood and iron!"

The bulk of this ample volume must not mislead us as to its precise scope and purpose. It is, in fact, an English version of the Louvain *Traité élémentaire de Philosophie,* which is merely an abridgment of the more comprehensive *Cours de Philosophie,* the joint work of several professors of the Philosophical Institute of

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that ill-fated city. Since it was designed as an introduction to the more advanced course, and mainly for the use of clerical students in Catholic seminaries, we must not look here for the last word in philosophical investigation. Those who are seeking such advanced treatment of philosophical questions would do well to consult the more extensive work.

The method followed in this manual is a departure from the traditional lines. We, of the old school, were taught our logic first, for the accepted reason that logic was a fitting introduction to the field of philosophy. We were taught to think correctly before undertaking to discuss the subtleties of metaphysics; and the justification of our logical processes was that, as a matter of fact, all men of right mind have so done their thinking. Difficulties were answered in a practical way—*solvitur ambulando*. But here our authors prefer another order. First comes cosmology. We are made to study the world about us and learn what can be known of its nature and ultimate constituents, for from this source comes all our knowledge. The problem is confessedly not an easy one to solve. In fact it has ever been the most unsatisfactory part of philosophy, when considered in the light of strict scientific data. Thus the present treatise, which is a rendering of the third edition, 1911, was up to date at the time of its publication; but at present it is found to be significantly silent on such a palpitating question, as the part played by radio-activity in the make-up of matter. The author, Dr. Nys, is said to have in readiness for the press a revision of his subject, taking into account the latest findings of physics; but it is not at all improbable that, by the time his new volume sees the light, further advances in the physical sciences shall have relegated his work to the scrap-pile of discarded theories. Still, we must not be discouraged. Scholastic philosophy is built upon the data of experience, and, in the gross and scope of our sense knowledge, we are sufficiently sure of facts to arrive at safe and sane conclusions; for scholastic philosophy is the *rationale* of common sense.

The second treatise has to do with psychology, and it is a contribution from Cardinal Mercier himself. He was accounted, in the days of his professorial career, no mean authority among experimental psychologists, and the ease with which he handles his subject shows how familiar he is with the tests and technicalities of the laboratory. Starting from its data as premises, he shows clearly and succinctly the functions and nature of life, more especially of

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life in its highest manifestations in man—in his senses, memory, intellect and will. The basis of his argument seems to be sufficiently broad and incontrovertible. Yet, here again, the reader who is familiar with the output of experimental psychology to date, cannot but note the absence of reference in these pages to certain findings of specialists which have been brought into prominence since our professor laid aside his scalpel to take up the crosier. This remark implies no unfavorable reflection upon his work as he gave it to the public; it only goes to show how difficult it is to keep pace with modern science. Whilst it were desirable to have the scientific setting brought up to date, the omissions detract but little from the real value of the work, for the author points out clearly the line of argument to be followed in establishing the accepted teaching of Christian philosophy regarding the human soul—its origin, nature and destiny—and there is none of the later results of psychological experiment which cannot be made to tell, in a like satisfactory way, in favor of our author's position.

In the third treatise, the same author deals in his usual masterly way with the problems which have of late years arisen touching the value of our knowledge. The very name of this branch of philosophy—epistemology and criteriology—were hardly known in the last century. Now, they loom large and call up a previous question which is asked by the leaders of certain schools of thought, viz., can we attain to any real knowledge at all? If so, how? And what is its exact value? This treatise is a fair compendium of the illustrious author's really original and valuable aid to the solution of the problem. But as it is a fundamental problem, the seeker after thorough information should consult the author's more extensive work.

The fourth and final treatise of this goodly volume has to do with general metaphysics or ontology. The word itself has an unpleasant sound in current literature, philosophical or other. Not a little banal jesting is indulged in at its expense; but unjustly and ignorantly. The truth is that it is impossible for anyone to write or speak coherently on any subject without some theory, explicit or implicit, as to the ultimate nature of being—and that is just what ontology or general metaphysics undertakes to formulate. Of course the problem cannot be discussed without raising very abstruse and subtle questions, *v. g.*, in its last analysis, what is being? What is substance? What is accident? What the relation between them? What is to be understood by cause? Its relation to effect?

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'And just because these questions, to be answered satisfactorily, require close attention and deep thinking, the unthinking rabble will have none of it. All the same, it is a problem which is ever with us and will not down. Here we have its various aspects presented and discussed in a most lucid and satisfactory manner, according to the principles of scholastic philosophy—" the *philosophia perennis,* the old and new philosophy of the Christian schools."

Some critics have objected to the intrusion of such theological discussions as the separability of accidents from substance in the Holy Eucharist (p. 487), and the relation of faith to reason (p. 400). But, considering that the manual was primarily intended for seminarians preparing for the study of theology, for whom these are living questions, we do not consider the point as well taken. And, besides, do not others who open a textbook of Catholic philosophy naturally expect some light to be thrown on the borderland of the sister sciences? Even well informed non-Catholics, who take the trouble to con its pages, would be disappointed not to find at least a passing reference to points of controversy between believers and unbelievers, and even between the different schools within the Fold.

The translation has, on the whole, been well done. There are to be found, indeed, some awkward attempts at rendering the technical Latin terms in the vernacular, but no more than would be naturally expected. Corresponding English terms do not exist, and therefore they must be coined. Inept as they may be at times, they compare favorably with much of the jargon that passes muster as the consecrated technicalities of modern science.

We shall look forward with not a little impatience and eagerness for the appearance of the companion volume of this very timely presentation of Catholic philosophy, which the publishers, we are told, have already in press.

**THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON.** By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00 net.

*The King of Ireland's Son* is a folk-romance after the fashion started years ago by Yeats, and belonging to that new school of Irish letters which has, by this time, achieved sufficient dignity and distinction to be considered a real movement in literature. The illustrations in color and the many black and white sketches by Willy Pogany do a real service to the text. The stories concern the adventures of the King of Ireland's son and his *fidus 'Achates,*

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the youth Flann, and their respective wooings of Fedelma, the Enchanter's daughter, and Morag, the byre-maid. The method follows somewhat the *Arabian Nights,* with story leading on to story, and episode intertwined with episode, the unity of the whole secured by the groupings around the leading characters. Symbolism is so much in the air nowadays that we may be tempted to read an allegory where none was meant. It may be that Mr. Colum's sole intention was to retell some old Gælic legends, in a somewhat modern fashion, for their own inherent interest; or he may have wished to teach a heedless world a maxim it is prone to forget, that truth is might and must prevail, or, as Father Faber put it long ago:

For right is right, as God is God,
And right the day must win.

But, be the purpose what it may, *The King of Ireland's Son* is well worth while.

**THE HISTORY OF MOTHER SETON'S DAUGHTERS.** By Sister Mary Agnes McCann. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00 net.

It is rather odd that, when an American refers to a "Sister of Charity," one must consider the geographical location of the speaker before understanding to just which religious congregation of women reference has been made. To the man from Chicago or the Middle West, "Sister of Charity" means one congregation; to the San Franciscan another entirely distinct, while in New York, Maryland, New Jersey or certain parts of Ohio it means distinct independent branches of a third congregation itself distinct from the first two. And only in Maryland will "Sister of Charity" mean what it means in continental Europe. From the title of Sister Mary Agnes' very interesting and important publication, a general history of the several branches of the American Sisters of Charity, at present distinct, but all tracing their origin to Mother Seton, might not unnaturally be expected. These two large and handsome octavo volumes, however—and let it be said in passing that they are a credit to the publishers—concern themselves directly with the history of the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio, though the fortunes of all of Mother Seton's foundations and enterprises are followed to some extent, and much of the Church history of the early nineteenth century is incorporated. Dr. Guilday, of the Catholic University, has written an introduction, which is followed

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by a bibliography, rather startling in its comprehensiveness, including many manuscript sources as well as books and periodicals. Each volume has its own index, though there would have been an advantage in having but one general index appended to the second volume. The books are especially well printed and bound, and contain a large number of excellent illustrations in photogravure.

Not quite half of the first volume, or about one hundred and fifty pages, is devoted to the life and labors of Mother Seton, to the foundation of her community, and to its activities down to the opening of the Cincinnati house in 1829. The history of the order and of the Cincinnati community is then carried on simultaneously as far as 1851, the date of affiliation with the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Mother Seton had arranged in 1810 to have sisters come from the mother house at Paris to affiliate her young community, but Napoleon had refused them passage. She had received, however, through Bishop Flaget, on his return from a trip to Europe, the rules of the Daughters, which, modified to meet local conditions, had been put into practice. Sister Mary Agnes claims, in more than one passage, that union with the French order was contrary to Mother Seton's wishes. It is true that the original letters to which appeal is made do certainly lend color to that opinion, but it would seem that they are open to a reading of which Sister Mary Agnes does not take account, that the difficulties connected with her own peculiar circumstances caused Mother Seton to hesitate, and not that she desired her community to remain independent. At any rate, thirty years after the founder's death, such affiliation was effected by the mother house at Emmitsburg and its foundations, the houses at New York and Cincinnati becoming separate communities under their respective Archbishops. The last few chapters carry on the history of the Cincinnati community down to 1870, and a further volume is promised to bring it down to date.

Dr. Guilday says in his introduction: "These volumes are an excellent example of that type of historical work for which the United States has been waiting for a long time; it will only be by having recourse to original documents and by their intelligent interpretation that we can hope to reach a truer knowledge of the history of the Church in former days." It is only just to add what Dr. Guilday naturally could not say himself, that they are an excellent example of the work being done under his direction in the seminary of American Church history at the Catholic University. Making

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due allowance for her natural enthusiasm for her own community, and discounting the prejudice she shows on the question of affiliation, Sister Mary Agnes must be given credit for a thorough and objective handling of important historical evidence, sought out at original sources. And, while her delvings into old magazines and newspapers brought up a general collection of odds and ends, reports of various kinds, accounts of retreats and missions, editorial comment upon religious events of the day, lists and summaries of all kinds and of all degrees of value, which, though not just *ad rem,* she has incorporated, still, these are not the least interesting pages, and, to paraphrase the old Latin poet, the author probably proceeded on the principle that, being a Catholic, nothing of Catholic interest could be a matter of indifference to her or her readers.

**THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1916.** Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

No two men would agree in their choice of the twenty best short stories published in the American magazines last year, but all would agree in rating high from the viewpoint of substance and form the stories selected by Mr. O'Brien out of the two thousand five hundred candidates looking for admission into his yearly anthology.

The favorite authors this year are Gertrude Atherton, Barry Benefield, Frederick Booth, Dana Burnet, Francis Buzzell, Irvin S. Cobb, Theodore Dreiser, Armistead C. Gordon, Frederick S. Greene, Richard M. Hallet, Fanny Hurst, Mary Lerner, Jeanette Marks, Walter J. Muilenburg, Albert Du V. Pentz, Benjamin Rosenblatt, Elsie Singmaster, Gordon A. Smith, Wilbur D. Steele, and Alice L. Tildesley.

In his introduction he writes: "During the past few years a new spirit in fiction has been making itself felt and spreading itself in many directions throughout the continent. It has been felt in poetry much earlier, but in fiction it is still young, and requires much fostering from the hands of our native writers. Our artists are beginning to think of life wholly in terms of the individual, and to substitute the warmth of the individual in place of the generalized and sentimentalized types to which our American public has been so whole-heartedly accustomed."

The year book section of the volume includes a roll of honor for 1916, volumes of short stories published, magazine averages for the year, and an alphabetical list of all the short stories published in sixty-nine American magazines and newspapers.



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**CATHOLIC CHRISTIANITY, OR THE REASONABLENESS OF OUR RELIGION.** By Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

In his preface Father Vassall-Phillips writes: "My chief purpose in printing this book is to help those who find faith difficult, and consequently may feel the need of such help, but have no leisure and perhaps no inclination for the reading of long works. It is intended for busy, but intelligent men and women."

Part I., "Is the Christian Religion True?" discusses the appeal of Christianity to reason, the proofs for the existence of God, the idea of faith, the arguments from prophecy and miracles, the proof from experience and the evidence of the Catholic Church. Part II., "Is Catholicism True?" treats of the Rule of Faith, the Word of God, Development, and the Unity, Catholicity and Apostolicity of the Church. Part III., "What Does Catholic Christianity Give?" explains the sacramental system in general, the Seven Sacraments and the Communion of Saints.

There is nothing new in the arrangement of the subject matter or the marshaling of the arguments for the Church and her teaching, but the simple persuasiveness of the writer, his kindly tone, and the utter absence of the controversial spirit makes his book an excellent treatise to put in the hands of the earnest inquirer after the truth.

**MARTIN LUTHER: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.** By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00.

This little book by the author of *When Sarah Went to School* and its equally important companion volume, *When Sarah Saved the Day,* is a startling performance. It was compiled from writers like Jacobs, Smith and Böhmer, in order that it might serve "as an introduction to the larger, richer and more scholarly records of a great life which abound and to the noble writings of the Reformer himself." For concentrated falsehood it is easily the peer of the old-time Lutheran publications. The author no doubt is sincere in her attitude, but she has failed to read her sources, especially Preserved Smith, with an open mind. The progress which has been made the past half-century in our knowledge of Luther's life and labors is either unknown to the author, or has not been used because it would not suit her purpose. He would be a bold man nowadays who would attempt to write a biography of Luther along the old-fashioned lines. The book would be dangerous if it were not so

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palpably ignorant of the fundamental factors of mediæval history and of the Reformation itself. Only ignorance would excuse the writer who utters this historical blasphemy: "Martin Luther, next to the Divine Founder of the Church and His Apostles, has done most to dignify and ennoble mankind."

The work follows the conventional divisions of the antiquated biographies written prior to 1883—the classic date from which Martin Luther's legendary fame begins to decline; and it echoes their conclusions and prejudices with a fidelity which gives the book a charm of its own, somewhat like the little children one meets at times who unconsciously imitate the old people in voice and manner. This smug imitation runs all through the author's pages. "Independent and freedom-loving, insisting upon the right of private judgment, the Germans who had never united into a real nation, and still less allowed themselves to come entirely under the domination of the See of Rome, which controlled and shaped the course of the Christian Church and had made its bishop Pope." It is the horror of this freedom-loving people for the corruption of Rome which led them to buy so generously the indulgences of the Holy See; for these indulgences "not only covered the sins of the past, but those of the future.....Contrition ceased in the minds of many men to be a part of the process by which one secured forgiveness; all that was required was the appointed sum of money." Poor ignorant laity! Uncorrected by an ignorant priesthood! "The Bible was a sealed book to them." Luther was a liberator like Lincoln. It is curious how often the author sees likenesses between that Christian gentleman whose life was as honest as the sunlight and Luther the trimmer. It is a mistake to give the book this much space, and we hope it is not a harbinger of the class of books the American public is to be furnished for the fourth centenary of Luther's apostasy.

**DARK ROSALEEN.** By M. E. Francis. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35.

Mrs. Francis Blundell has written a most dramatic story of contemporary Irish life. The theme is a mixed marriage between a simple, pure Catholic peasant girl and a hard-hearted bigoted Orangeman of Belfast. Like many of his fellows in real life, he makes all the required promises beforehand, only to break them once the marriage bells have rung. The tragedy of this unhappy home is brought vividly before our eyes without any forcing of

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the preaching note. The homes of the devout people of Galway, the intense love of the Irish for their priests, the bitter intolerance of the North of Ireland Protestant, the beauties of land and sea and sky—all are portrayed with the most intense realism and literary charm. The author has not written a thesis novel, but a touching tale of what she feels and loves.

**THE MASS EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR: THE ROMAN MISSAL.** Translated and Arranged by Edward A. Pace, D.D., and John J. Wynne, S.J. New York: The Home Press.

This new arrangement of the Missal contains all that is necessary for intelligent following of the Mass, while this is made easier by the exclusion of whatever is not requisite for the laity. Only the admirable English of the translation is given; the Latin is entirely omitted, as also are the various supplements containing matter not applicable to this country. The hymns, canticles and sequences are, of course, retained, with the principal devotions. The book is clearly printed, and has the agreeable flexible binding; and the omission of the unessentials makes it of convenient size It might be wished that space had been given to include the calendar; and it is certainly to be regretted that stricter revision was not given before the final printing. Typographical errors, of which there are a few, we have grown accustomed to in this age when accuracy is the exception; but the mistake on page 490 whereby the Second Prophecy is made to read: "And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty years," is of a different kind, and less easily accountable.

**FORM AND CONTENT IN THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION.** A Friendly Discussion between W. Sanday, D.D., and M. T. Williams, M. A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00 net.

Dr. Sanday, the Lady Margaret Professor of Oxford, defends in the present volume the right of modernism to exist in the Church of England; while his opponent, Mr. M. T. Williams, Chaplain-fellow of Exeter College, upholds the claims of orthodoxy.

The present discussion arose out of an article contributed by Dr. Sanday to *The Modern Churchman* for June, 1915, *On Continuity of Thought and Relativity of Expression.* He sets aside dogmatically the objective teaching of the creeds with regard to the Virgin birth of Christ, His corporal resurrection, His ascension,

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and His descent into hell, while he calls his out-and-out rationalism a "redrafting" or a "reinterpreting" of the creed.

Mr. Williams points out clearly the non-Christian character of Dr. Sanday's *a priori* denial of the miraculous, his false view of the nature of veracity, and his clear-cut rejection of the divine teachings of the Christian Church. Mr. Williams has the better of the argument throughout, although occasionally he makes admissions which nullify his thesis. It is impossible, however, for an Anglican to defend the infallibility of a Church which rests solely on the insecure foundation of private judgment or opinion. We can pardon him his fling at ultramontanism and the Inquisition in view of his strong though courteous indictment of modernism or rationalism in the Church of England of our day.

**NEWMAN'S GENTLEMAN.** By Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 35 cents.

Cardinal Newman describes the gentleman in *The Idea of a University,* Discourse VIII., *Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Religion* (pages 179-211). Father O'Donnell calls attention to the fact that many writers not only fail to grasp the Cardinal's real idea of a gentleman, but often express the opposite of what he meant to convey. To prove this the editor of this volume publishes for students the entire text of Cardinal Newman's *Discourse,* and illustrates it with excellent notes and commentary.

**TEXAS IN THE MIDDLE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.** Studies in Spanish Colonial History and Administration. By Herbert E. Bolton, Ph.D. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press. $3.25.

This is another volume of the series of valuable historical publications issued by the University of California Press; it is a collection of special studies, rather than a history, aiming to throw light upon a neglected period in the history of one of the most important of Spain's northern provinces. In the middle eighteenth century, Texas occupied a significant position on the northeastern frontier of new Spain; down to 1762 it was the buffer province between France and Spain in their contest for empire on this Continent. The studies include such topics as "The Reorganization of the Lower Gulf Coast," "Spanish Activities on the Lower Trinity River (1746-1771)," and "The Removal from and the Reoccupation of Eastern Texas (1773-1779)." Especially in-

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teresting is a detailed account of the San Xavier Missions, a little known chapter in the history of the labors of the Franciscan Fathers among the Indians northeast of the Rio Grande, in the dawn of history in Central Texas. A few traces of these San Xavier Missions still remain, yet so little has been known of this seat of Franciscan missionary activity, that but for an obscure reference in Bancroft, they have been entirely overlooked by American historians.

The studies are preceded by a general sketch of the history of Texas during the half century within which they fall. The material presented is based almost exclusively upon manuscript sources, chiefly from the archives of Mexico, Spain and Texas, for the most part hitherto unknown and unused. Dr. Bolton says that it took him thirteen years to gather the sources of his work: "My quest has been as romantic as the search for the Golden Fleece. I have burrowed in the dust of the archives of Church and State in Mexico City, in a dozen Mexican State capitals—the distance traveled in my pursuit of documents would carry me around the globe. I have lived with the padres in ruinous old monasteries, in out-of-the-way villages in the mountains of Mexico. I count among the treasures of my personal archives the letters of introduction from ambassadors, secretaries of state and governors; cardinals, archbishops, bishops, friars and parish priests, who have smoothed my way."

**THE MIDDLE GROUP OF AMERICAN HISTORIANS.** By John Spenser Bassett, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Although more people in the United States write history than ever before, yet in proportion to the population far less history is read today than in the last generation. The great historians of the past, Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, Motley and Sparks, were not only widely read, but they were able to make a good living out of their professions, an unbelievable fact frankly impossible in this novel reading age. The so-called "middle period" of American history may be said to have two beginnings—first, after the American Revolution, when with the achievement of independence, history writing took on a new character, and secondly about 1826, when Jared Sparks' widely heralded researches marked the beginning of a group of first-class historians. The end of the period comes some years after the Civil War, when the scientific spirit secured

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domination over the patriotic school that had ruled for several decades. The historians of whose work criticisms are given in this volume are Sparks, Bancroft, the two literary historians; Prescott and Motley, and lastly Peter Force the Compiler.

Perhaps with the advent of criticism, less attention is paid to making history interesting; why the readers of history are so few today, and how the problem can be remedied, the author does not attempt to answer.

**GRAIL FIRE.** By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Francis Merwin is the son of an agnostic professor and his narrow and bigoted Congregationalist wife. He falls in love with Eleanor Ramsey, and the two together start on the search for truth and beauty, or, as the author puts it, "on the search for the Holy Grail." The Catholic Church with its Mass seems to win these sentimentalists for a time, but they are repelled by the Church's stuffy smells, her superstition, her dogmatism, her lack of progress and the uninteresting, unconvincing arguments of her stupid and tactless clergy. The Episcopalian Church finally wins them, chiefly on account of its non-insistence upon such dogmas as the Virgin birth and the apostolic succession, together with the Protestant strain in its pseudo-Catholicism. "I don't mind telling you (you ought to be able to stand it)," says the Episcopal minister, "Father" Hartley, "that the cause of Christianity would not be lost if the historians proved definitely that Jesus of Nazareth never existed."

The author must be totally devoid of all sense of humor, for her description of Father Merwin's first Mass with his sweetheart acolyte, and his motley congregation of Jews, Italians and Irish is ludicrous in the extreme.

**THE NEW POETRY.** An Anthology. Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

The introduction to this volume begins with the proposition that, during the last few years, there has been a remarkable renascence of poetry both in America and in England, and an equally remarkable revival of public interest in the art. That poetry has been reborn—for that, after all, is what renascence means—might well be questioned, for poetry can never die; but that the attention

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of the reading public has turned in a very marked fashion to poetry is beyond cavil. The editors have here collected in convenient form representative selections from about one hundred of those who are today creating what, for want of a better term, is called the "new" poetry, imperfectly descriptive, but difficult to replace by any form of words more exact. Miss Monroe has written an introduction, and a bibliography completes the volume.

Within four hundred pages are gathered many treasures for which the devout reader would travel far and pay much if he sought them all in their original editions. Here, for instance, are selections from Sir Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali,* for which he was awarded the Nobel prize. Here is Amy Lowell's *Patterns,* which Mr. Braithwaite pronounced the most distinctive poem of 1915. We must revere Mr. Braithwaite's authority even when we differ with his decisions. Here are five selections from Rupert Brooke's sonnet-sequence, *Nineteen-Fourteen,* including the famous, "If I should die, think only this of me." Here may be found John Masefield, Thomas Hardy and Ford Maddox Hueffer, who rarely keep company, as they do within these covers, with Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg or Vachel Lindsay. Nor does Alice Meynell seem at home with, say, Alice Corbin, or Joyce Kilmer with Alfred Kreymborg. The "new" poetry, it seems, like misery, makes strange bedfellows.

Miss Monroe's introduction undertakes to answer the questions, what is the new poetry, and in what does it differ from the old? It is rather a large problem, nor can we admit that Miss Monroe's essay, though an excellent example of the *multum in parvo,* solves it. The difference cannot lie in mere details of form, she says, for much of the poetry infused with the new spirit conforms to the measures and rhyme-schemes of the old. Nor is it merely in diction, nor in those devices of rhetoric in which Miss Monroe thinks the Victorian, speaking by and large, sinned by excess. The new poetry would seem to be intensive, concrete, objective; concrete above all, presenting a concrete environment or a concrete object, whether these be beautiful or ugly, establishing a direct relation between the reader and life as it is, and not as it might be, or as we would like it to be.

The vehicle which most of the new poets use is *vers libre,* or the unmetrical line, unmetrical, that is, in the sense that there is no regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables. Now, though this is revolutionary, according to all the old accepted

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standard definitions of poetry, Miss Monroe thinks the poets of today have as much right to branch out for themselves in this respect as had the pioneers of romanticism to discard the iambic pentameter of the Classicists; once more, in the cycle of time, it is genius showing itself incapable of being restrained by the fetters of artificial convention. A specious argument, depending for validity on the supposition that these "new" poets surpass their predecessors in the same proportion that the Romanticists—Shelley, Keats, Byron, whom you will—surpassed the Augustans.

Were it not that rhetorical devices seem to be under a ban, one might be tempted to say that what is new in this volume is not poetry, and that the poetry is not new. *Music I Have Heard,* by Conrad Aiken, the first selection, Rupert Brooke's sonnets, Agnes Lee's *Motherhood,* Miss Monroe's own exquisite *Lullaby,* to mention at random only a few from a great many of equal merit, are certainly poetry of a high order, though by no means "new" in details of form, in diction, or even in the relation they establish between the reader and life as it is. On the other hand, Carl Sandburg's *Chicago,* Vachel Lindsay's *The Congo,* Amy Lowell's *Red Slippers,* even, be it whispered, Miss Monroe's *The Hotel,* are "new" enough in all conscience, but are they poetry? For the kind of people that like this sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing that kind of people like; but the suspicion will not down that, even supposing Whitman's mantle has fallen upon these, his disciples, it hangs more than a trifle awry.

**PORFIRIO DIAZ.** By David Hannay. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.

This volume is written to form one of the series of *Makers of the Nineteenth Century,* edited by David Hannay. This is an authentic, if not very interesting, biography of the "Grand Old Man" of Mexico who kept that country out of chaos for nearly forty years by the force of his personality. His career is traced from the very beginning, when as the son of poor and illiterate parents, he began as a poor law student to make his way in a Mexico given up to military violence. The French intervention, the tragic career of Maximilian and the part played by Diaz in those dramatic days follow, after which swift moving events bring him to the head of affairs. The last chapter describes the Madero revolt and the causes that led to the overthrow of Diaz.

Mr. Hannay's final verdict on Diaz's work is probably a true

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one. In his efficient administration he just stopped short of being a great reformer, for he built up nothing that could last. That he won and held the Presidency for so long was a great feat. "But," asks the author, "was it to be only the feat of the resolute skipper who, pistol in hand, cows a mutinous crew and keeps it to its duty, or the achievement of a statesman who develops institutions and makes a lasting government?" Mr. Hannay thinks he was the former, and that while he produced the outward forms of prosperity by his encouragement of foreign capital in Mexico and his excellent police order, he neglected "those inward and spiritual things which alone make the health of a nation." In a country fitted only for government by a strong monarchy or a capable aristocracy, and which had neither, to Diaz was given a task too great for a mere man. The author thinks that as no sanguinary anarchy has ever had a long existence next to a strong political government, the day will surely come "when the huge and growing mass of power on its northern border will spread over it—by what movements we do not know, but as surely as water flows from a higher to a lower level."

The style of the book seems more suited to a detailed history than to a biography. It is somewhat tedious and involved; the subject with its fascinating material, could have been made more interesting reading by one whose writing had more of the true charm of a real biographer.

**HAWAII—PAST AND PRESENT.** By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

This is a valuable book that purports to do a great deal and accomplishes it. It aims to give those in the United States a comprehensive account of the conditions—political, commercial and social—in the youngest of American territories, and to fill a much-needed place as a Baedeker of Hawaii. The book falls naturally into two divisions, the first part explanatory, the second, descriptive. There is a very interesting account of the history of Hawaii up to its annexation by this country in 1898, and the causes that led to its annexation. The Hawaiian people are a rapidly disappearing race, lovable in spite of their weakness and follies. They are intelligent, affectionate as children, and easily led. The author feels, that in spite of the cosmopolitan character of people living in Hawaii, the country with all its superficially un-American traits, rests on a thoroughly American foundation. It is

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essentially a distant centre of American civilization. English is the official language and American enterprise has built up the country, and the essential ideals of America have been absorbed by the people.

There are separate chapters devoted to descriptions of the different islands; Mr. Castle is particularly fitted to describe conditions not only because of his long residence, but also since he is a descendant of one of the first white families who settled in Hawaii. The book is illustrated with many photographs of Hawaiian scenes.

**SUMMULA PHILOSOPHIÆ SCHOLASTICÆ IN USUM ADOLESCENTIUM.** By J. S. Hickey, O.Cist. Volume II. Cosmologia et Psycologia Ed. quarta, Recognita et Audacta. Dublin: Gill & Co.

The appearance of the fourth edition of this textbook is practical evidence that its excellence has been widely recognized. So much has been said in its praise that, now, there is scarcely anything left for a review notice but repetition. Strictly Thomistic, its plan and arrangement correspond in their general lines with Liberatore and Zigliara; while the treatment of topics is more ample than is to be found in the former, and less based on axioms than that of the latter.

Its own unique characteristic is the introduction of copious extracts from English works or English translations by men of note. These notes, frequently from hostile sources, are always to the point, and seem to restate the question at issue in a way to strike the pupil's mind more forcibly than does the statement or argument of the Latin text. If two students, *ceteris paribus,* were to take up, respectively, one, this textbook and the other any of the older, exclusively Latin ones, we should venture to say that, unless the professor in charge of the student with the Latin one were unusually generous in his amplifications, the man with this Summula would be far ahead of the other in regard to his grasp on the relations of St. Thomas' philosophy to modern thought.

**THOSE FITZENBERGERS.** By Helen R. Martin. New York: Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

Like most of Mrs. Martin's novels this story centres around the Pennsylvania Dutch families she portrays so well. The heroine, Liddy, is an attractive girl who, despite her sordid surroundings

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and the mystery of her family's past, succeeds in becoming a novelist of first rank. We hardly blame the Pennsylvania Dutch for their dislike of Mrs. Martin, for she pictures them as stupid, mean, unforgiving and immoral. The hero is a contemptible character, ashamed of his folks and surroundings. He plays fast and loose with two girls, and is justly punished by losing both of them at the end.

The humor of the story is irresistible, whether we read of the new minister's parish calls, his wife's crusade for women's suffrage, or the hero's crude attempts to play the gentleman.

**LYDIA OF THE PINES.** By Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.40 net.

This entertaining story pictures a little town in the North Mississippi Valley not very far from an Indian reservation. The background of the picture is the injustice of the United States in robbing the Indians of their lands and liberty. Lydia, the heroine, is a poor, motherless girl without religion, who manages somehow to keep her faith in human nature despite the evidence of dishonesty and graft in all whom she holds dear. It is a clean, well-told story.

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF REV. MOTHER TERESA DEASE.** By a Member of the Community. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

This volume is a well-written biography of the Foundress and Superior General of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America. It gives the reader a good insight into the spirit of the Sisters of Loreto, sets forth in sharp outlines the holiness and zeal of their beloved foundress, and describes the history of the Institute in America, its many foundations, trials and ultimate successes.

**IF WISHES WERE HORSES.** By Countess Barcynska. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Martin Leffley, the hero of this tale, is one of the most despicable characters in modern fiction. He is selfish, conceited, dishonest, avaricious and immoral. By selling himself body and soul to the money interests he manages to secure a seat in Parliament, but though he stoops to every indignity he never succeeds in amassing a fortune.

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His wife is a sweet, unselfish character who idolizes him, and is in great measure responsible for his political success. How she could live with him so many years and not realize his utter selfishness and hard-heartedness is beyond us. But true love is always blind. Aunt Polly, who from the beginning estimates Martin at his true worth, is most attractive, charitable, kindly and outspoken. She plays fairy godmother to Martin's children, Edgar and Dorothy, and sets them up in life in very spite of their unnatural father.

All the characters in this novel are well drawn and lifelike.

**A BOOK OF ESSAYS.** By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder. 70 cents net.

The friends of the late Father Benson will be glad to have these essays in permanent form. They include the following: *Infallibility and Tradition, The Death-Beds of "Bloody Mary" and "Good Queen Bess," Christian Science, Spiritualism, Catholicism, Catholicism and the Futurem* and *The Conversion of England.*

Father Ross of the London Oratory writes the introduction, and gives a brief biography of Father Benson, the man and the writer.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.** By Rev. Cyril Buotich, O.F.M., St. Boniface Church, San Francisco, Cal. 15 cents.

These nine lectures on Christian Science were delivered in St. Boniface's Church, San Francisco, by the Franciscan, Father Buotich, under the auspices of the Pious Union of St. Anthony. They set forth clearly the errors of this superstitious pagan cult, and prove to evidence that it is neither scientific or Christian.

**CAMILLUS DE LELLIS.** By a Sister of Mercy. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00 net.

A Sister of Mercy has written an interesting biography of the vagabond soldier and gambler who, with God's grace, became the founder of the Fathers of a Good Death, and the patron saint of the sick and dying. His life for forty-six years was one of uninterrupted suffering. Still he never allowed anyone to wait upon him, and when scarcely able to stand would crawl out of his bed to visit the sick. He established many houses in various cities of Italy, and was renowned for the gift of miracles and prophecy. He was canonized in 1746 by Benedict XIV.

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**THIRTY-ONE DAYS WITH OUR BLESSED LADY.** By Margaret M. Kennedy. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00 net.

Catholic children who read the author's *The Holy Child Seen by His Saints,* will welcome this new life of our Blessed Lady. It explains in simple language the Scriptural references to the Blessed Virgin, the Church's feasts in her honor, her shrines throughout the world, and the devotions to her name.

**WITH SAM HOUSTON IN TEXAS.** By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

There is no doubt of Mr. Sabin's ability to write the kind of book that will satisfy both boyish love of adventure and boyish craving for knowledge. He thinks of maps and diagrams and all the little details which boys love to find out and feel aggrieved to miss. This story of the meteoric Sam Houston who played so important and so picturesque a part in the establishment of Texan independence displays new proof of the author's ability to provide boy readers with accurate historical information in very agreeable form. Santa Anna, Jim Bowie, the Lone Star flag, the critical battle of San Jacinto—these are among the topics that receive generous treatment in the tale before us.

**THE ETERNAL FEMININE.** By Mary Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

*The Eternal Feminine* is a collection of short stories linked together by their common portraiture of the weakness, the whims, and the greatness of the feminine nature, as seen in the life of modern society. Many of the stories, especially *Her Fling* and *The Eternal Feminine,* are clever and amusing and make delightful reading. Two of the tales are more sombre, and give glimpses into the tragic depths of life. *Coals of Fire* is an excellent portrayal of the attitude of the Suffragist Party in England towards the Great War as seen in the story of the ardent Aileen O'Hara. The latter part of this collection is less interesting.

## FOREIGN AND PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

*Introduction a l'Etude du Merveilleux et du Miracle,* by the Abbé Joseph de Tonquedec, S.J. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 5 *fr.*) This is a detailed and scholarly treatise on miracles, their possibility, nature, and history. The various chapters treat of naturalism, determinism, the philosophy of continuity (Bergson, Le Roy and Blondel), the natural and supernatural explanation of miracles, and a critical appreciation of the miracles of ancient and modern times.

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The Providence of God and our attitude towards Him in the face of suffering are treated in a small pamphlet, entitled *En Face De La Douleur*, by Antonin Eymieu, S.J., and published by Gabriel Beauchesne.

The same house issues a pamphlet, entitled *Pensées Chrétiennes sur La Guerre*, by Jules Lebreton, which treats of country and Church, our earthly home, and the universal city of souls.

Father Mainage publishes, through Beauchesne, a study of apostasy. He writes of its causes, of some of the leading apostates, and how these same men bear testimony to the truth of Catholic Faith.

From the same publishing house comes a volume of consoling thoughts and helpful lessons, drawn from the present war, entitled *Dieu attend*, by Monsignor Gouraud, Bishop of Vannes. Also a volume, entitled *Dieu La Leçon des faits*, by Auguste Drive, which is a very practical answer to the objections of atheists and skeptics.

A very important publication of the same house is *Les Fondements de la Doctrine Catholique*, by Rev. Louis Prunel, which treats of the foundations of Catholic doctrine. The present volume considers particularly proofs for the belief in God. The introduction is by Monsignor Baudrillart.

Of the *Pages Actuelles*, published by Bloud & Gay, Paris, we have received the following: *Les Leçons du Livre Jaune*, by Henri Welschinger; *Les Procédés de Guerre des Allemands en Belgique*, by Henri Davignon; *Le Service de Santé pendant la Guerre*, by Joseph Reinach; *La Chimie meurtrière des Allemands*, by Francis Marre; *La Paix Religieuse*, by Henri Joly; *Les Revendications Territoriales de la Belgique*, by Maurice des Ombiaux; *La Defénse de L'Esprit Francais*, by René Doumic; *La Représentation nationale au Lendemain de la Paix*, *Les Mitrailleuses*, by Francis Marre; *France et Belgique*, by Maurice des Ombiaux, and *Les Armes déloyales des Allemands*, by Francis Marre.

The same house has sent us a well-documented volume, entitled *Le Supplice de Louvain*.

From the same publishers we have received the following numbers of a new series, entitled, *L'Hommage Francais*; *L'Effort de L'Inde et de L'Union Sud-Africaine*, by Joseph Chailley; *L'Effort Colonial Francais*, by A. Lebrun; *L'Effort de L'Afrique du Nord*, by Augustin Bernard; *L'Effort Canadien*, by Gaston Deschamps, and *L'Effort Britannique*, by André Lebon.

Why the French wage war is discussed by Monsignor Baudrillart in a pamphlet, published by *La Revue Hebdomadaire*, and entitled *Notre Propagande*.

The Comité de Publication sends us a small volume, entitled *Lettres à Tous Les Francais*.

The Good Press, Paris, have issued a well illustrated volume, telling the experiences of a Catholic Chaplain on the Lorraine front.

Burrup, Matheison & Sprague of London have issued in pamphlet form the Pastoral Letter of His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier, of October, 1916.

*The Last Phase in Belgium* is a statement made by Viscount Bryce on the Belgian deportations. It is published by W. Speaight & Sons of London.

*Poland for the Poles* treats of the resurrections of Poland, and is published by Allen & Unwin of London.

For those interested in the remarkable growth and development of the Church in Australia, *Manly*, the Year Book of St. Patrick's College, Sydney, Australia, will be of special interest.

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# Recent Events.

**Our Country at War.** Of recent events by far the most important is the entrance, so long deferred, of this country into the World War. At the beginning there were clear-sighted men who saw, and some even said, that a clash was inevitable between the representatives of ideas of government so totally opposed as are those of an absolute autocracy and of government by the people for the people. Every effort was made by the supporters of self-government to avoid a collision. So far, in fact, were these endeavors carried that there were not a few who were beginning to despair of their country, and to look upon the present generation of American citizens as unworthy sons of their fathers. So blind, however, was the German Government that it took every possible step to render the collision inevitable, and to make even the least worthy of the citizens of this country see and feel that a conflict was inevitable. Those whom the invasion of Belgium and the outrages inflicted on its inhabitants failed to move; those whom even the *Lusitania* massacre did not stir to action, when summoned by the Kaiser to keep off the ocean, and to limit their commerce by regulations made in Berlin, saw that the limits of forbearance had been reached, and that if they gave in their submission to decrees of such a character the days of freedom were numbered. The yoke which Prussia had been so long preparing was already being put upon the neck of the American Republic, even before there was an assurance of victory in the war. "There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making; we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated." Such was the answer which the blindness of the would-be rulers of the modern world forced from a President whose tolerance of wrongs seemed to be inexhaustible.

Although German interference with commerce was the occasion of active resistance on the part of this country, bringing home, as it did to everyone, the necessity either of such resistance or of abject submission to foreign domination, yet the war will be waged for even nobler objects. To use the President's words: "Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in

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the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles." German success would have involved submission not to law and order, but to a group of ambitious men working in secret for ends of their own, making use of any and every means to attain their ends without consultation with the people through whose efforts and sufferings those ends are to be obtained. The methods adopted by such a group of conspirators against the well-being of the world are in keeping with the ends for which they were adopted; that is to say, by a course of intrigue through spies in neighbor States with a view to their conquest. Methods and ends of this kind are suitable only to autocratic governments working in the dark. To democratic governments such methods are abhorrent; in fact incompatible with their existence.

The President, therefore, calls upon the American people to accept the gauge of battle. "We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend, and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world.....With this natural foe to liberty [we] shall if necessary spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad.....to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world, and for the liberation of its people, the German people included, for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy.....We desire no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when these rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them."

*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* The judgment passed upon the enemy by the President and ratified by the representatives of the American people has been anticipated by most of the neutral States of the world, and ratified by practically all the rest. Of European neutral countries Spain is the most important; she has been going through a similar experience to that of this



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country. Some eighty thousand Germans have found a home there, and have been abusing this privilege by giving active support to German interests. A large portion of the press has been taken into their pay; while repeated attempts have been made to intimidate the Government. To make sure of his position the Premier some little time ago offered his resignation, a resignation which was not accepted. His judgment of the submarine campaign inaugurated by Germany on the first of February coincides with that of our President. Germany's action he declares to be contrary to the principle observed by all nations, even in the moments of the most extreme violence. The reasons advanced by the German Government are declared not to be sufficient to dispense with the fulfillment of the obligations of international maritime law. For this reason the Spanish Government presented its tranquil but firm protest to that of Germany. It made the necessary reservation of its claims for compensation for the injuries which might be inflicted. Want of power made it impossible for Spain to act as our country has done. Recent telegrams, however, seem to indicate a possibility of a more energetic policy, due to the exasperation which is spreading on account of repeated injuries.

Denmark, Sweden and Norway united in a common protest against German methods. In an identical note they affirm that no belligerent has the right to prohibit peaceful navigation through zones, the limits of which are very distant from the enemy coasts. A neutral ship cannot be captured if it is not making any attempt to violate the blockade. In the event of its being captured it must be brought before a Prize Court. The unlawfulness of German methods is increased by the fact that they are to be carried out by submarines. A formal protest is, therefore, made against the methods adopted by Germany, as well as full reservation of all losses caused by the violation of neutral rights. Even Sweden, where there is an influential party with German sympathies, was unanimous in its condemnation of the new method of sea warfare. The feeling of Holland was still more bitter, as its effect upon that country was more immediate. No note of protest, however, seems to have been sent, its uselessness apparently having been already recognized in view of the many attempts already made to obtain redress in other cases of injury. Moreover, a German army is encamped at the gates of Holland. Switzerland, in a note sent to the Imperial Government, bluntly declared that that Government could not but recognize that the measures announced by it con-

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stituted a grave infringement of the right of peaceful trade which, in conformity with the principles of international law, appertained to Switzerland as a neutral State. Even Greece could not refrain from protesting, as did several of the South American Republics, while China not only protested against the violation of the sacred rights of neutrals, but after some hesitation proceeded to break off relations with the German Empire. Whether war will be declared is at present still doubtful.

Following upon this country's declaration of a state of war, the world-wide condemnation has become even more emphatic. Cuba at once ranged herself on the side of this country and declared war upon Germany. This was done not merely in protection of her rights as a neutral, but in recognition of the services which the United States had rendered to her in the acquisition of her own freedom. Panama has taken the same course as Cuba and for the same reasons. Brazil has severed relations with Germany, and has seized the shipping which had taken refuge in her harbors. In taking this step no little risk of civil war is confronted, for in no country have the Germans penetrated so successfully. Three of Brazil's provinces are mainly German, there being something like two millions of them, with German schools, German ministers and the exclusive use of the German language. Guatemala, Bolivia and Costa Rica are to be added to the list of Germany's enemies, while Argentina has given a formal endorsement of President Wilson's address to Congress. Even Haiti has rallied to the support of international right. A few more States are to be heard from, none of which are of any importance, except Chile, Peru, and Siam. Mexico's President, General Carranza, is said to approve of Germany's methods, but has announced the intention of observing strict neutrality.

Calm confidence in the justice of its cause and in its ability to secure a successful issue is the characteristic of this country. Unity is growing. While in the Senate an insignificant minority voted against the declaration of a state of war; in the House fifty were opposed to it. Against the seven billion dollar loan, however, there was not a dissenting vote. Earnest opponents of the war declaration, such as Mr. Claude Kitchin, are now warm supporters of the war. Ex-Presidents Taft and Roosevelt are at one with the President, whom hitherto the latter has so severely criticized. Mr. Roosevelt is eager to raise a force of Americans to fight in France, side by side with the French and British, and

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with the fifty thousand Americans who are already fighting for the common cause. Mr. Bryan has offered himself for service as a private. Republicans like Mr. Root deprecate all criticism of the Democratic government, and promise full support.

Of course perfect unanimity cannot be reached among one hundred million of people. This country has its due share of the uninformed and ignorant, of the selfish and of shirkers, perhaps even of secret traitors, at least among foreign nationalities. But the great body of the people is at one in its love of liberty, and when the necessity is seen will make every sacrifice for its preservation and even for its extension. There are times of crisis when a price must be paid for the realization of every ideal. The present time is one in which the realization of our country's ideal involves the payment of this price. Such payment few Americans will hesitate to make. With the Allies, Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia there will be close coöperation. Conferences of the Allies have been held in Paris, Rome and Petrograd. The next is to be held in Washington, where it will be determined how close a union will be formed with the nations now in conflict with Germany, and to American officials will be communicated the knowledge of war methods which has been gained in Europe. It seems to be already settled that this country will not be content with remaining upon the defensive, nor yet with furnishing the Allies with foodstuffs and munitions.

**France.** While the army is united and undaunted political rivalry has revived. Personal dislike of M. Briand has for a long time existed, called forth perhaps by a certain degree of arbitrariness on his part. The claim made by him for power to legislate by decree was totally opposed to the desire of a large party in the House of Deputies to supervise even military operations. The French Chamber is very jealous of any encroachment upon its powers. This it was that led to the resignation of General Lyautey as Minister of War. His tenure of this ministry was very brief, for he found it impossible to accommodate himself to the compromises rendered necessary by the demands of the politicians. As Governor of Morocco he had long been accustomed to have his own way and could not yield obedience to the civil authorities; he was even unwilling, and gave public expression to his unwillingness, for his plans to be discussed in a secret sitting. The Chamber treated this

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as an insult. General Lyautey looked upon the criticism of the Chamber as incompatible with his being able to serve the best interests of the country, and therefore gave in his resignation. Hostility to M. Briand was an element in the affair. Thereupon M. Briand decided himself to resign along with his whole Cabinet. He had been in office from the beginning of the war in the Cabinet of M. Viviani. In October, 1915, he himself became Premier as well as Minister of Foreign Affairs. With but little difficulty a new Cabinet was formed by M. Ribot, who had been Minister of Finance in M. Briand's Cabinet. That the new Cabinet has not been formed in any spirit of opposition to M. Briand is shown by the fact that he was pressed to remain as Foreign Minister. As he could not see his way to accept, M. Ribot has become both Premier and Foreign Minister. The best-known members of the new Cabinet are M. Viviani, M. Painlevé (who becomes Minister of War), Admiral Lacase and M. Thomas. The Ministry is slightly more Radical than its predecessor, but little new blood has been infused by the change, since of fifteen Ministers five were in M. Briand's last Cabinet, and only four have not held office with him since the beginning of the war. The new Premier is seventy-five years of age, and is looked upon as the Grand Old Man of France.

The prosecution of the War was not involved in any way in the crisis. The fundamental idea of the new Ministry is the same as that of its predecessors, namely, to win the War, and not to end it until the provinces torn from France in the past had been recovered, and a durable peace prepared based on respect for the rights and freedom of peoples. No government, in fact, could exist in France which had not victory as its watchword.

With reference to the controversies which have arisen as to Parliamentary control of the army, M. Ribot, in his declaration of policy, said that the question of the High Command had been settled in the most simple manner. The Cabinet was intrusted, subject to the control of the Chamber, with the political direction, and was master of all that concerned the organization and upkeep of the army. When the Government had chosen the chief to lead the troops to victory it gave to him complete freedom in regard to the strategic conception, preparation and direction of operations. After, before and through all these changes France remains unshaken, unseduced, unterrified. The righteousness of her cause, the memories of her past, the fair hopes of the future render her

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resolves unchangeable. These hopes have been brightened by the enforced retreat of the enemy from the soil which he has so long polluted, and by many indications that his strength is weakening. The advent of this country is hailed with delight. At the same time undue confidence of an immediate victory is not felt, for the fact that the foe is still strong is fully recognized. No illusions are cherished on this point.

**Russia.**

What the President calls the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening in Russia, by means of which the autocracy which had so long oppressed the people was deposed, and Russia added to the list of democratic nations, made it easier for this country to enter into coöperation with the other Allies. Under different forms of government Great Britain, France and Italy, as well as Portugal, which is taking a small, yet active part in the war, are all of them free peoples. An alliance, although enforced by the necessities of the case, with so despotic a Government as that of Russia was felt to be a drawback by those whose main interest in the War was that it was a conflict between despotism and freedom. For these the Revolution in Russia has removed the only ground for hesitation, as it brought about a complete union of ideals between all the Allies. Whether so sudden a change would be permanent became a source of anxiety. Various rumors have been afloat that the moderate government which has been set up was endangered by two opposed sets of enemies, reactionaries on the one hand and extremists on the other. From the reactionaries the dangers were not great. For many years their influence had been waning. In the sixties of the last century reforms had been introduced which if fully developed would have saved the country from the maleficent influence of the long established bureaucracy. These reforms were the abolition of slavery and the institution of the Zemtvoes, provincial councils for the management of local affairs. Alexander III. did everything in his power to nullify these measures, but was unable to restore the previous state of things. In 1905 the dammed-up torrent burst forth and the Tsar was forced to give something like a constitution. Within something like ten years the Russians under its influence have become a new people, with its back turned irrevocably upon the old ideas. The utter failure of the bureaucracy in the management of the present War has hastened the transformation, and has sealed its own fate. It proved its inadequacy to cope with the pressing problems which had

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arisen. The last stronghold to surrender was the Nobles' Congress. A short time before the Revolution, which took things out of the hands of the incompetent, this Congress endorsed the resolutions which had been passed by both Houses of Parliament, which demanded the formation of a strong united Ministry enjoying the confidence of the people.

The army placed itself at the service of the Duma, and it was by its instrumentality that the Revolution was effected. No small share, however, was taken by an association of workingmen and of soldier deputies. Unfortunately this Association after the Revolution had been effected has assumed the character of a separate government, and stands out as a rival of the Provisional Government established by the Duma. The Workmen's Council aims at dictating both internal and foreign policy. It is this body that has treated with the German Socialist Deputies, who came in quest of a separate peace. Civil war appeared imminent, for the Petrograd Council seemed on the point of yielding to the wishes of their German colleagues. The army and the nation however, united in their determination to prosecute the War. The Petrograd extremists were defeated at a National Congress which has just been held by an overwhelming majority made up of Deputies from the various cities of Russia. For the moment the danger of a separate peace has been avoided. The existence, however, of such bodies as these Councils aiming at a quasi-independence and arrogating to themselves such powers, renders the stability of the present Government somewhat precarious, and makes the friends of the new *régime* anxious. The discipline of the soldiers fighting with the enemy has been imperiled. The arrest of General Kuropatkin, Governor-General of Turkestan, by the Council of Soldier Delegates, news of which has just arrived, forms an illustration of the dangers of the situation. By a formal declaration of a Congress just held at Petrograd, the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates calls upon the revolutionary democracy of Russia to maintain its control of the Provisional Government. This means that it intends to govern and not to be governed. Substantial unity continues to exist, as to the conduct of the war. The entire army, officers, and men alike, notwithstanding the political changes and the threatened failure of discipline consequent upon them is for the continuation of the War to a victorious end. The disorganization formerly threatened has been remedied. Full coöperation between front and rear has been established.

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**Austria-Hungary.**

Evidence grows that the Dual Monarchy is struggling to free itself from the domination of Prussia which has proved so disastrous. The appointment of a Slav Premier and Foreign Minister was a step in this direction. The more recent resignations of pro-Germans in the Cabinet, as well as that of Count Tisza (if true) as Premier of Hungary, are still clearer indications. The recently-made separate offer of peace to Russia points in the same direction. Austria's losses have been stupendous, because the mass of her Slav population was driven into war for Germany to which they were opposed. The impressed soldiers surrendered to the enemy by tens of thousands, until Germany was forced to take complete control. So far has this control gone that it is said that every eight soldiers in the Austrian army is under the command of a German. That a young Emperor could not brook such a domination is nothing to wonder at. The food shortage and the approach of bankruptcy made the people still more war weary and depressed. Then came the Russian Revolution, which served both as a warning to the Emperor and an example to his subjects. The entry of the United States put an end to all hopes of an early peace. The declaration of the Russian Provisional Government that it did not seek for conquest, and that it would conclude peace only on the basis of the right of nations to decide their own destiny for themselves, was responded to by an Austrian semi-official declaration that it was ready to discuss practical proposals. This self-assertion of Austria of a right to speak for herself caused amazement and even consternation in Berlin, where Austria is looked upon as a vassal and not a very profitable one at that. Hurried conferences took place which eventuated in the announcement that the Austrian statement had been issued with the knowledge of the Kaiser. Austrian eagerness to respond to the Russian declaration, while it shows how keen was her desire for peace, does no credit to her discernment. For the Russian declaration is at one with the answer given to Mr. Wilson by the Allies, that nationalities have a right to choose their own destinies. This would be the deathknell of the Dual Monarchy, made up, as it is, of more than a dozen different races.

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# With Our Readers.

AT the time of the meeting of the Protestant Pan-American Congress at Panama, we pointed out the great harm done to our country by the misrepresentation, and the falsehoods—to use no stronger word—expressed and widely circulated by that Congress against the Republics of South America. Because these Republics are Catholic no emphasis was neglected in describing how ignorant, "mediæval," immoral—and even uncivilized—was the condition in which most of their people lived. The unscrupulous assertions of the Congress fortunately had little weight; but that was not due to any lack of effort and eloquence and publicity on the part of the defamers. Their bigotry cared as little for truth as it did for patriotism. They were willing to deprive our country of the support and friendship of these Southern Republics, just as their forefathers robbed us of the support of Canada in Revolutionary times.

Recent events have taught the American people how disastrous the nefarious work of these bigots may be. Certainly today when the President has appealed for the support of these same Republics, and when Brazil and Argentina have both broken with Germany and seconded the President's stand in the cause of democracy, no such Congress as that of Panama could be held or, if it were held, such defamers of these Republics as boldly voiced their bigotry two years ago would be silenced by the hisses of the nation.

* * * *

A LETTER from the Rector of the Cathedral of Tucuman, Argentine Republic was recently published in *The Queen's Work*. This letter dealt with the religious condition of the country and the social works organized and conducted by Catholics. Religious activity in Argentina is, it states, both progressive and fruitful. In the larger cities sodalities of both men and women are so solidly established that the person who does not belong to one of them is regarded as an exception. Catholic organizations are almost innumerable, and all support works of charity and benevolence, hospitals, orphanages, colleges, homes for the aged, institutes for the poor, rural banks, mutual aid societies, homes for religious retreats, associations for teaching Christian doctrine, etc., etc. Two associations of and for laboring men: the "Workingmen's Centres" and the "Social League of Argentina" are both widely established throughout the Republic. The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are in a flourishing condition and have a large enrollment. As for the Catholic press, this letter states that it has not yet attained the power and social influence that rightly belong to it. The causes it assigns are:

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"1. Lack of capital for launching great papers; 2. The difficulty of competing on equal terms, considering the industrialism of the modern press, which, among us, aims at the promotion of commerce and trade more than at the imparting of sound views. Then, too, we must take into account that we would have to compete with those two colossi of the newspaper world, *La Nacion* and *La Prensa*—which are not surpassed in this country, nor, indeed, in any nation of Europe. We have but five or six Catholic dailies of importance. Catholic reviews, however, and less important organs of religious propaganda are numerous.

"Instruction in the official schools is non-sectarian, though the teaching of religion is allowed after school hours. Private schools maintained by the Catholics greatly preponderate, in nearly all the important capitals of the country, over the state schools. All people of means send their sons by preference to the Catholic schools, which generally keep their classes well filled."

* * * *

AS for the morality of the people, the true Argentine is marked by an earnestness of religious faith, a characteristic that becomes all the more evident as we move out from the great cities, transformed by their cosmopolitanism. This spirit of earnest faith is a great mainstay of morality in the individual, the family, and society.

"The Argentine can point to his home with pride as a lofty example of Christian honor and virtue. Among the higher classes of society, an illegitimate child is practically unknown; it would be a scandal. Among the poorer people in the suburbs of the great cities and in the slums there is, no doubt, something to correct and improve; but *our morality is very far from fearing comparison with that of corresponding classes in other large cities of the world.*

"Among the inhabitants of the vast prairie lands and mountains remote from civilization, such people as distance permits to secure the ministry of a priest avail themselves of it gladly; and they all seek marriage within the Church. Systematized immorality and impiety in speech and way of life are things that are unknown save in those centres and among those people who have suffered the deleterious influence of that immigration of the nations which, without any restraint of law, pours into the entire continent. And in this often undesirable immigration, the worst element is always made up of the enemies of Catholicism."

* * * *

AND the letter thus answers another of the calumnies of the Protestant Panama Congress:

"The accusation that in South America a great proportion of the

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Catholic women have lost their honor is an offence as gratuitous as it is unjust. We have already spoken of the moral standing of our homes. The Catholic conscience which forms them is a crucible of society which does not tolerate that lightness of moral principle so common, and even sanctioned by law, in non-Catholic communities.

"To such an extent is our faith looked upon as the guarantee of our social morality that many men of all religious professions and of high standing in social and economic life seek their spouses among the ladies of Argentina, and thus form Catholic homes—a proof to demonstration that the Protestants and anti-Catholics resident in Argentina, many of them men of the highest standing, do not believe that in marrying Argentines they ally themselves with degraded and immoral women, and thus the statement made in the Protestant Congress of Panama is an infamous falsehood."

* * * *

TO the work of education Argentina devotes more than a third of her total revenues, an expenditure that but few nations equal. That there are some uneducated people in Argentina is due not to a lack of appreciation of the benefits of education on the part of the people, nor to the neglect of the ecclesiastical authorities, but simply because the problem itself is too vast. "Resources are not limitless, and the sparse settling of many districts obliges the State to multiply schools in far-outlying regions without important civil centres and in immense tracts of mountainous country, where people live almost as solitaries, and where there is nothing to compensate for the sacrifices made, since often a scant thirty pupils can be collected for three leagues around."

* * * *

THE Catholic faith in Argentina, far from being an agent of national retrogression and decadence, is bound up not only with the moral excellence of the country, but also with its political liberty and enlightenment. The first universities were the work of "the Church; hers all the schools before the declaration of the Republic; hers, exclusively hers, the work of evangelizing the native tribes; hers was the influence, gradual yet ever-advancing, that made our people moral, just as she had long before evangelized Europe after the invasion of the barbarians, who laid aside their native uncouthness and savagery before the refining influence of her education and the purity of her moral standards. And yet, this very uncouthness and savagery of the barbarians that overwhelmed early Europe, certain novelists, shrewd impostors whose cry has been taken up by the Protestants, have essayed to attribute to the Catholic Church; as though she were to blame if the earth brings forth savage and brutal men, full of passion and vice, against whom the powers of earth strike only to break in

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pieces, till the intruder bows before the divine power exercised by Catholicism through all the centuries of her history."

* * * *

"THE retailers of information on the moral and religious side of South America," says this well-written defence, "either defame us without knowing us or calumniate us with a baseness that argues ill for their own standards of morality and contrasts strikingly with our generosity, which asks no man his religious affiliations before offering him hospitality with the courtesy proper to our race and with the sincerity born of our religious faith....."

---

SOME of the "intellectuals" who think it proper to praise George Bernard Shaw and yield him a high place as a thinker, will, perhaps, revise their judgment and put him in a much lower niche, after reading this estimate of him by H. G. Wells: "I have praised," says Wells, "his fine English prose and all that can be praised of his plays. I admire one of his novels and all of his blank verse. But I have a poor opinion of his thoughts and his ways of thinking. I think he is a loose, garrulous, infectious, and very confusing mental activity; and when the chance comes my way I do what I can to check or stop his influence. So far as contributing to the mentality of the community goes, I do not think that he is now any good at all."

---

IT is important and gratifying to note that the Thirty-Fourth General Convention of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ which met this year at Washington, D. C., held one of its Conference Days at Trinity College of that city. This Association includes both Catholic and non-Catholic women colleges of the United States. The membership is predominantly non-Catholic. The questions discussed at such conferences are of great importance to the whole educational world; the interests which such an Association controls are far-reaching. Space does not permit us to treat the discussions at length, but it is surely an encouraging sign that Trinity College has thus opened up a new avenue of opportunity for helpfulness to Catholic students, for promulgating the Catholic view on topics of public interest and for extending Catholic influence to still wider fields.

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THE *Trinity College Record* will be proud of its "record" of ten years' publication. The April issue is its anniversary number. Since its beginning, the subjects treated, the skill with which they have been handled and presented, for we speak of both the prose and the poetry, bear testimony to the ability, the talent and the good

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taste of its editors and of the whole student body of Trinity College. To support a magazine such as this, speaks well for the abiding loyalty of both students and alumnæ.

The present issue is particularly timely with regard to "current events." America at war was foreseen, and the patriotic note is strong. Mary McKenna, '07, in a poetic reminiscence of ten years, hopes that the horrid dream which no one had dreamt and yet which came true would never include us, yet:

> If it should reach its hatred out to us,
> Its cold despairing fingers clutch our hearts,
> And touch the things that we have loved and known,
> We have the power which of old we had
> To face it bravely and to breast its force—
> To look beyond it and to see the light—
> To rear a new dream
> Ere the old is shattered.
> We have the gift—
> And God Who gave the gift
> Will lend the strength.

* * * *

AND as an editor of some experience considers such a publication as the *Trinity Record*, and other numerous Catholic college publications showing ability and interest in the things of the mind, he wonders, and he asks, what becomes of all this promising talent in the world of post-college years, in the world of Catholic literature? Some there are who fulfill the promise, and attain. But they are comparatively few. The low estate of Catholic letters as far as popular interest or paucity of writers is concerned, seems to argue that the last day of college signals the twilight rather than the morning of intellectual application, and that much of the fruit dies ere it is born.

---

## CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS FOR THE ARMY.

To THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

The entrance of our country into war against the German Government has naturally set to work every agency of our Federal Government to the building up of effective land and naval forces. How far those forces will be augmented it is, of course, too early to say, but that a large Army will be recruited, either by the volunteer system or that of conscription, is certain.

It is now planned to increase the Army to twelve hundred thousand men. Chaplains for service in this Army will be required on the basis of one chaplain for each twelve hundred men. To the Catholic Church has been allotted forty per cent of the chaplains—an allottment based on the religious census of the country. This

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means that within the next few months four hundred priests will be required to serve as chaplains in our new Army.

It is not too soon to take effective measures that the required number will be ready when called for by our Government. The soldiers of the new Army will be chosen from every section of the country. Whether the volunteer system or conscription is adopted, thousands of our Catholic young men will be enrolled. They will be at a formative and critical period of their lives, their ages ranging from nineteen to twenty-four years. The need for spiritual guidance and immediate supervision that they may avoid the serious temptations that will beset them, is beyond all question. We all stand in need of such ministrations in the normal, civil walks of life: how much more they who are young, who are vigorous in active physical life, who are suddenly taken away from the blessed influence of home and of private life and thrown among new and strange associates, many of whom have little or no religious training? Their life with its hours of idleness, of reaction demands the presence of a spiritual friend and guide as the Catholic priest always is. We have not spoken of the supreme need of the grace of the sacraments and of Holy Mass, because there is no need to dwell upon that.

The situation, therefore, demands that every diocese of the country—for the new soldiers will be taken from every diocese—contribute its share of capable priests, fitted for this immense and arduous work. It will be all but disastrous if preparation to meet the demand is left to the last moment. When, about a year ago, a large number of our militia troops were sent to the Mexican border, thousands of our Catholic soldiers had to go there without a priest to provide for their spiritual needs. Many of the bishops, with their accustomed zeal, when they found that the law did not provide for unofficial chaplains, sent priests to the border and maintained them there at their (the bishops') own expense. But the same priests were seriously handicapped in their freedom of administration by having no official standing in the army itself.

The Government had made no provision for such chaplains, and consequently they were not entitled to pay, rations, sleeping quarters, transportation or any other allowance. This would not have been the case if Catholic chaplains had previously secured a proportionate representation in the Chaplain corps of the National Guard. Such conditions should not be permitted to exist again. The supervision of Catholic chaplains for our army is in the hands and under the care of the Rev. J. Lewis O'Hern, C.S.P., of St. Paul's College, Brookland, D. C.

Under the new system of Universal Military Training, every youth of the country will be required to give a certain amount of

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time each week to drill. All schools will have military conductors and equipment, furnished by the State or National Government. All of our Catholic schools will share in these privileges, and consequently they will be on an equal footing with all other schools with regard to instructors and equipment, and also in the opportunities they can furnish their students to fit themselves as future officers in our Army.

To those of our Catholic college youth who have already had more or less of military training, a special opportunity is presented at the present moment when the new Army is in its earliest stages of formation.

The present small Army must be greatly expanded. The regular channels for furnishing trained officers are too small to meet the present demand. Consequently, the Government has been compelled to go out on the highways and byways. Emergency Boards of Regular Army officers have been appointed to examine for a possible commission all young men who have had some military training. These Boards sit at many centres in the United States, and all young men are free to come before them for physical and mental examination.

Our Catholic young men who have seen service at the Plattsburgh Camp, or received military training at Catholic school or college, as many of them have, will easily meet the requirements. The names of those who pass this examination successfully are entered on a special list, and in the order of marks obtained will receive commissions in the new Army as soon as it is formed. Such a commission will not only furnish an honorable career for the young man, but after the war is over, since our Army will be kept up to a high numerical standard and military training of some sort, be made compulsory, he may continue that career, as there will be a greater and greater demand for his services.

Young men from all the colleges throughout the United States are now making use of this opportunity by which they will become commissioned officers in the United States Army. The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C., will, upon request, furnish all necessary information, and instruct the inquirer as to which examination board will be most convenient for him. Every officer commissioned in this manner will receive the same rank, pay and allowances as an officer who has been graduated from West Point.

I remain, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE J. WARING,
*Chaplain, 11th Cavalry, U. S. A.*

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# BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
*The Judgment of the Orient.* By K'ung Yuan Ku'suh. 60 cents net. *The Necessity of Christ.* By Dr. W. E. Orchard. *Twenty Minutes of Reality.* By M. P. Montague. 75 cents net. *Grapes of Wrath.* By B. Cable. $1.50 net. *A Student in Arms.* By D. Hankey. $1.50 net. *The Call of the Republic.* By J. C. Wise. $1.00 net. *In the Claws of the German Eagle.* By A. R. Williams. $1.50 net.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
*The Short Course Series: The Exposition Value of the Revised Version.* By G. Milligan; *Belief and Life.* By W. A. Selbie, D.D.; *The Prophecy of Micah.* By A. J. Tait, D.D. 75 cents each net. *The Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jews.* By C. F. Kent. $1.50 net. *The Madness of May.* By M. Nicholson. $1.00 net.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
*In the Wilderness.* By R. Hichens. $1.50 net. *A Short History of Ireland.* By C. Maxwell. 80 cents net. *Poems and Parodies.* By T. Kettle. $1.00 net.

Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:
*Breaches of Anglo-American Treaties.* By John Bigelow. $1.50 net.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
*My Second Year of the War.* By Frederick Palmer. $1.50 net.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
*History of the Sinn Fein Movement and the Irish Rebellion of 1916.* By F. P. Jones. $2.00. *The Will to Win.* By E. B. Barrett, S.J. 50 cents.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
*The Master's Word.* By Rev. T. Flynn, C.C. Two volumes. $3.00 net. *Grapes of Thorns.* By M. T. Waggaman. $1.25 net.

Loyola University Press, New York:
*The Master Key in the Hand of Joseph.* By Rev. J. P. Conway, S.J. Pamphlet. 5 cents. *The Dream of Gerontius.* By Cardinal Newman. Edited for school purposes by J. J. Clifford, S.J. Pamphlet. 10 cents.

Duffield & Co., New York:
*The Vintage.* By S. C. Bates. 75 cents net. *Journal of Small Things.* By H. Mackay. $1.35 net.

Hodder & Stoughton, New York:
*False Witness.* By Johannes Jörgensen. $1.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
*False Decretals.* By D. H. Davenport. $1.50 net.

The America Press, New York:
*Study Centers for Work-Folk. Governor Catts' Delusions. Christianity and the War.* Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York:
*Undertow.* By Kathleen Norris. $1.25 net.

Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:
*The Middle Years.* By Katharine Tynan. $3.50 net.

Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J.:
*The Mexican War Diary of George B. McClellan.* Edited by William S. Myers, Ph.D. $1.00 net.

The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia:
*The Last Weapon.* By T. W. Wilson. 25 cents.

Our Lady of Good Counsel Printing School, 816 Christian Street, Philadelphia:
*On the Slopes of Calvary. A Religious Drama.* By A. Palmieri, O.S.A.

Rev. A. Stehle, O.S.B., St Vincent Seminary, Beatty, Pa.:
*Manuale Ordinandorum.* By Rev. A. Stehle, O.S.B.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
*Our Anniversaries.* By Rev. J. V. Nevins, S.S. 35 cents net. *St. Bernard.* $1.25 net.

Burns & Oates, Ltd., London:
*The One Hundred and Five Martyrs of Tyburn.* By the Nuns of Tyburn Convent.

Australian Catholic Truth Society, Melbourne:
*The Holy Angels of God.* By Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J. *The Literature of the Liturgy.* By Mrs. M. Goulter. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

Bloud et Gay, Paris:
*L'Effort Italien.* Par L. Barthou. *L'Effort Portugais.* Par P. Adam. *L'Effort Japonais.* Par A. Gérard. *L'Effort Belge.* Par L. Marin. *L'Effort Russe.* Par E. Herriot. *L'Effort Serbe.* Par P. Labbé. *L'Effort de Paris.* Par M. Henri-Robert. Pamphlets. 0.50.

Pierre Téqui, Paris:
*Les Briseurs de Blocus.* 0.50. *Lettres de Saint Bernard.* Par R. P. Melot. 1 *fr.* *Retraite de Jeunes Filles.* Par J. Millot. 3 *fr.*

Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Paris:
*Lazarine.* Par Paul Bourget. 3 *fr.* 50.

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# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## A THEORY OF LIMITATIONS.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

FEW among us understand the rôle of our limitations in all the relations of life. Few among us realize that these limitations indicate the negative Will of God in our regard, and suggest thereby the positive Divine Will which is our supreme law. There is a touch of dramatic awe in the thought that our limitations are our strong mountain of defence in the sight of God. Men may not see them, or may misunderstand them; not seldom, therefore, do they judge us unfairly. We ourselves often overlook our own limitations and govern life by mistaken fancy. But God sees all limitations and deals with us in view of them. No divine judgment against us is ever recorded beyond the point where our powers end. Everything that God asks of us is found without shadow of exception within the limits of our capacity. All laws both human and divine cease to compel us where our limitations enter. These mark the point, therefore, where all duties cease, where all sanctions become inoperative, where all opportunities lose their appeal. Responsibility to God or to man comes with knowledge and power, but it cannot extend beyond them. No one is held to the impossible. Within the limits of what is possible we find our sanctity or our doom. Our limitations are exemptions from responsibility assured to us by God.

The dignity of life is in our obligations. Protection against

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invasion of whatsoever kind is provided for by our rights. The limitations to which we are subjected in the constitution of nature and in the processes of life protect us against every demand that is beyond our strength, and chart the limits of our responsibility before God and man. If life were simple and the Will of God were easily learned, knowledge of our limitations might not be so important in our guidance. But life is highly complex. The Will of God is frequently vague even in respect of the supreme decisions of life. Men judge us arbitrarily. They judge us by standards which they adopt without reflection, and they fail to make allowance for their own ignorance or narrowness. Their failure to understand our limitations and to respect them leads many into grave injustice when they judge us. We are forever in the turmoil of conflicting loyalties and confused desire. Hence, it is a source of greatest comfort to understand our limitations and feel assured that God at least, if not men, takes them fully into account in imposing duties upon us and in judging us. God does not ask us to do what we are unable to do. He takes into account with tenderness and unfailing wisdom our every limitation, not only when imposing obligations but also when offering grace. What is more touching throughout the pages of the Gospel than the tenderness of Christ shown in the discourse of the Last Supper when He said: "I have yet many things to say to you but you cannot bear them now."

The theologian who interprets the natural or revealed moral law finds surest guidance in the known limitations of human nature. He undertakes his task guided by the assumption that God does not ask the impossible. In all expositions of moral law the theologian must take account of knowledge and of capacity and of the lack of these, not only as found in the race, but also as found in each man and woman and child. All theories of obligation, all practical definitions of duty must take into account our knowledge of the law and our power to obey it.

Political science, jurisprudence, law-making are true in principle and safe in direction only in so far as they take into account the limitations of man. The science of government exposes a theory of human nature, a judgment of its limitations and powers. Laws are necessary because of our limitations. Government is necessary because of our limitations. The philosophic anarchist who believes that human character can be made sufficiently perfect to maintain social order without coercion is led into that position

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because of his view of the powers of human nature. We who cannot accept that theory are influenced by our understanding of its limitations. Social institutions are as they are because of the waywardness and selfishness of our desires. In proportion as the will of man is weak and social vision is clouded, self-consciousness and waywardness threaten order. Coercive institutions are introduced, therefore, in order to protect humanity against its own limitations. When Hood said that his theory of government was "an angel from heaven and a despotism," he uttered two judgments of the limitations of human nature. He insinuated that power is dangerous, and that only an angel can exercise it with entire safety. He implied also that the limitations of humanity are so marked that only a despotism can insure effective government. When Edmund Burke said that "power gradually extirpates from the mind every humane and gentle virtue," he too expressed a theory of the limitations of human nature when power is intrusted to it. This estimate of the behavior of human nature when exercising great power is central in all political science. When we argue most effectively against the enthusiasm of social reform or the attractive ideals of socialism, the basic analytical argument upon which we rely is drawn from the limitations of human nature as history sets them forth.[1]

Popular leaders, teachers, parents, clergymen are wise or unwise just as they understand the powers and limitations of those whom they attempt to form or direct. Here we find the danger of idealism and of theory. The mind can formulate theories that satisfy every demand of logic and appeal to everything wholesome in the human heart. But when too much insistence is placed upon ideals, system, abstract principle, and there is insufficient knowledge of the clinging limitations of heart and head found in every human being, leadership is made ineffective, and gravest harm results. Hence, the practical wisdom of Leo XIII. who reminded us in his great Encyclical on the "Condition of Labor" that howsoever we strive for social reform, we must take into account the limitations of human nature.

There are many kinds of limitation. Some are inherent in human nature. No one escapes them. Some of them are inherent in the constitution of the individual and are peculiar to him. Nature may deny to one or another of us, but it will not deny to all of us,

[1] The interesting little work of Emile Faguet, *Le Culte de l'incompetence* attempts with much ingenuity to show that men of marked limitations come to power in a Democracy.

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ability to sing, to debate, to think clearly, to learn easily or remember well. Some limitations may be overcome by personal effort or by teachers. Many are derived from temperament, lack of imagination, or lack of sympathy, and are scarcely to be mastered at all. A man who lacks the fine feeling which is the flower of culture, can have none of the social vision which fits us for the highest form of life. Limitations may result from poor health or from lack of experience. Mistakes of teachers, lack of opportunity in early life, associations which hurt the very fibre of the soul will not fail to leave a harvest of limitations in a life that has been affected by them. Indecision, faulty methods in mental action, impulsiveness, are sometimes the result, sometimes the cause of limitations. In either case they are a permanent handicap in life.

Frequently our limitations spring from environment rather than from ourselves. Races have peculiar limitations which are shared in varying degrees by their individual members. A Russian might understand where an American would be dull. Men who have risen to great power would have remained forever unknown had conditions not favored them. Fortune may anchor a man in a social circle or place upon him exacting duties which deny him all liberty to tread the pathway to eminence and force. When we speak of men who are ahead of their time or behind their time, we have in mind ordinarily limitations or powers due to circumstance alone. Men differ greatly by their capacity to be helped by their civilization. Perhaps the genius is merely one whose courage, imagination and powers of assimilation enable him to be energized to a maximum degree by his civilization. Its thought inspires him. Its inventions arouse him. Its institutions yield their secrets to his lightest touch. The deeper currents that draw the world along throw their secrets at his feet as they pass. There is a touch of grandeur in the egotism of Ferdinand Lasalle, who said on one occasion, "In every line that I write I am armed with all the learning of the centuries." Men and their limitations might be described in the terms of their capacity to be helped by their civilization.

We may distinguish between limitations for which we are in no way accountable, and those whose origin is traced to our own fault. Much of the moral incapacity which chains a man to today's sin or indifference is but the penalty of treason to grace and to personal ideals in an earlier day. Ruskin tells us that "every duty that we omit obscures some truth that we should have known." This entails as a penalty thereafter, clouded spiritual vision, unless

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the miracle of repentance brings to us renewed insight and further grace. Men live their future now. They determine by today's behavior and aspiration the strength or weakness that will to-morrow honor or shame them.

What has been said refers to real limitations, that is, those which are in and of us in a physical, intellectual or moral sense. There are in addition, however, imputed limitations, those attributed to us gratuitously by persons who judge us with unfairness. Real limitations modify character. Imputed limitations affect reputation. Such is our susceptibility to the estimate placed upon us by others that imputed limitations often become real. They can so impress one as to cause discouragement and lead to practical despair, which paralyzes impulse and smothers belief in self. Curiosity, surmise, affectionate exaggeration, sarcasm, dislike, ignorance, malice play havoc in leading friends to impute indiscriminate power to us, and in causing enemies to give us credit for far-reaching limitations. In a competitive civilization like ours the tendency to see the limitations of others is fundamental. It is striking that we have such a word as fault-finding but no word like virtue-finding. Lecky says that most of the uncharitable judgments in the world are due to limited imagination. Lowell observes that the world always judges a man by his little faults rather than by his great virtues. Hawthorne believes that the high interests of the world require that the limitations of our great men be hidden from us. We expect everything noble from a man of exalted reputation. A fault in him shocks us. We expect nothing from a man of evil reputation. A single kind action performed by him edifies us. The same action done by the former attracts no notice whatsoever. Hence, the paradox that a good man shocks us easily and a bad man edifies us as easily. In other words, our standards of judgment determine the limitations that we will find in others. We are defenceless against those who wish to judge us and do it, as they please. As George Eliot says, "There is no guarding against interpretation."

Everything depends on the standard by which we judge men. If we view them in the light of unattainable perfection, we shall reach only disparaging judgments. This is the process which makes the Socialist so pessimistic concerning human nature under our actual institutions. If we judge humanity as we know it in the light of an assumed perfect social state as the Socialist has been inclined to do, everything seems wrong. If we judge men

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by small standards of achievement or character, their limitations will apparently vanish because of the ease with which they satisfy our demands. The conservative does this, and he finds it easy to be satisfied with the civilization that he knows. A convenient illustration of the former practice is found in the methods of some book reviewers. They will tell us, for instance, that an author under discussion lacks the grace of Addison, or the moral vision of Ruskin, or the vivid imagery of Dante Gabriel Rosetti, or the powerful phrasing of Swinburne. The description is confined to a statement of alleged limitations. There may be no reason in the world why the author in question should possess a single one of these traits. If he has done well a certain piece of work that is worth doing, he should be described in the terms of his achievement and not in gratuitous negatives which imply nothing but limitations.

How then are we to judge a man? How are we to take care lest we impute limitations unfairly to him?

It is fair to judge a man by what he has achieved. "To have been noble once is reason to be noble forever." It is permitted to judge a man by his opportunities if he had the power to take advantage of them. It is fair to judge a man by his deliberate ambitions and to declare his limitations in respect of them. It is not fair to judge a man by standards that are beyond him. It is not fair to judge others regardless of their limitations. A man has a right to his limitations, a right to be judged in the light of them. God judges us in this manner. We may imitate our Divine Master without loss of dignity or sacrifice of justice. Undoubtedly one of the functions of the Eighth Commandment is to prevent us from imputing to men limitations which have no existence in fact.

Ordinarily it is fair to judge a man by a position which he occupies. One may presume that when a man accepts a responsibility he has the ability to meet it. Reasonable demands on an office are reasonable demands on him who fills it. Everyone has critics. Everyone who occupies a position of trust or honor has many critics. Now critics have their limitations as well as the criticized. If they speak ignorantly, if they are unable to estimate the facts in a situation, their fault may be far greater than any to which they attempt to call attention. There is a wide range of efficiency in filling an office. Very often men and women are forced into office for which they have neither liking nor fitness. They are invited not because of ability or because of personal

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merit and dignity primarily. It may be that they are selected because of a desire to confer distinction upon an interest which they represent. In this life one may be a symbol as well as a personality. I have frequently heard men and women of this type denounced as "four flushers," when as a matter of fact a spirit of greatest self-sacrifice kept them in positions for which they had neither fitness nor inclination. God sees the life of each of us a spiritual unity. We see all lives merely in detached parts. Much that we describe as limitation in others is very often a source of honor to the individual in the mind of God. We find here a natural social sanction for the comforting virtue of charity, the handmaiden of justice and truth. Perhaps God exalted this virtue into its historical eminence just because of the inherent tendency in us to surrender to our limitations of blindness, ignorance and malice in finding and declaring real or alleged limitations in the lives of others.

It is customary for men to declare their own limitations indiscriminately. Men do not as a rule bear witness against themselves. We are on the defensive in social life. Hence we do not make known our limitations without sufficient reason. We acquire the habit of protective reticence and it becomes a second nature.

The deepest impulse of defence is to display power and to hide weakness. Hence, we are silent concerning our limitations. It is far wiser to have our silence misinterpreted than to have our statements misunderstood. If we declare our own limitations, our friends say that we are too modest, and our enemies maintain that we have not told half the truth. Only those who are admittedly powerful can afford to make known their shortcomings. A strong institution like a strong individual will tell us what it cannot do. A weak institution like a weak individual will tell us what it can do. Exceptions may be noted but the tendency is manifest. The dear blundering world resents limitations in its heroes. Greatness in any line is taken to mean greatness in all lines, particularly in the political world. To find limitations in a nation's heroes while its incense fills the air involves reflection on the nation's judgment. Nations resent this. Men in exalted station make no admissions and ordinarily undertake no self-defence. The nation instinctively asks that they be remote, solitary, supreme. When a leader admits that he was mistaken in one view he suggests that he may be mistaken in any view. Thereby is destroyed the finality which the people instinctively demand.

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The spirit and power of democracy result from an impulsive belief in the dignity and wisdom of man. Hence, humble recognition of weakness and ignorance takes second place, if indeed it have any place at all. Conservatives derive their conservatism from a recognition of the limitations of human nature. Radicals find their inspiration in overlooking these limitations, and in insisting on the undeveloped moral and social resources of humanity. Self-confidence, self-valuation, indiscriminate ambition thrive in a democracy. In proportion as government is centralized and irresponsible, it declares the political limitations of its subjects. In proportion as it is decentralized and responsible, it declares the danger of power and the political sagacity of the masses. Humanity loves the imputation of power and resents that of weakness. Does not the "natural" man rebel against a religion that preaches sinfulness, acknowledgment of guilt, repentance, self-denial, humility and obedience? This is perhaps the human explanation of the unending conflict between Christ and the world.

Nations which committed themselves to hereditary kings subjected themselves in advance to all the limitations of the future king. The mistakes of political authority, the breakdown of character when exercising supreme power, gave democracy its opportunity and trained the masses to distrust their rulers. Power tends toward expansion, ultimately toward tyranny, and it seeks to impose a code which sanctions all enlargements. The division of governmental powers invented by democracy was resorted to in view of the limitations of human nature when in possession and exercise of power. When the executive, judicial and legislative powers are separated in government, power watches power. Power curbs power. Each of the three is kept within its constitutional limits by the others. Here again we find political science drawing its axioms from the limitations of human nature.

Our consciousness of limitation depends largely upon association. If we deal with those who are less able than ourselves we become conscious of power and we forget limitations. If we are thrown into contact with those who are more powerful than ourselves, we develop, if right-minded, a consciousness of limitation which makes us humble, timid and docile. Sometimes this process goes so far as to make us, in Mallock's phrase, "self-deprecatory egotists." Ruskin tells us that it is our chief business in life to discover our inferiors and command them, to seek out our superiors

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and obey them. Centuries earlier St. Augustine gave expression to the same thought. Contact with tasks is like that with persons. If we are called upon only to do easy things we become aggressive, self-confident and apparently powerful. If, however, we engage in tasks which challenge our powers to the utmost, we readily discover our limitations, and look with admiration upon those who are equal to tasks that stagger us.

The first condition of intelligent living and effective action is to know what one is and what one can do. This implies, of course, that account be taken not alone of one's personal power but, as well, of circumstances which condition action. We may underrate or over-rate our powers. We may be keen or dull in judging the force of circumstances. Foresight may be mistaken or it may be accurate. Ability to evaluate accurately all of the factors affecting a course of action is one of the highest forms of intelligence. It is sometimes described as common sense. If we measure ourselves by this standard, they are few who will escape confession of many limitations.

The second condition of intelligent and effective action is that one know what one is not and what one cannot do. While this statement is theoretically true, it is practically dangerous. Knowledge of limitations is discouraging. We are stimulated by our illusions. Belief that a thing is possible tends to make it so. A child's character will scarcely survive an atmosphere in which it is constantly reminded of its limitations. We inspire the young, rouse their energies, mold their temperament by making them believe that they can do things, and by passing over in discreet silence the limitations that nature may have laid upon them. Actual knowledge of some limitations may be useful to anyone. Actual knowledge of all limitations is useful probably to no one. Realization of all limitations would result in the breakdown of character. To have measured the reach of ability, to have surveyed the boundary of hope, to have exhausted the allurement of self-confidence would kill enthusiasm, rob life of its charm, make self commonplace and heroism a memory. So long as we reserve some field of endeavor against acknowledgment of limitations we still retain a source of inspiration and power. We should know our limitations. We should not know them. Where is the path to wisdom? The answer challenges the nation's educational forces, its common sense, its cultural ideals. I state the problem but have no answer for it.

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If we go over from the turmoil of the world to the quiet of the spirit and observe humanity as it stands in the Presence of God, we find that here confession of limitations is an unmistakable grace. Thankfully indeed do we realize that we are not on the defensive against God. In dealing with Him we need adopt no "protective reticence." He is our understanding Friend. Because he understands all He forgives much. We find Him most readily through the gateway of our limitations. While the mind attempts to describe God in words, the heart best understands Him through feeling, spiritual instinct and experience. Rightly indeed have the theologians told us that God transcends all language, and that we must be humble and content in describing Him in words which indicate absence of limitation. The infinity which we identify with God indicates that we cannot find in the Divine Majesty any of the limitations of which we have experience or knowledge in the world. God is supreme, everlasting, omnipotent. Of what can we be conscious in His Presence except nothingness, weakness, timidity, awe? The literature, terminology and advised attitudes of spiritual life remind us unceasingly of our moral and spiritual limitations. They who take an easy attitude toward God, who find no profit and no spiritual vision in dwelling on their own limitations have not been students in the school of saints. These, our masters in the spiritual life, were constantly affected by consciousness of limitations, and they felt completely dependent on the enfolding mercy of God.

The self-depreciation found in the highest spiritual circles is not a make-believe attitude adopted for a purpose. It is primarily an understanding of what we are and of our merit and destiny in the plans of God. The spiritual life rests on truth. Humility is truth. When may we say that any disparaging self-estimate in the sight of God departs from truth? We misunderstand the saints in proportion as we are unlike them. It is well to imitate them and to find guidance toward God through the limitations which halt our steps and make our way so often weary. The Publican knew his limitations but the Pharisee did not. Christ gave us in that parable a lesson which has its own wisdom for each of us.

Newman caught the deeper truth of our relations to God when he described the soul of Gerontius approaching Him under the guidance of an angel. Once the soul caught the Divine Vision it turned in self-abasement and said to the angel:

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Take me away and in the lowest deep
There let me be
And there in hope the long night watches keep
Told out for me.

The man who glorifies God, loves his neighbor and saves his soul, fills an exalted place in the plans of God. How shall we define limitations in him when he fulfills every noble purpose in life? The faith by which we take hold of God and control thought and action does not depend on talent, prestige or training. The power to love God is grander than ability to analyze the concept of infinity. Trustful acceptance of the mysteries that encompass life is nobler than skeptical indifference to them. Much of our knowledge seeking is not truth seeking. That our limitations have a definite spiritual mission in each life no less than a social mission, is beyond question. That the consciousness of those limitations is a key to the understanding of the benevolent Providence of God is also beyond question. Revelation in the person of Christ and in His teaching and the power conveyed to us through the Sacraments, are as they are because adapted to our limitations. Christ completes us. Each of us is inadequate to his destiny without Christ, but fully adequate to it through Him. Much as we vary in health and strength, in mind and body, in social prestige and the goods of fortune, these do not classify us in the sight of God. We are classified and judged by our powers and defended by merit and limitations. The power to love and to serve Him, the impulse to worship and petition, the spiritual instinct that gives us vision are distributed among us according to ways known to God but hidden from us. Were we wiser and holier than we are, the consciousness of our powers might lead us surely to Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Constituted as we are, we find Him because we need Him. Our limitations urge us and permit no rest until we find Him.

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# WAR EXPERIENCE WITH LABOR STANDARDS.

BY FRANK O'HARA, PH.D.

DISTINGUISHED Commissioners have come to us from Europe to discuss war problems. They are bringing for our use the ripe fruits of their experience gleaned from a field plentifully enriched both by feats of genial enterprise and by glaring blunders. They beg us to appropriate to ourselves what they have learned by their failures as well as by their successes, to the end that we may be relatively prepared for the serious business which we have in hand. Europe can tell us much of improved and modernized methods of destruction; but hardly less important to us is what she can tell us of methods of conserving life and health. "Physiology is not bounded by geography," as an eminent lawyer recently explained to the Supreme Court of the United States; and the human machine must be safeguarded in America, if it is to give efficient service, just as it must be safeguarded in Europe.

As early as last August Congress established a Council of National Defence, consisting of six members of the Cabinet, "for the coördination of industries and resources for the national security and welfare." Through the organization of an advisory commission and of various sub-committees, a considerable start has already been made towards an effective mobilization of the country's resources. Other organizations, too, have been searching out ways in which our great variety of talent may be usefully employed. At this early stage in the process of coördinating our activities there is naturally a great deal of confusion. Plans are proposed and measures advocated in our hurried enthusiasm which demand careful scrutiny if we are to avoid the more serious of the mistakes which our European allies have had to meet and overcome.

There is a story told of a society which has been organized in New York City as a sort of combination nursery and labor exchange, which undertakes to send mothers in groups of thousands to distant cities to work in munitions plants while the society engages nurses to care for the infant children left behind in the

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metropolis. Those responsible for the society are well-meaning persons, but they illustrate a kind of hysteria that must be guarded against. The patriotic impulse behind the movement is excellent, but the movement itself is lacking in sanity.

There are a great many other proposed war emergency plans which are more difficult to evaluate, but some of which are more fraught with danger than the plan of the labor exchange nursery just mentioned. At the present writing the New York legislature is considering the breaking down of standards of hours protecting women workers in that State. The plea of course is the need of increasing the industrial output. Already the New York State Industrial Commission has exempted a company engaged in the manufacture of the parts of aëroplanes from the weekly day of rest law. A bill has been introduced in the legislature which seeks to make such exemptions general where the manufacture of war materials is involved. The State of Connecticut had a law which prevented women from working in factories at night, but as a result of the development of the munitions industries in that State women are now regularly employed in factories ten hours at night in Connecticut.

A proposal, the consequences of which it is very difficult to estimate in advance, is contained in a resolution passed by the Council of National Defence requesting the legislatures of the various States to "delegate to the Governors of their respective States the power to suspend or modify restrictions contained in their labor laws when such suspension or modification shall be requested by the Council of National Defence." In defence of this proposal it may be urged that the Council has the assistance and guidance of a broad-minded advisory body which would not wantonly reduce labor standards. On the other hand, much doubt is expressed as to the wisdom of lowering any of the standards that have yet been set up.

Early in the war the European nations were led to modify much of their legislation protecting the working population. Women were taking the places of men in the factories, and were expected to conform as nearly as possible to the conditions under which men worked. Trade unions surrendered for the period of the war many of the privileges which they had previously gained. The governments granted many exemptions from the operation of the factory laws regulating hours of work and working conditions. It was felt that all other considerations must give way before the

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supreme need of producing the munitions of war. But soon doubts began to arise. Many persons thought that the breach in the welfare standards had been permitted to go further than the best interests of efficient production warranted. It was recognized that the abnormal working conditions were bearing down hardly on the workers. But that was accepted as one of the natural accompaniments of war. Questions began to be raised, not so much by humanitarians as by efficiency experts. Was the output actually being increased by these methods which were wearing out the men and women and children in the factories of Europe? In Great Britain it was decided to investigate for the purpose of getting at the truth of the matter. The Home Office, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Munitions Ministry and other agencies undertook to find out the facts. The reports already published in Great Britain are sufficiently comprehensive to show that the European nations made many mistakes in letting down their labor standards, just as we are likely to make many mistakes in letting down our standards if we refuse to profit by European experience.

A principal mistake which all of the European belligerents made was that they did not look far enough ahead. They thought that the war would be finished in a year or two. They threw their human resources into the struggle without stint and without looking to the future. The women and children were thrown into industry to bear the first shock of the war. One might almost speak of them as industry's first line of defence. And now a large and growing scientific literature in England gives testimony to the regret that more thought was not given in the early days of the war to the conserving of the strength and health and general welfare of the women and children.

The runner in the marathon race does not start out with the speed of the man who has only a hundred yards to go. But Great Britain and the other belligerents have tried to start out at top speed and to maintain that speed throughout the long race. In the first place there was the question of working seven days in the week. It was thought that men, and to a considerable extent women and children too, could turn out a greater industrial product in seven days than they could in six. The one day's rest in seven was looked upon as a moral right of the worker in the normal times of peace, but it was believed to be a wasteful use of time when the nation was straining every energy to produce the sinews of war.

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And so the factory laws, which represented the results of a hundred years of humanitarian effort to improve working conditions, were relaxed, and the trade union agreements were modified to allow of a seven days' week.

But all work and no play makes Jack too dull a boy to manufacture war munitions effectively. Although extra pay was given for Sunday work it did not result in increased output. Workers would unconsciously slacken their working pace through the week to save themselves for the continuous and monotonous grind of going to work every day. There was even a noticeable falling off in the attendance at work through the week in order that the workers might be present Sunday to get the extra pay. After a time employers came to see that Sunday work was wasteful. It did not pay. Some of them spoke of it as a system which produced six days' output in seven days' time on eight days' pay. Many of them have given up the seven days' week, and the tendency to discontinue Sunday labor is growing.

The Health of Munitions Workers' Committee, organized by the Munitions Ministry, made a study of Sunday labor, and they too came to the conclusion that it does not pay. In studying the problem their interest was not, they explain, in the people who perform the labor but in the labor performed. Their ideal of production is a maximum output maintained over a long period of time. In their report they say: "The evidence before the Committee has led them strongly to hold that if the maximum output is to be secured and maintained for any length of time, a weekly period of rest must be allowed. Except for quite short periods, continuous work, in their view, is a profound mistake and does not pay—output is not increased. On economic and social grounds alike this weekly period of rest is best provided on Sunday, and the Committee are strongly of opinion that Sunday work should be confined: (a) To sudden emergencies, including the occasional making up of arrears in particular sections; and (b) To repairs, tending furnaces, etc. (the men so employed being given a corresponding period of rest during some other part of the week).

"Should the early stoppage of all Sunday work be considered for any reason difficult, if not impossible, to bring about, the Committee trust that it will at least be practicable to lay down the principle that Sunday labor is a serious evil, which should be steadily and systematically discouraged and restricted."

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We have not the same wealth of reports of investigations into the productivity of Sunday labor in other countries of Europe, but there are indications of a general recognition that six days should constitute a working week. Thus the Austrian Minister of Commerce ordered that pre-war regulations be reëstablished "in so far as those Acts and Orders regulate Sunday and holiday rest in commercial undertakings." And a French official reports as follows: "Some surprise has been expressed that in a number of establishments Sunday is a day of rest, and no night work is performed. Experience has prescribed certain regulations if the strength of workers is to be safeguarded, not only in view of a prolonged struggle, but as well for the economic needs of the country after the war." France, threatened with being "bled white" by the war, cannot afford to throw away her human resources needlessly.

There is need to limit the length of the working week for men, but the need is much greater in the case of women. Women have not, indeed, been employed on Sunday, in England to the same extent that men have, but they have been employed too many hours a week to give the best results in output, to say nothing of the breaking down of their vitality. The number of hours that a woman should work in order to produce the maximum result depends, of course, upon the character of the work, as well as upon the strength and endurance of the woman. In a study made on a number of women workers who were engaged at moderately heavy labor, the Health of Munitions Workers' Committee found that it would be economical to reduce considerably the number of hours that were being worked. In this particular group of women, engaged in turning aluminum fuse bodies: "The operatives were standing all day at capstan lathes, and had to subject each fuse body to seven successive boring and cutting operations. These operations required close attention throughout and some delicacy of manipulation, so that no relaxation of effort was permissible during the actual turning.....For many months previous to this period the hours of labor had usually been seventy-seven and one-fourth per week, except that in the second week of each month there was no Sunday labor, or the hours were reduced to sixty-nine and one-fourth per week.....From February 27th onwards the hours of labor were sixty-six and one-half per week (or fifty-eight and one-half in the second week of each month, when there was no Sunday labor), and we see that during a period of eight weeks

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the hourly output now averaged twenty-three per cent more than in the pre-Christmas period." The highest hourly output was of course not the thing desired from the point of view of the Munitions Ministry, but the highest total output over a long period. After comparing the records of this group of women under different conditions of hours, the committee concludes: "It is probable that the sixty hours worked per week were still too many to give the best total output, but at least they justify the statement that *in order to attain a maximum output women engaged in moderately heavy manual labor should not work for more than sixty hours per week.* Observations adduced below suggest that an equally good total output could be maintained if the actual working hours were reduced to fifty-six or less per week." (The italics are in the original.)

The explanation of the fact that these women did as much work in a fifty-six or a sixty-hour week as in a seventy-seven-hour week, is not to be found in any resentment towards long hours. The conditions of labor were favorable. The work was performed in large and recently-built munitions works. All of the workers were on piece work, their weekly pay depending upon the number of pieces turned out. The rate of wages was high, and there were no trades union restrictions on output. "There was every possible stimulus for them to exert their maximum powers of production." The explanation of the greater product in the shorter week is that they became tired in the longer week. They not only became tired, but they had no time to rest up or insufficient time to rest up before beginning a new week.

In the case of women engaged in light labor, it was equally found that a moderately long week was more productive than an excessively long week. In a factory where the women were engaged in "milling a screw thread on the fuse body," the operation "necessitated their standing at semi-automatic machines, where they removed one fuse body and inserted another every minute or so. The requisite muscular effort was moderate and simple in character, and took up only about one-fifth of the total time required for the operation. For the remaining four-fifths of the time the operative had nothing whatever to do, and so the call upon her attention and her muscles was very much less than that experienced by the operatives previously described." For some weeks these women had been working sixty-seven and four-tenths hours per week, but it was found that the output was increased



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by a reduction in the hours of work. In the light of the evidence the Committee concluded that probably the best number of hours in this class of labor was sixty-two a week.

Mr. Rowntree, the Director of the Welfare Department in the Ministry of Munitions, in a statement published last June, expressed the opinion that even a sixty-hour week was too long to give the best results. Making due allowance for the severity of the labor, the home conditions of the workers, the transit facilities to and from work, and the atmospheric conditions in the factories as well as the wages paid, he thought that a forty-eight hour week would give the best satisfaction. Generally speaking, he would say that "the employer is wise who works his women and girls for eight and one-half hours per day from Monday to Friday, and for five hours on Saturday. I question whether it ever pays to keep on working girls for more than fifty-four hours a week. As for the sixty-hour week, it is most unsatisfactory."

Again, the experience of France is similar to that of England. In the early days of August, 1914, circulars were issued by the French Minister of Labor authorizing the labor inspectors to grant wide tolerance in the application of laws relative to the employment of women, for the purpose of promoting the manufacture of war materials. Under these instructions permits were issued to industrial establishments especially suspending the regulations concerning night work. These permits were made use of especially in munitions factories, and the results were so unsatisfactory that the Under Secretary of State said: "The experience of war times has demonstrated the technical, economical, physiological necessity of the labor laws enacted in time of peace. Under such conditions we find a better grade of manufacture and more intense production."

The physiological necessity of rest periods for the workers has been the subject of intensive study in England since the outbreak of the war. Professor Kent, in a report to the British Home Office on an investigation of industrial fatigue by physiological methods, informs us that the condition of fatigue after moderate work is a natural physiological state. Without due exercise of its functions the body as a whole would suffer. Normally a period of labor is followed by a period of repose, and the tissue of the body, altered and to some extent broken down as a result of the labor, are built up and restored during the subsequent period of rest. But when the breaking down is exaggerated, and the process

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of repair fails to keep pace with the process of destruction, fatigue of an injurious grade supervenes. This condition may be brought about not only through an excessively active, or an excessively prolonged, period of breaking down, but also by a too brief, or not sufficiently active, period of building up. All of these causes are probably concerned in the exhaustion of the working population known as industrial fatigue. Arduous work may lead to an excessively active breaking down of the tissues, while long hours may lead to undue prolongation of this period of breaking down. On the other hand, periods of rest may be inadequate in duration, and the process of repair may be slowed owing to insufficient or unsuitable food. Moreover, the abnormal condition of the tissues is probably still further affected prejudicially by the presence in the tissue juices of poisonous substances which are produced in excessive quantity under the abnormal condition and imperfectly excreted by the overworked tissues. And a writer in the *British Medical Journal* for July, 1915, says: "The danger of impelling the best of the workmen who remain to average ten hours a day for seven days a week is obvious.....Physiological need for rest forbids the utilization of overtime to any advantage. The tired worker must go slow, impelled by nature's call. The Sunday holiday is physiologically right; it is found to pay in reckoning the output of work. The man who is overdriven and nervously exhausted finally breaks down, and takes weeks to recover. Overtime spent in factories badly ventilated and artificially lighted is, we believe, one of the most fruitful sources of phthisis."

While the recent literature on the subject laments the serious economic mistake that was made in withdrawing to such a great extent the protection of the Factory Acts from the women workers of England, the general view adopted by those who write of the conditions of children is that nothing short of a crime has been committed against them. One is constantly reminded of the unspeakable factory conditions of early nineteenth century England.

> Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
> Ere the sorrow comes with years?
> They look up with their pale and sunken faces;
> And their looks are sad to see.

Hardly less pathetic than Mrs. Browning's *The Cry of the Children* is the statement of the Principal Lady Inspector in the Annual Report for 1915 of the Chief Inspector of Factories: "Miss

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Constance Smith has been impressed by the marked difference in outward effect produced by night employment on adult and adolescent workers. 'Very young girls show almost immediately, in my experience, symptoms of lassitude, exhaustion and impaired vitality under the influence of employment at night.'" And one of the Medical Investigators employed by the Health of Munitions Workers' Committee reports: "Of the boys it may be said for the most part that they are so spiritless, so dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone and attacked with weariness to a dulling of their spirits as to compel attention."

The Munitions Committee adopted as their own the view put forward by a witness who testified before them that: "Boys between sixteen and eighteen were quite different from boys under sixteen, they were must stronger. Boys under sixteen, on the other hand, were probably more delicate than girls of the same age, and more likely to break themselves up. The essential safeguards were the reduction of hours and welfare work. Apart from the strain on the health involved, long hours had disastrous effects on the character of boys. They also might make an adequate amount of sleep difficult and, perhaps more important, they prevented adequate facilities for recreation. Such facilities were of primary importance both for the physical and moral welfare of the boys. This latter danger was accentuated by the monotonous character of their work which afforded no intellectual interest. In the absence of healthy recreation, the boys' minds and conversation were likely to become unhealthy and to lead to a general deterioration in character. Eight hours of sleep were essential, nine hours would do better. Unfortunately many boys got only six or seven hours."

And the Committee Report concludes: "The hours prescribed by the [pre-war] Factory Act are to be regarded as the maximum ordinarily justifiable, and even exceed materially what many experienced employers regard as the longest period for which boys and girls can be usefully employed from the point of view of either health or output. Any extension of these hours must therefore be critically examined with a view to their discontinuance on the first opportunity."

Mr. Cecil Leeson, Secretary of the Howard Association, in his recently published book, *The Child and the War,* adds his testimony to the effect that "if the lads were learning anything useful the situation, though still undesirable, would be not quite

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so bad; but they are not learning anything useful. Most of the factory work they do is 'blind alley' work, fitting them for nothing afterwards; and, to do it, lads are sacrificing physique, efficiency, and, in very many cases, character."

It was not alone in the factories but in agriculture as well that the war has been permitted to drain excessively the vitality of the children. The looking after the exemptions from the usual school requirements has been in the hands of the local authorities, and although in many places the children continued to be protected there has been, on the whole, a too considerable exodus of children from the schools to farm work. The Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education discusses the matter in his Annual Report of 1915: "The Board have already expressed their concern to Local Education Authorities at the large number of exemptions which have been granted for agricultural employment, and have stated that in their view in some areas they have been granted too freely and without sufficiently careful ascertainment that the conditions of exemption prescribed by the government, as indicated in the Board's circular letter of March 12, 1915, to Local Education Authorities, were fulfilled." The Board of Agriculture expressed the opinion that if the women of the country districts and of England generally took the part they might take in agriculture, it would be quite unnecessary to sacrifice the children under twelve.

The reports of the deleterious influences of war conditions on the character of the young are borne out by the statistics of crime. According to a circular issued by the Home Office, inquiries that were made by the police of seventeen of the largest towns, comparing the three months, December, 1914, to February, 1915, with the three months, December, 1915, to February, 1916, the total number of children and young persons charged with punishable offences has grown from two thousand six hundred and eighty-six to three thousand five hundred and ninety-six (an increase of thirty-four per cent), and the increase has been experienced in practically all of the towns consulted. According to an investigation made by the Howard Association, the offences of youthful persons increased fifty-six per cent in Manchester from 1914 to 1915, forty-seven per cent in Edinburgh, and thirty-two per cent in Liverpool.

Various attempts have been made to explain this sudden increase in juvenile crime. The character of the British youth is

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being broken down under the strain of hard work and no relaxation. Families are broken up, and parental control has disappeared on account of the continued absence of the father in the workshop or in the army. The children are earning wages and they no longer listen to the advice of their parents. The streets are dark and there is a shortage of policemen, and so conditions are favorable for the commission of crime. The imitative instinct leads the children to play at war, and the fruit vendor's care is a military train, which, under the rules of war, is subject to spoliation. So many things are right in times of war that are wrong in times of peace that the child's sense of morality becomes unsettled. These and other reasons are given for the increase in the volume of juvenile crime in England since the outbreak of the war, and probably they are all contributory causes.

A similar increase in crime on the part of the youth of Germany has been noted since the beginning of the war. In 1915 there were twice as many crimes committed by children in Berlin as in 1914. During the first three months of 1915 there were as many crimes committed by children in Munich as there were in the twelve months of 1914. In Frankfort there was a decrease in the number of lesser offences in 1915 as compared with 1914, but there was an increase of forty per cent in serious crime. Although some effort has been made to associate this increase in juvenile crime in Germany with the philosophy of hate about which so much was said in the early months of the war, the probability is that the causes of the increase really did not differ essentially from those operating in England.

Yes, our European Allies have much to tell us of improved guns and aëroplanes and destroyers. And to this message we shall listen eagerly. We are a practical people, and when we have decided to do our best, no implements but the best are good enough for our use. We shall fit ourselves out with the most highly perfected arms that human ingenuity can devise.

But in many respects we are a wasteful people. We have been wasteful of our natural resources, and in certain respects we have been wasteful of our human resources. But now when the crisis has come which is to put our supreme efforts to the test, we must economize our resources, and, as one phase of economizing our resources, we must, in the light of the experience of our Allies, stand firmly against the temptation which will confront us to break down our labor standards.

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# LODGE AND HIS "ROSALYNDE."

*(A SHAKESPEAREAN PRECURSOR.)*

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

"SHAKESPEARE'S happiest comedy!" cried Andrew Lang of *As You Like It*, proceeding after his graceful wont to sum up the reasons which he, and the rest of us, had found for rejoicing in the idyl of Arden. Now chief among these reasons was the "heavenly Rosalind:" and second was the irrepressible Touchstone. And although the clown may in sooth have sprung full-motlied from the brain of Shakespeare, the lady had most indubitable forebears. She had a human and literary father in the person of Thomas Lodge. She had even a literary and almost human mother, whose name was Rosalynde, and whose story was singularly like her own.

It is one thing to record that the immediate source of *Romeo and Juliet* was that unpleasant, anti-papistical tale, *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*. It is, *Deo gratias*, quite another to say that the precursor of *As You Like It* was Lodge's gentle *Rosalynde*—and that Lodge's romance derived in turn, but slightly, from the Chaucerian *Tale of Gamelyn*.. For even in its sources was *As You Like It* happy!

Some few of Shakespeare's sources were unlovely or unworthy, and for good results needed to be quite transmuted and transfigured by his sympathetic genius. But Thomas Lodge was the sort of man one would choose to pass on "secrets deeper than his own" to the Master Singer. He was, in the first place, a gentleman, and in the second place a scholar, and in the third place an adventurer. His "little span" was curiously coeval with the comings and goings of kings' children: for Thomas Lodge seems to have been born in 1558, the last year of Mary Tudor's reign and the first of Elizabeth's; while he died in that 1625 which saw the passing of James I. and the advent of unhappy Charles. What a slice out of the history of England—what food indeed for the preacher's homily!

The maker of *Rosalynde* was born in London town, the son of

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Sir Thomas Lodge, sometime its Lord Mayor. The boy would seem to have inherited no discomfiting convictions upon Church or State, for he studied quietly and proceeded in the approved manner to Trinity College about 1573—quite as though neither he nor Oxford itself had recently been robbed of the incalculable heritage of Catholic Faith! Returning later to London, he began the study of law at Lincoln's Inn; but there the friendship of Robert Greene and Daniel and Barnabe Rich and Drayton and Lyly lured Thomas toward the bright path of poetry and drama instead. For this defection he was subsequently cut off in his father's will. But the mother was more art-loving—or perhaps it was simply more son-loving!—and when she died in 1579, the youth wrote an affectionate epitaph, unfortunately now lost. In view of the later Shakespearean affiliations, it is a charming touch that Lodge's first professional literary work should have been a *Defense of Stage Plays,* published in 1580 as a reply to Gosson's *School of Abuse.* It has been claimed also, but not proved, that Thomas was himself an actor for awhile. At least, there was a somewhat heavy tragedy called *The Wounds of Civil War* to his credit (or the contrary), and he undoubtedly collaborated with Greene in the satiric *Looking Glass for London and England.* He has been accused of various other dramas, but was probably not guilty, although his restless youth was full of experiments. He is said then for awhile to have "exchanged bookes for armes;" and it is certain that about 1588 he sailed to Terceras and the Canary Islands with one Captain Clarke.[1] For upon this memorable voyage, as he himself tells us, he composed the pretty romantic idyl of *Rosalynde:* and being an Elizabethan and something of a Euphuist, he made apology lest his really smooth and elaborate story be found "rough, as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas."

After Lodge's return to London he published in 1589 a volume of poems under the modest title, *Scillæs Metamorphosis: Enterlaced with the unfortunate love of Glaucus. Whereunto is annexed the delectable discourse of the discontented Satyr; with sundrie other most absolute Poems and Sonnets.* Then he ventured forth again upon the seas, this time to South America, visiting Brazil and amongst other places the famous Jesuit Library at Santos. Whether this was an event or merely an episode, who shall say? For conversions—reversions—were scarcely fashionable in Eliza-

[1] For many interesting biographical details, see "Thomas Lodge:" *Dictionary of National Biography.*

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beth's reign: yet by 1596 Thomas Lodge was publicly known as a Catholic. He still wrote: lyrics, in which he had the radiant Elizabethan facility, satires attacking the abuses of the time, and probably one pious tract, *Prosopopoeia, containing the tears of—Marie, the Mother of God.* But for awhile after his change of religion became known, it was necessary for him to flee England. So, with characteristic activity, he proceeded to study medicine at Avignon, whence he was graduated as a physician in 1600.

Then the old beloved, treacherous London called again, and Lodge returned to practice medicine—also, incidentally, to translate Josephus and Seneca! He was active during the plague of 1603, and wrote a treatise on the dread disease which he dedicated to the Lord Mayor. Then religious troubles drove him again from England. He returned later, and is said to have ministered professionally chiefly to the recusant Catholics—which perhaps explains why his finances fell so low during these final years. At all events, the good doctor asked permission to travel overseas once again to collect debts due him; and he seems subsequently to have been both sued and for awhile imprisoned for debts of his own. It was indeed troublous sailing for Thomas Lodge before the Ultimate Port loomed in sight, but he held to the mast with a high heart. Then at last, in 1625, and in his own home on Old Fish Street in the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, the *grandfather* of Shakespeare's Rosalind died: a scholar, a poet, a man whose worst fault was that, in the words of one contemporary, he liked to have "an oar in every paper boat." He had never feared the great adventure of Life, nor the great adventure of Death—nor Faith, the greatest adventure of them all.

*Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacy,* was published in 1590, the same year as Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia,* with which it has much in common. Both books were of the *novelli* type; picturesque, pedantic and leisurely romances, with which various scholarly dreamers strove to soothe the strenuous matter of Elizabethan living. They were literary and emotional narcotics. They were also delightsome exercises for men who had freshly discovered the greatness of English speech and of the life about them. The very sub-title of *Rosalynde* proclaims its desired affinity with the pioneer of all the *novelli* in England, John Lyly's celebrated *Euphues:* and stilted as Lodge's work sometimes is, it yet moves to freer measures than its original. It is a gracious, poetic and rather sophisticated idyl of love, the Court, the forest—and then more love. It tells

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first how old Sir John of Bordeaux dies, leaving a "golden legacy" of good (but soon forgotten) counsel—and three sons to work out their destinies. Saladyne, the eldest, promptly takes possession of the estates; while his second brother, Fernandyne, dreams of studious Aristotle; and the youngest (and favorite) son, Rosader, is reduced to the state of a mere serf or foot-boy. One day, while walking in the garden, the youth awakens to the fact that "those good parts that God hath bestowed upon me, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscurity." He accuses Saladyne of the wrong, and being threatened with bonds he even attacks his brother's retainers with a garden-rake. Eventually Rosader, being of a "mild and courteous nature," is appeased by Saladyne's fair promises. Shortly after, the wily elder brother persuades him to enter a wrestling-match at the court of King Torismond—having meanwhile suborned the Norman champion to kill Rosader in the conflict.

Rosader delightedly travels to court: hé watches the doughty Norman butchering all contestants—quite in the manner of Shakespeare's Charles—and he catches sight of the king's fair daughter Alinda together with her fairer cousin Rosalynde, daughter to the banished king Gerismond. "Upon her cheeks," Lodge tells us, "there seemed a battle between the Graces, who should bestow most favors to make her excellent. Her eyes were like those lamps that make the wealthy covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favor and disdain, courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, and Diana all her chastity."

Rosader first spies Rosalynde as he enters the list, and his eye is so "inveigled" that he stands distraught and has to be roused from his dream by a shake from the Norman. Thereupon he attacks the champion with great "fury of countenance"—and apparently much good muscle. And although Lodge's Rosalynde does not, like Shakespeare's, try to dissuade the young wrestler from entering the conflict, she does send him "such an amorous look as might have made the most coward desperate." Later on, when he has victoriously thrown the Norman, she sends him by a page a jewel from her own neck: and Rosader, having, apparently, already fallen into the poetic habit, retires into a tent and composes a "sonnet" in her praise. Then, with the laurel wreath upon his head and a company of boon companions at his heels, he sets out for his tempestuous home.

Now Lodge's Rosalynde, we are told, "accounted love a toy,

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and fancy a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze might be shaken off with a wink, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame." But scarcely had Rosader left the court when she discovered—like many another would-be salamander!—the might of her misprised god. She began to fall into the uncomfortable habit of dreaming about the virtues and perfections of her swain—"the comeliness of his person, the honor of his parents!"—as she sat solitary. Moreover, whole acres of worldly-wise counsel concerning the sort of mate she ought to *choose* in view of her fallen fortunes, proved utterly barren! Then, "smiling to herself," and taking up her lute, she broke into a lyric as sweet as a May morning, perhaps the most blossomy of all that Lodge has given us.

Scarcely has Rosalynde finished the madrigal when she finds herself rudely confronted by her uncle, Torismond. Whether that little affair with Rosader has been observed one knows not, but the usurping king suddenly begins to tremble at the power of his niece's beauty, fearing lest one of the courtiers aspire to marriage and thus claim the crown in Rosalynde's name. So he comes now "with a stern countenance full of wrath," and orders her out of his court by nightfall. The little princess, utterly dismayed, defends herself boldly, yet "in reverent terms." But Torismond is the true forebear of Shakespeare's Frederick, a domestic as well as a political tyrant.

Then comes a touch so exquisite that Shakespeare adopted it wholly in spirit, if not in letter. It is the defence of Rosalynde by her cousin Alinda who, in Lodge's simple but perfect phrase, "loved her more than herself." The result is the one with which the comedy has familiarized us—both princesses are banished together. And although Rosalynde weeps, Alinda smiles. Sooth to say, there is an undertone of deep humanity in all this: for who can fancy life with the impossible king being at all bearable after Rosalynde's departure? Alinda is the first to see that (as her successor says) the way before them leads "to liberty and not to banishment," so she comforts Rosalynde with a high heart and many sage words and a little spice of laughter. The Celia of *As You Like It* is always trembling upon the verge of enormous wisdom. She is no mere shadow or foil to Rosalind, but quite her match in wit and resource. This, one can but think, is directly due to Lodge, who was very partial to his princess Alinda, giving her many of the best lines in his romance—and frequently setting her up as an oracle, with copious Latin quotations tripping upon

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her tongue. For be it remembered that Thomas Lodge was close enough to the Renaissance to admire oracular ladies, and to adore the "serene classics."

Gathering up, then, their jewels and a few necessaries, and disguised the one as a page the other as a simple village maid, Rosalynde and Alinda—or as they now called themselves, Ganymede and Aliena—travel past the vineyards toward the great forest of Arden (Ardennes). Here they find the trees engraved with most unlooked-for "sonnets" and "eclogues," the work of a certain "perplexed shepherd" Montanus, bemoaning his love for the scornful Phoebe. Then does Ganymede, wounded perhaps into assumed levity, begin his celebrated diatribe upon womanhood. "You may see what mad cattle you women be," he (she) cries to Aliena, "whose hearts sometimes are made of adamant that will touch with no impression, and sometimes of wax that is fit for every form....."

"And I pray you," quoth the other princess, "if your robes were off, what mettle are you made of that you are so satirical against women? Is it not a foul bird that defiles its own nest? Beware, Ganymede, that Rosader hear you not, if he do, perchance you will make him leap so far from love that he will anger every vein in your heart."

"I speak now," says Ganymede, "as I am Aliena's page, not as I am Gerismond's daughter; for put me but into a petticoat, and I will stand in defiance to the uttermost that women are courteous, constant, virtuous and what not!"

Meanwhile Rosader has been suffering woes of his own, and in final desperation at his brother's ill-treatment he leaves home in company with his faithful English servant, Adam Spencer. They wander into the forest (of course! for "journeys end in lovers' meeting, every wise man's son doth know!") and Rosader, having still "the lively image of Rosalynde" painted upon his memory, contracts the habit of carving his own verses upon the unprotesting trees. Then, upon a day, the inevitable happens—he comes suddenly upon Aliena and her lovely page, turned shepherds in this *vie sauvage,* as they seek shelter from the sun beneath the great trees of Arden. It is a charming scene, almost in the true spirit of *As You Like It,* save for Touchstone's absence: for Aliena asks gently "leading" questions, and Ganymede falls to chaffing Rosader, even reminding him that "faint heart never won fair lady." And the youth, being challenged to describe his mistress'

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excellences, replies in one of those superlative bursts of song which are the wonder and wild delight of this sometimes monotonous "historie." Here are some of the most colorful stanzas of *Rosalynde's Description:*

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde.

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink:
The gods do fear when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

* * * * *

Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde.

* * * * *

Then muse not, nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosalynde,
Since for her fair there is fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde.
Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine!

This, obviously, is much finer than any of the verses Shakespeare attributes to Orlando. In fact, Orlando's verses are innocently farcical—just as the verses of most well-loving but unliterary lovers are to this day: whereas Lodge gives Rosader the verses of a poet, and even Montanus the verses of a poetaster. But if Rosader's poetry is better than Orlando's, his conversation is not so good. In the first place, it is intolerably long: but it serves to occupy Ganymede—who promptly offers to personate Rosalynde for the lover's consolation!—through many pages of pleasant banter, between the feeding of their flocks and the ups and downs of the Phoebe plot.

For Phoebe is an important person in Lodge's romance. She is a queen of Arcady, a woodland belle and heiress, who takes the devotion of Montanus as a right and would have the love of Gany-

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mede as a right also. Failing in this, the proud, pretty creature falls ill almost to death: "for as fire suppressed grows to the greater flame, and the current stopped to the more violent stream, so love smothered wrings the heart with the deeper passions." In this extremity she writes that humble confession of her love for Ganymede which Montanus himself bears to the page, becoming, as Lodge says, "a willing messenger of his own martyrdom." For, unlike Shakespeare's Silvius, Montanus sees "day at a little hole," and understands only too well Phoebe's sudden passion for Aliena's fair attendant.

It must be admitted that Thomas Lodge, being tied down to no dramatic unities, takes time to make Aliena's own romance far more credible than it appears in *As You Like It*. To be sure, she falls in love with the same man—under another name. For Saladyne, being himself banished by Torismond, and duly repenting his evil treatment of Rosader, wanders like everyone else to Arden. And falling asleep, he is discovered by his younger brother just as a hungry lion is about to spring upon him. Rosader, after wrestling with Orlando's own temptation, saves him, and so the two are reconciled. And when, a few days later, some forest ruffians fall upon Ganymede and Aliena, desiring to steal away the fair shepherdess, it is Saladyne and not Rosader who rescues her from their hands. Naturally enough, an intimacy springs up between them, and the little *partie carrée* partakes many a pleasant discourse; until upon a day Princess Alinda discovers that in escaping the robbers she has fallen captive to Saladyne. Nor does she fight her overthrow very whole-heartedly. "Women must love, or they must cease to live," she muses complacently, "and therefore did nature frame them fair, that they might be subject to fancy." So, since "where love leads delay is loathsome," there is nothing for it but to set the following Sunday for their nuptials.

"Truth!" now cries Ganymede with innocent guile, "but a happy day should that be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynde!" Man-like, poor Rosader is not greatly stirred by any such improbable hypothesis; and he almost resents the jest when Ganymede cheerfully promises to produce his ladylove, through a friend "deeply experienced in necromancy and magic," when the wedding feast is laid.

It is on this joyous occasion that the exiled king, Gerismond, first meets Ganymede—and "fetched a deep sigh" at the resemblance to his lost daughter. The *dénouement* is then worked

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out as Shakespeare later follows it: Gerismond swearing to give Rosader his daughter, *if* she can be found—and Phoebe agreeing to wed Montanus, *if* she can be cured of her love for the page. Then Rosalynde, having discreetly retired for awhile, enters clothed in green, "with a kirtle of rich sendal, so quaint that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forest; upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora perked in the pride of all her flowers." And while there is rejoicing on all sides—and poor selfish Saladyne is cured of his sudden "melancholy" by discovering that *his* bride also is a princess!—old Corydon the shepherd comes "skipping in," most marvelously appareled, to tell them that the priest is at church and tarries for their coming.

But Lodge's romance does not close with wedding bells. Scarcely has the marriage feast begun when Rosader's second brother, Fernandyne, comes upon the scene, announcing that the twelve peers of France wait outside the forest, determined at last to fight Torismond and restore Gerismond to his throne. Then the cry of *Saint Denis!* rings through Arden, and there is much buckling-on of armor as the men rush off, one and all, to battle. And the three little "war brides," Rosalynde, Alinda and Phoebe, are left to console one another, until the good news of Gerismond's victory calls them all up to Paris for the thirty days merry-making which ends the tale.

It must by this time be evident to all readers of *Rosalynde* that *As You Like It* was nothing more or less than a *dramatized novel*. And out of this most problematical of all literary feats, Shakespeare made his "happiest comedy!" Just what did he do in recasting the Arden romance? First of all, he eliminated much superfluous and inharmonious matter. Then he quickened the *tempo* of the whole work. Last of all, he created the immortal Touchstone, the melancholy Jaques, and—lest the story seem still too remotely artificial—the refreshing earth-earthiness of Audrey.

The "speeding up" process is very noticeable in the opening of *As You Like It*, where instead of Lodge's long account of old Sir Roland's death, Shakespeare plunges at once into the real action of the play in a highly spirited scene between Orlando and Oliver. The first entrance of Rosalind and Celia is, one must confess, rather sedately reminiscent of *Euphues' Golden Legacy*. They converse (it is not talking) with a certain rhetorical balance and studied wit until the entrance of Touchstone. With his "Mis-

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tress, you must come away to your father!" *humanity* comes tripping upon the scene.

And almost immediately one is aware of a certain sporting spirit in Rosalind. Through all her banter about those who "dote upon rib-breaking," one knows that she wants to see the wrestling-match. If she lived today she would drive a high-power motor-car and doubtless make experiments in aviation! She would also fall in love, willfully and strongly and sweetly—and when the larger issues called, she would be found blithely faithful. Shakespeare makes it very clear to us that Rosalind *enjoys* her boy's masquerade, as neither Viola nor Imogen enjoys it. She even enjoys making Orlando's life a little miserable by her teasing—until the moment when she discovers that her own life is made miserable by his innocent delays and broken trysts. Then comes the human, feminine breakdown: not pages of self-questioning and sage arguing as with Lodge's earlier heroine; not even a sudden burst of lyric beauty—just the swift confession, half sob and half jest, to Celia—

> O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that
> thou didst know how many fathom deep
> I am in love!

The crystalline serenity of Arden is Shakespeare's own, for Lodge's retreat is prey to highwaymen and even to war—but the blessed William will not have even a "clock in the forest." It is curious how, with seemingly contradictory method, he both humanizes and idealizes: making a *man,* albeit a young one, out of Orlando—and a *philosopher,* albeit not too old a one, out of his banished Duke. What he has made of his wise fool, Touchstone, and his foolish sage, Jaques, all the world knows. In brief, he took the gentle, high-bred, rambling romance of good Thomas Lodge—a *literary narcotic* we called it, in reverence and not in scorn—and out of it he made a *play!* That tells the whole story: that explains the variety, the simplifying, all the accentuation of light and shade. It explains his dashing but still "heavenly" Rosalind; his boorish Audrey and William; Amiens' monopoly of the lyrics; even that perfect, final note of Jaques' bored departure from the sunny love feast of Arden. Yes, it explains all—in so far as any great work of art may be explained. For it is as Rabindranath Tagore has sung with subtle sweetness: *He who can open the bud does it so simply!* But the rose-tree was planted first by Thomas Lodge.

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# VLADIMIR SOLOVIEV—THE RUSSIAN NEWMAN.

BY THE LATE THOMAS J. GERRARD.

ONE of the fortunes of war has been the revelation to Western eyes of a Russian mystic. It is Vladimir Soloviev. He is not only the foremost spiritual philosopher of Russia, but he is also one of the most disguished types of the modern mind. Towards the end of his life he happened to write a book against Tolstoy, combating that writer's doctrine of the non-resistance of evil. The book has lately received two translations into English, as a statement of the philosophy of war from the Russian point of view.

The subject of war, however, holds but a secondary place in the book, and indeed a very secondary place in the life of Soloviev. His great lifework was an exposition and propaganda of the claims of the Universal Church. He was a convert from Orthodoxy to Catholicism, and the one ruling passion of his life was to familiarize Russia with the idea of a Universal Church, monarchical in its constitution. This is the chief reason for calling him the Russian Newman. There were other striking similarities between the two men, although their divergencies were even more striking and more numerous.

Soloviev, like Newman, was very lonely in his soul. He worked always from within—the voice of conscience was his all-impelling guide and force. His method was the personal one. He conceived in his own peculiar way a philosophy of the whole man, which was neither intellectualist, voluntarist, nor sentimentalist. With the watchword of "integralism," he stood for the due equipoise of all the faculties of man in the search for truth. He worked out for himself a method remarkably analogous to Newman's doctrine of the Illative Sense, but with this important difference, that he always preserved a profound respect for the use and the value of the syllogism.

Yet, if on the one hand, he was personal and subjective, it was always with a sane appreciation of the value of objective evidence. Like Newman again, he took a special delight in the study of Holy Scripture and the Fathers, of Church history and the development of religion. Like Newman, too, he had an ardent love for his own country. He thought of Catholicism for Russia,



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and believed that if only Russia were Catholic it would mean the religious transformation of the whole world.

Unlike Newman, Soloviev never became a priest. Both before and after his conversion he preferred to work as a layman. Nevertheless, he deemed that he could best follow his calling by remaining a celibate. Once, at the age of eighteen, he did think of marriage, but by the time he had arrived at the age of twenty, he had fully resolved to lead a single life.

Soloviev was born on the sixteenth of January, 1853, the son of the Russian historian, Serge Mikhaïlovitch Soloviev. His grandfather was a priest of the Orthodox Church, whilst on his mother's side he was related to the philosopher, Skovorod. Thus all the influences of his childhood tended to imbue him with the spirit of the Slav. He grew up a Slav of the Slavs. What he wrote of his father in later years was a summary of the influences which bore on his own early life: "With a most passionate love he loved orthodoxy, science, and the Russian fatherland."

The son, however, did not remain long under the supervision of his parents. In 1864, at the age of eleven, he passed into the gymnasium at Moscow. At once, even in these boyish years, he began to show himself alive to the thought of the West. It was something other than what he had been accustomed to in his parental home. He read Strauss' *Leben Jesu,* and Renan's *Vie de Jésus.* But the book that most captivated him was Büchner's *Force and Matter.* It had just been censured, and was consequently in the hands of many of the older students. And consequently, also, it had to be in the hands of this boy philosopher. He read each book in its original language, and persuaded himself that he was solving a great question. So at the age of fourteen he came to the conclusion that he could never more take part in any religious act. According to his judgment the Christian faith could not withstand the discoveries of science. The spiritual world was an illusion.

Such ill-digested food, however, could never agree with him. Both his mind and his feelings were dissatisfied with his immature conclusion. In later years he wrote of this time: "At the age of thirteen or fourteen, when I was a zealous materialist my great problem was this: How can any sensible people remain Christians? And I could only explain the strange fact by supposing either hypocrisy or a peculiar kind of madness. This was silly enough for a boy....."

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It was his father who saved him. He took him seriously and impressed upon him the importance of the problem of life. Young Soloviev continued to treat his problem seriously, and for three years remained absorbed in the obscurities of matter and evil. His very sincerity served him well and kept him straight morally. Where his fellow-students carried the subversive doctrines to a practical conclusion, Soloviev kept true to his saner instincts. In fact it was through one of his rationalist authors that he found his conversion, the one being none other than Spinoza. Through the study of that writer he gradually reached a conviction of the reality of the spirit world, and of the necessary existence of God.

Of course, there was in Spinoza the danger of the other extreme. The reaction from materialism might easily, under such a leader, have led him into an equally crude spiritualism. But Soloviev saw further than his master. His own personal method of philosophizing made him see that God must be both personal and transcendent. On leaving the gymnasium he had decided to be a philosopher by profession, but not for the sake of a living, nor yet for the sake of philosophy. He had a particular detestation of the principle of art for art's sake. All these things were for the sake of love—love of God and love of souls. Hence he could have no use for the impersonal God of Spinoza. Thus did his personal method carry him over the stumbling-block of pantheism. Having cleared his own mind, he next sought to bring his conviction to bear on his country. But he found himself opposed both on the right and on the left. His countrymen were divided into two camps, those who stood for the introduction of liberal thought from the West, and those who stood for the national traditions. To these parties were given the names respectively of Occidentalists and Slavophiles.

The Occidentalists, enamored of the catchwords "liberty" and "evolution," were ready for every kind of revolution. Existing institutions no longer commanded their respect. They wanted no more Tsar, nor yet any more Orthodox Church. They could even do without any form of Christianity whatsoever. If they were to have any religion at all, they preferred the positivism of Auguste Comte.

The Slavophiles, on the other hand, were guided by two simple and almost identical principles, namely, to have nothing to do with the West, and never to depart from the customs of the East. This double principle, of course, included the further one that Orthodoxy

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was to remain the religion of Russia and that every resistance must be offered to the Roman Catholic Church. The offices both in the State and in the Church were naturally filled with Slavophiles, whilst the universities afforded opportunities for the Occidentalists. Both parties, however, were united in their hostility to Rome.

Such was the general trend of thought when Soloviev entered upon his career as a professor of philosophy. He set for himself the task of reconciling the opposing camps. He would show that liberty and authority were not mutually exclusive, but that an equipoise could be established between them. This equipoise was also to be attained between faith and science—one could be learned without giving up the faith. It was also to be attained between the Church and the fatherland—one could belong to a Universal Church and at the same time be loyal to one's country. Soloviev was thus above all parties, and, consequently, won from them varying measures of approval and opposition. The opposition, especially in the forms of the rigors of censorship, was so insistent throughout his short life that it was not until after his death that his influence began to produce evident effects.

The ground wherein he proposed to sow his seed had been prepared by two other philosophers to whom he also was much indebted. The sterility of Russian thought had been mercilessly exposed by Pierre Tchadaïev. The evils, economic and political, with which Russia was afflicted had been laid bare by Leo Tolstoy. But neither Tolstoy nor Tchadaïev provided a remedy. Their work had to be perfected by Soloviev.

Before he had reached the age of twenty he had come back to the Christian faith. The concluding years of his student life at the University of Moscow were marked by a wide variety of interests—he followed the courses of history and philology, physical science and mathematics, and also a course of theology at the ecclesiastical academy.

At length the time came for his final examination which took place at Petrograd on November 24, 1874. His first thesis, which was formulated against the positivists, was entitled: *A Criticism of Western Philosophy.* It treated of the double evolution of thought, idealism from Descartes to Hegel, and empiricism from Bacon to Mill. Both lines of thought, he maintained, ended in a positivism which was at once atheist, egoist, pessimist, and revolutionary. His act made a sensation. His hearers were captivated and immediately began to take sides for or against him.

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In spite of his many adversaries he was nominated to a minor professorship at the University of Moscow. Thus at the age of twenty-one he began his career as a teacher. The opening words of his first lecture were characteristic: "In every sphere of his activity, and before all else, man dreams of liberty." It was a bold word in the Russia of those days, for it implied the curtailment of many a governmental activity. His development of the theme was, however, still bolder. The necessities of existence imposed on man three kinds of societies, an economic society for the utilization of the material world, a political society for the ordering of relations between man and man, and a religious society for the due subordination of man to God. Thus there is established a *free theocracy*. By this term Soloviev meant a knowledge of the divine prerogatives, a consequent love of them, and a free acceptance of them which alone could bring real liberty.

Russia, however, was not yet ripe for such advanced thought. The young professor's success was brilliant, but it led to jealousy and intrigues against him. After three months of teaching he was removed from his chair. He was not yet bad enough for Siberia. So he was silenced by being sent upon a scientific mission to London and Paris.

The ostensible purpose of this journey was the study of spiritism and cabalism. In London, however, he occupied himself much with Anglicanism and the question of reunion with the Orthodox Church. From London he went to France and Italy, making his way to Egypt to study the beliefs of the Arabs. In the train he had his first experience of Catholic clergy—two hundred and fifty of them on their way to Rome. "Fine fellows," he called them, "and not one of them looked like a Jesuit." On his return he spent a month in Italy and a fortnight in Paris. It was in Paris that he first conceived the idea of a book on the *Principle of Universal Religion*, an idea which fructified eventually in his chief work: *Russia and the Universal Church*. In Paris, too, he met Renan, who made no better impression on him than that of "a vulgar boaster."

By the beginning of 1877 the agitation against him had calmed down, so that he was allowed to return to Moscow. But almost immediately there was trouble. He was not minded to suppress the truth which was so dear to his heart, nor were his enemies minded to allow him to express it. A conference which he called *The Three Forces* was the occasion of his further persecution. His

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thesis was that mankind was influenced by three forces, a tendency towards social unity, a tendency towards individualism, and a higher tendency to respect God in other individuals and in their societies. The first tendency had been exaggerated by the Mussulman, with the result that he had become stagnated. The second had been exaggerated by the peoples of the West, with the result that their energies had become isolated almost to vanishing point. The third tendency remained as something to be realized by the Slav of the East. Then would Russia live and be the leavening influence of the world.

Such a thesis, however, was pleasing to neither party. To the Slavophiles it was not exclusive enough. To the Occidentalists it was not revolutionary enough. Both parties, therefore, combined to have silence imposed on Soloviev and to have him sent into retirement.

By the intervention of friends an honorable retirement was found for him. He was appointed to a position on the Council of Education at Petrograd. The appointment was generally considered as a sort of reparation, but nevertheless it kept Soloviev directly under the control of the authorities and effectively hindered his liberty of speech.

Shortly afterwards he was nominated to a minor professorship in the Petrograd University, but his career there was even shorter than at Moscow. His thought was developing rapidly, and had now taken a direction leading straight towards Catholicism.

The embodiment of his thought took the shape of twelve *Lectures on Theandrism*. "Theandrism" was the companion word to his "Theocracy." By theocracy he meant a full and free acknowledgment of the rights and authority of God. Such an acknowledgment made us recognize God in His creatures, and led us to love our neighbors as ourselves. But all these traces of God in man were but sketches of the great divine appearance, when the Word was made flesh in the womb of a Virgin. Thus did the figurative theandrisms give way to the real theandrism, God made man in history. The purpose of this theandrism was that all men might become united to God. We are all called to be partakers of the divine nature. Thus there is now a universal theandrism which is made up of the united multitude of participated theandrisms.

A savor of pantheism, perhaps, some will say. Soloviev, however, took pains to guard against this by declaring that the Man-

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God was one unique Person. Jesus Christ alone was the Word eternally begotten. And from Him as from the Father the Holy Ghost eternally proceeds. For a universal theandrism every man must be incorporated into Christ. Every earthly activity must be subordinated to this end. The purpose of all societies, civil and economic, is to serve the Kingdom of God, the Church, the Universal Church, the Catholic Church.

From the above it is evident that from his early manhood Soloviev was fully convinced of the doctrine of the *filioque*. Living in the theological atmosphere which he did, this alone must have been a tremendous help to him in adjusting his ideas on the Universal Church. As yet his concept of the Church was wanting in definition, and indeed some of its lines were very crooked in comparison with the objective reality. Nevertheless he hoped to see a Universal Church some day realized by an agreement between the East and the West, and to bring about this union became the ruling passion of his life.

One would have thought that the formulation of his ideas would have been met with great favor by the various authorities who were watching him. For he maintained that the Eastern Church represented a divine foundation, whilst the Western represented only human weakness; and it was the union of these two elements which would produce a spiritualized humanity, a Universal Church. But the proposal pleased no one. Conservatives and liberals conspired together for the removal of Soloviev from the Petrograd University. And within four months, namely in March, 1881, his career as a professor was brought to a close, and this time forever.

In deference, however, to the Russian authorities, we ought to say that it was not merely his abstract views on a Universal Church which caused him to be removed. These views fructified into certain practical conclusions of which the Russian State was bound to take notice. For instance, Soloviev protested against the frequent executions in Russia, and invited the new Tsar to give Christian example. He asked him, for instance, not to execute regicides, but to give them a chance of moral enlightenment and conversion. But Russia was not ready for such developments of the City of God.

Thenceforward to the end of his life Soloviev was refused all public utterance, except by way of writing which could be controlled by the censor. A few months before his death the Univer-

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sity of Warsaw obtained permission to offer him a chair. The incident was useful as an indication of the growing tolerance of the Russian State, but it came too late to be of any service to Soloviev as a lecturer. Henceforward his life was that of a writer.

But even as a writer the censorship held him within what he believed too limited a sphere. He persevered as long as he could in his native tongue. But the annoyances became so frequent that he at length sought an outlet for his work in a foreign language. His first article outside Russia appeared in a Croatian journal, *Katolik List,* under the title *Eastern Church or Orthodox Church.* In all his evasions of the law, however, he remained loyal to the Tsar and to Russia. When he was charged with want of patriotism he replied that his patriotism was of a much better kind than was commonly supposed; for his love for Russia was not a blind love, blinding him to her faults, but a love which enabled him to love her in spite of her faults. Whilst loving her he condemned her acts of injustice. He longed for a greater and more beautiful Russia, less dominating and less violent. He wished for a Russia better ordered, more moral and more Christian—more truly worthy to be called Holy Russia. He hoped for a Russia influential less by its arms than by its faith and charity. He wanted a Russia that would develop the mystic body of Christ and that would glorify the only and holy Church of Jesus Christ.

In the past the hindrance to all religious progress had been the schism between the East and the West. Here then was his problem of the future. How could there be an Orthodoxy truly slavophile, yet obedient to the command to teach all nations? To solve this question, Soloviev gave himself up to a systematic study of theology, at the same time keeping his philosophy in living contact with the question. Indeed it is remarkable how he made nearly every question he touched lead up to the theme of the Universal Church.

As a philosopher his thought divided naturally into two streams, the mental and the moral science. His treatise, *The Philosophical Principles of An Integral Science,* laid down the basis of his metaphysics. He maintained that nearly all contemporaneous philosophy treated the intellectual life with too much isolation. It had been rudely divorced from the life of man as a whole. Such a method, whether by way of Hegelianism, or of empiricism, would be sure to lead to skepticism. Moreover, such a method missed the supreme question of philosophy, namely: Whither does this life lead?

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Therefore, Soloviev replied with his integralism or whole-man philosophy. In addition to the intelligence seeking the true, the full appropriation of reality involves a disposition of the will seeking the Good, and a quickened sensibility seeking the Beautiful. Thus was this integral philosophy in full communication with physical science on the one hand and speculative thought on the other. With such experience it could turn human reflection towards superhuman realities. It could mount up beyond human life, beyond cosmic life until it reached the absolute Essence-Existence. As a moralist, Soloviev summed up his teaching in a work entitled: *The Justification of the Good.* His aim was to show his readers the real meaning of life. He proposed to them three questions: Has life got a reason for its existence? Must one seek for the meaning of life in the moral order? . Does the higher flight into that which is spiritual require, permit, or exact a sacrifice of that which would be excess in physiological tendencies?

We have said that Soloviev was one of the foremost examples of the modern mind. This is especially evident in his great work on morals. He not only showed the clearest grasp of the present situation, but also, like the English Newman, he showed a keen anticipation of the future.

First, he dealt with the pessimists who abandoned their lives to caprice, and who, when further satisfaction was not to be had, committed suicide. Even they bore witness to a higher meaning of life. They felt it and saw it, but they were too lazy to make the effort to reach it.

Then came the æsthetes of every kind. To them life had a meaning because it was a great force, because it had a grandeur and a beauty. Morality did not enter into such concepts. The moral life was inconvenient and uncomfortable. Beauty, however, was fascinating, and the grandeur of life exalted and quickened us. It was the doctrine of the strong man set up by Nietzsche: "Slaves can adore a God Who makes Himself man and humbles Himself. But the strong adore only their own ascent to the superman, the endless progression of human beauty, human grandeur and human power."

But, replied Soloviev, that endless progression ends in a corpse. Instead of beauty you have putrefaction. The inexorable fact of death reduces the body's beauty and grandeur and power to nothing. Christianity on the contrary is not founded upon death,

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but upon the First-born from the dead, and real beauty, grandeur, and power could only be found in the Absolute Good.

Such is the general trend of the work, the final aim being "the perfect organization of an integral humanity." And such organization postulated a Universal Church. Thus the philosopher has all unconsciously transformed himself into a theologian. Yet not unconsciously, for he is careful to notice that the superhuman is not acquired by natural science, having need of a special communication. "This communication, willed by God, opens to our thought a new sphere of studies and contemplations: the intimate deeps of divinity become accessible to theology and the mystical life." Henceforward, therefore, theology was to claim a larger share of his attention. And he needed it. He was so extremely nationalist, so thoroughly imbued with slavophile ideas, that he thought the Christian restoration of the world was reserved for Russia and the Orthodox Church. The Western Church had dwelt too much on the material element of the Incarnation, propagating the faith by force, and thinking more of ecclesiastical domination than the love of Christ. And as for the Reformation, although it fought against these abuses, yet it was itself poisoned with Western individualism, and shrunk into sheer rationalism. Soloviev, in a word, had just that view of "Romanism" which was traditional and current in the East.

Nevertheless he resolved to face an independent inquiry into the value of the Roman Catholic claims. He gave himself up to the volumes of Mansi and Migne. The councils and the fathers were the sources whence he sought the truth. He made a Russian translation of the *Didache,* claiming, in his introduction, that it showed how Providence was always allied to a perpetual hierarchy and the dogma of the sacraments. The due developments of these doctrines, therefore, were not novelties invented by the Catholic Church, as the Orthodox Church asserted.

Once again the enemies of Soloviev were roused. He went forward, however, and even ventured to censure the spiritual power in Russia. He blamed the Holy Synod for the sin of inaction. At the same time he delivered a counter-blast against the Roman Catholic Church. In the West, he said, the Papacy had set up the Pope in place of Christ, and Protestantism had hunted out Christ. Orthodox Russia alone, up to the eighteenth century, had respected the liberty of souls. The separation of the East from the West ought never to have taken place. The evil wrought by

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Constantinople should be repaired by Russia. Having grown up and become conscious of herself, Russia should no longer continue the historic sin of Constantinople. Rome was thoroughly Christian because she was universal. Let us not exaggerate her faults.

Then he issued his important work: *The Great Conflict and Christian Politics.* The conflict, of course, was that between the East and the West. It was not essentially a religious conflict, but one of radical tendencies. The East was contemplative, and in this guise yielded itself to every form of inactivity. The West was active, and in this guise yielded itself to the merely human. The Incarnation restrained the two tendencies. Nevertheless they were the real cause of the schism of 1054: the *filioque* was but the pretext. Pride and ambition, he maintained, had caused the Popes to restore the old cæsarism. That was not the authority with which the Church of Christ should be ruled. "The word *caput ecclesiæ,*" he wrote, "cannot be applied to all the Popes; only those have merited it in whom Christian humanity has been able to recognize the Eternal Pontiff." The book caused a big sensation. Its purpose was immediately turned into a political direction. Soloviev was charged with agitating on behalf of Poland!

A refutation of the work was attempted by the Archpriest A. M. Ivantzov-Platanov. Soloviev replied with nine leading questions. These were intended rather for the whole Russian hierarchy. But they reached much further. They traveled as far as Rome and were made the subject of a conference by Cardinal Mazzella.

There was now an active communication set up between Soloviev and certain representative Catholics. Soloviev wrote to Bishop Strossmayer of Bosnia and Sirmium, asking for an interview either at Agram or Djakovo. The Russian police, however, were on the watch. They interrupted his plans, and for six months prevented him from leaving the country. But on the twenty-ninth of June, 1886, he managed to arrive at Vienna, and from there wrote immediately to Bishop Strossmayer. The Bishop welcomed him as his guest at Djakovo, where he remained for two months. Both host and guest were enthusiastically slavophile, a circumstance which enabled them to come near together in their discussions on the cause of reunion.

Yet with all his good intentions towards Rome, Soloviev asserted his constancy towards Russia and the Church of Russia. Writing to Bishop Strossmayer on his way home, he enclosed a

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memorandum in which he declared that after the reunion "the superior position which always belonged to the Eastern Church, and which now in Russia belonged to the Orthodox Emperor, should remain intact."

This memorandum marked a new direction for Soloviev. He understood that henceforward his mission in life was, at the cost of every personal sacrifice, to work for an agreement between Russia and the Catholic Church. He would show by his example that a Slav could and ought, whilst remaining a Slav, widen his heart and soul towards Catholic faith and zeal, and prove that Roman Catholicism completed, crowned, and unified all that was legitimate in the traditional orthodoxy of the East.

For the realization of this idea he planned a large work in three volumes, to which he gave the title of *The History and Future of Theocracy*. But only one volume saw the light. The censor refused permission to print. Soloviev again had recourse to a foreign publisher. After having made certain excisions in the hope that the book might be admitted to Russia, he issued it at Agram. But the compromise was ineffective: the book was prohibited. Soloviev now felt that it was waste of time to write any further in Russian for the Russians. He must try a more roundabout way. So he began a new work in French, one which proved to be his greatest and most effectual: *Russia and the Universal Church*.

The fundamental thesis of this, which embodied his one aim in life, might be stated as follows: "The Universal Church is founded on the truth affirmed by our faith. Since truth is one, the true faith must also be one. And since the unity of faith does not reside really and directly in the whole body of the faithful, it must be sought in the lawful authority residing in one head—authority having the guarantee of divine assistance—and thus received with love and confidence by all the faithful."[1] And the first step in the explication of the thesis was "to establish a moral and intellectual bond between the religious conscience of Russia and the truth of the Universal Church." His hope lay in the simple Russian people. He drew a big distinction between the intellectuals and officials on the one hand and the multitude on the other. The latter, he maintained, were really Catholic in their faith and piety. It was the official theologians who were so anti-Catholic.

[1] *La Russie et l'Eglise universelle*, Paris, 1889, p. 93.

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A work of less importance, though perhaps of more topical interest at the present moment, is the one which has lately been offered to the English-speaking public. Its correct title is: *War, Progress and the End of History: Three Discussions.* Two English translations have appeared during the past year, one issued by the University of London Press under the aforesaid title, the other issued by Constable under the title: *War and Christianity from the Russian point of view: Three Conversations.*

The book was written as an antidote to Tolstoy. The question of militarism was exercising people's minds. Tolstoy had been writing against war, and with such effect that men were resenting conscription. Officers even were known to have been ashamed of the army and to have given up their profession in consequence. Tolstoy had in fact created an impression that war had no moral defence.

Soloviev came forward as the champion of his country's cause. He was quite as good a Slav as Tolstoy—and a much better disputant. Tolstoy had preached from the text: "Resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." From that he had inferred that the use of physical force in the settlement of disputes showed a desire to do evil and therefore was wrong.

The logical outcome of such teaching required the abrogation of all military and police arrangements. Soloviev saw in this nothing but the downfall of European civilization, and its replacement by a Pan-Mongolism. So he asks: "Can reason and conscience count up to three?" If so, then they must see how wrong it is for number one to stand by whilst number two persecutes the innocent number three.

This argument he embodies in an imaginary conversation which takes place between five Russians in a garden on the shores of the Mediterranean. An old general, a politician, a young prince, a lady of middle age, and Mr. Z. make up the company. The prince is obviously meant for Tolstoy, and Mr. Z. for Soloviev himself. The general, who is the chief speaker in the first conversation, tells the story of one of his exploits in the Russo-Turkish War. A large party of Bashi-Bazouks had sacked an Armenian village, committing unspeakable atrocities. "I could not mention," says the general, "all the details. One picture is clear in my eyes at this moment—a woman lying on her back on the ground, her neck and shoulders tied to the cart-wheel in such a way that she

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could not turn her head, and she lay there neither burnt nor broken, but with a ghastly twisted expression on her face—she had evidently died from terror. In front of her was a high pole stuck into the ground, and a naked baby was tied to it—probably her own son—all black with fire and its eyes protruding."

With Cossacks and artillery he set out in pursuit and overtook them. First one Cossack and then another rolled over, until at length the eldest centurion came to him and asked: "Order us to attack, Excellency! Otherwise anathema will fall upon us before we get the artillery into position." "Be patient, darlings," he replies, "just for a little. I know you can scatter them, but what sweetness is there in that? God orders me to make an end of them, not to scatter them."

And he did make an end of them. "God blessed all my six cannon. It was the one occasion in my life when I experienced a complete moral satisfaction. My act remains till now, and will of course remain forever, my purest memory. Well, and that one good act of mine was a murder, and not by any means a small murder, for in a quarter of an hour I killed considerably more than a thousand men.....Certainly I did not kill with my hands, with these sinful hands, but with the aid of six pure, sinless, steel cannon, with the most virtuous and beneficial shrapnel."

Of course, he is speaking ironically when he calls it murder, using the terminology of the pacificists. But in this way he deals blow after blow against the Tolstoy position.

The curious thing is that the question of the military power of Russia brought Soloviev once again to the question of Rome. The concluding pages of the *Three Discussions* are an allegory of the end of history. Through the centuries the union of Rome and Russia has not been accomplished, but now at the end of time it is clamoring for consummation.

Soloviev used the political situation of the time to symbolize the spiritual. Japan was made to represent the kingdom of Antichrist, whilst Russia represented the Kingdom of Christ. With remarkable foresight Soloviev prophesied the defeat of Russia by Japan, the realization of which event gave point to his visions of the future Church, and made him a prophet accepted in his own country. There was an Antichrist and an anti-Pope, and Tolstoy himself was pictured as one of the forerunners of Antichrist. These drew the multitudes after them and victory seemed to be on their side.

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Only a few Christians remained faithful to the true Christ, the Catholics led by Pope Peter II., the Orthodox by the venerable John, and the Protestants by one Professor Ernest Pauli. The company, all told, numbered twelve. They assembled together "in the darkness of the night on a high and lonely place," on the barren hills near Jericho, and then and there was the union of the Churches accomplished.

Soloviev, therefore, was keenly conscious of the many obstacles which were in the way of the object for which he labored, and of the time it must take before it could be realized. He seemed to know that his own end was not far distant, for he leaves his allegory unfinished—the writer, he said, wished to write more when he got better. But he did not get well, and the end of the tale was buried with him in the Danilof monastery. Soloviev, as a matter of fact, died suddenly a few weeks later at the age of forty-seven on a journey to see his mother.

But what about his own conversion? Long, long ago he had sung his "Lead, Kindly Light:"

> Beneath the morning mists I went with trembling footsteps towards the enchanted land—shores full of mystery. The crimson of the dawn put out the stars; my dreams still hovered round me, and my soul, still wrapped in them, prayed to the Unknown God.
>
> In the white freshness of the day I walk, always alone, through an undiscovered country. The mists disperse. Mine eyes see clear ahead—how steep the mountain path is, and how far away everything still seems—everything that I have dreamed!
>
> Until nightfall will I go; marching with unwearied stride to the long-desired shore, where, under the light of the early stars and in the blaze of triumphal fires, glows on the mountain top the temple that was promised me—the home that shall be mine.

But did the mist clear away, and did the temple of the Church reveal itself to his vision? During the later years of his life and for some years after his death certain doubts have prevailed concerning this. Nor have reasons for the doubts been wanting. First there was some necessity for keeping the matter secret. Soloviev had been warned that if he left Paris to enter Russia he would surely be arrested and deported. Orders had actually been given for his internment in a monastery in Archangel. Hence there was need of a prudent silence. Then after his death his rela-

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tions who remained Orthodox were at pains to show that he had never become Catholic.

At length, however, the full truth came out. On the eighteenth of February, 1896, he was received into the Catholic Church by a convert priest, M. Nicolas Tolstoy. The event took place in the chapel of Notre Dame de Lourdes at Moscow in the presence of the members of M. Tolstoy's family and of several eminent people of Petrograd and Moscow. The priest was arrested next day, but managed to evade prosecution, and a few days later was in Rome to report the conversion to Pope Leo XIII.

Soloviev had ever stood for the privileges of the Eastern rites, and now he made it quite clear that in joining the Catholic Church, he was not joining the Latin rite. He, therefore, made a profession of faith which he had fixed upon long before the time came to make it:

> As a member of the real and venerable Orthodox Eastern or Greek-Russian Church which speaks neither by an anti-canonical synod nor by the servants of the secular power..... I acknowledge as supreme judge in matters of religion.....the Apostle Peter who lives in his successors, and has not heard in vain the words of the Saviour: Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church—confirm thy brethren—feed My sheep, feed My lambs.

On his deathbed, however, he could not obtain the services of either a priest of the Uniat rite or of the Latin rite. So he availed himself of the services of the village curé who happened to be of the Orthodox rite. This he was quite entitled to do, for every validly ordained priest has jurisdiction at the hour of death. One thing, however, is quite certain, namely, that when Soloviev for the last time confessed his sins, he retracted none of his theological judgments. He died in full communion with Rome.

After his death the Russian authorities removed the ban from his works, and now the voice of the apostle of the Universal Church, although silent, begins to speak, and the sound thereof becomes ever more and more audible. Just as in the West we have Newman societies, so in the East there are Soloviev societies, formed for the study and propagation of his ideals. And if in the past the Russian Government has shown so much opposition to a pioneer of Catholicism, and now tolerates him and gives him freedom, let us take hope for the future. Big institutions always move slowly, and Russia is a very big institution.

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# WANTED: A TREATY.

BY M. R. RYAN.

DURING the administration of Andrew Jackson—in 1832, to be exact—a treaty was negotiated between the United States and Russia. James Buchanan, then United States Minister to Russia, acted for our Government in the matter; Count Nesselrode represented the autocratic Nicholas I. Ratifications having been exchanged, the treaty went into effect on May 11, 1833.

This treaty was a compact of commerce and navigation, and the following was one of its clauses: "There shall be between the territories of the high contracting parties a reciprocal liberty of commerce and navigation. The inhabitants of their respective States shall mutually have liberty to enter the ports, places and rivers of the territories of each party wherever foreign commerce is permitted. They shall be at liberty to sojourn and reside in all parts whatsoever of said territories in order to attend to their affairs, and they shall enjoy, to that effect, the same security and protection as natives of the country wherein they reside on condition to their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing, and particularly to the regulation in force concerning commerce."

The terms of the treaty are surely clear enough to prevent misunderstanding. They were accepted unquestionably: this country fulfilled its part of the bargain, and in the realm of the Tsars anyone of our citizens, armed with a passport, was (at least, from a diplomatic point of view) *persona grata*. Commercial relations, for about thirty-five years, bore the mark of pleasantness. But later on the Russian attitude regarding the treaty suffered a change. In the course of years it became apparent that Jews, Roman Catholic priests and Protestant missionaries, citizens of the United States though they were, were being deprived of their treaty rights. With a colossal indifference to the stipulation that "the inhabitants of their respective States shall mutually have liberty to enter the ports, places and rivers of the territories of each party," the Empire repeatedly refused to recognize passports issued by our State Department. In the meanwhile, Russians



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continued to enjoy such trade privileges as were numbered in the treaty.

Now, we of the United States are a mild and patient people. So, for close on to forty years we stifled fairly well our resentment over the Russian behavior in the treaty matter. However, we undertook to point out to the Empire, through our Secretaries of State, the error of its ways.

It was in 1880 that Blaine directed a serious protest on existing conditions to the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. An attaché of our legation at St. Petersburg (now Petrograd), who presented the protest reported later to his chief that the Minister maintained "that the words" (of the treaty) "'on condition to their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing' were controlling, and subjected American Jews to the treatment of native Jews." It should be said here that Russian law forbade residence in St. Petersburg and some other cities to native Jews, save in specified cases. That the Minister's contention was not sound, is, of course, evident. On the one hand, he seemingly accepted the treaty stipulation for "liberty to enter the ports, places and rivers of the territories of each party; on the other hand, he denied, to all intents and purposes, the right of residence in, say St. Petersburg, to an American Jew because of the laws "there prevailing" in reference to native Jews. Yet St. Petersburg was assuredly one of the "places" of Russian territory. As an alternative to enforcing these laws, Russian diplomats held that they were authorized to exclude American Jews from the Empire. But, "how," queried Dr. Schurman of Cornell, "can these rights" (to enter) "be secured if a large portion of the American public, solely on the grounds of religious faith, are not permitted to enter the country?"

However, in this particular instance a promise was made that a newly-appointed commission would consider the question; and so the matter rested. But presently it became necessary for the State Department to register another complaint, since the findings (if any) of the commission failed to remedy the situation. Strange things—those Russian commissions! There was one—the Durnova—which, report had it, was dealing with the treaty matter in 1910; upon investigation the fact was established that the commission of that name had gone out of existence some years before!

In 1907, a new aspect was put on the problem. Passports about to be issued at that time were accompanied by a printed circular signed by Elihu Root, Secretary of State, which read in

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part: "Jews, whether they were formerly Russian subjects or not, are not admitted to Russia unless they obtain special permission in advance from the Russian Government, and this department will not issue passports to former Russian subjects or to Jews who intend going to Russian territory, unless it has assurance that the Russian Government will consent to their admission." Clearly, our Government was here applying an unconstitutional religious test. Upon remonstrance the circular was withdrawn.

There is an old and inelegant verse that runs something like this: "'Tis all very well to dissemble your love, but please do not throw me downstairs!" Probably this illustrates somewhat the sentiment of Americans in 1911 when definite action was taken to abrogate the treaty. Allowances had been made for Russia's initial breaches of contract; but the proverbial American good nature could not but disappear under constant provocation. The denial of permission to Bishop Hoban of Scranton to enter Russia for a two days' visit; the persistent attempts of Russia to extradite Pouren and Rudowitz for political crimes; the continued interrogating of citizens of this country as to their religion when they made applications to a Russian consul for visés to their passports, and the refusal of a visé in the event of a citizen being of Jewish persuasion; the arrest in Russia of John Ginzburg, a naturalized citizen, on the charge that he had evaded military service (he had quitted Russia when he was less than fifteen years old!)—these and other cases served to rouse the country to a decidedly unfriendly state of mind towards Russia.

Twelve States passed resolutions requesting an abrogation of the treaty. Resolutions to the same effect were introduced in the House of Representatives. The press did its "bit" in furthering American interests.

Russia perforce had to take notice of the stir created over the question. And, therefore, in the summer of 1911 the State Department received semi-official information that Russia would deal more liberally in the future with Jewish travelers from the United States, and that a bill removing the restrictions with regard to the viséing of passports of all foreign Jews visiting the Empire had been prepared for submission to the Duma. But—cheering addenda!—we were apprised that the Duma was very much occupied with a programme of internal reform legislation and that international affairs would have to wait.

This seemed to satisfy the authorities at Washington, in

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spite of the fact that it was well known that the Tsar and his Council of Ministers did not need to refer to the Duma in settling matters pertaining to the Jews. The public, however, was less trusting. Was not the Russian Government merely endeavoring for yet another time to pacify our lawmakers, out of fear that the resolutions before Congress should be carried, thus endangering commercial relations?

The question was widely discussed. Mr. Roosevelt, in commenting upon it editorially in an issue of *The Outlook,* declared that we could no longer submit to Russia's mode of interpreting the treaty. This he advocated, however: that we take the case to the Hague Court of Arbitration. If the Court should find that the Russian contentions, viz., that the treaty being a commercial one could apply only to those going to Russia for commercial purposes, or that Americans of Jewish faith could not be entitled under said treaty to any privileges that Russian Jews were not entitled to, were tenable, then the United States could abrogate the treaty on the grounds that it should never have entered into it. Or, should the decision be in our favor, Russia, in her turn, could either abrogate, or withdraw with no embarrassment to herself from the attitude she had held.

Sentiment was opposed to any such delay, however. On December 6, 1911, a gigantic mass meeting was held in New York City, the present Secretary of the Treasury, William McAdoo, presiding. At that meeting resolutions were adopted calling upon Congress to abrogate the treaty. The appeal was speedily effective, and the House of Representatives, on December 14th, passed the Sulzer Resolution which read in part: "The Government in Russia had violated the treaty" by "refusing to honor American passports duly issued to American citizens on account of race or religion."

The Russian Government was of course cognizant of the widespread feeling in this country through detailed reports and continued agitation in our press. Officially, however, that Government received no harsher word announcing the canceling of the treaty by us than the courteous message of our President informing it that since the treaty was old, it was held by us to be no longer adequate for the political and material needs of both countries. The President added the earnest hope that a modern treaty would soon be negotiated between the United States and Russia.

That hope has so far failed of realization. In spite of the

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kindly worded message of abrogation, the Russian Government was keenly sensitive to the rebuff dealt her by this country. This did not aid, naturally, in the development of amity towards us.

One of the paramount problems confronting this country today is the negotiating of a commercial treaty with the new Republic. Russia is a land of a hundred and seventy millions of people. Patently, it is a nation of tremendous possibilities for trade relations. War has awakened Russia to a knowledge of herself and her economic advantages. Peace will galvanize her to action, and to a progress unlike anything she has hitherto conceived. And in her new rôle she will have need of commodities that she will be unable to manufacture for herself. Here then is an opportunity for the United States to build up a vast trade.

Several months ago, our Government bent its earnest energies to securing a satisfactory treaty with the Empire. But those in power in the Russia-that-was, still rankling over our conduct in 1911, were in a position to settle up old scores with us. The Empire frankly declined to enter into any treaty-making, for the reason that the conditions in regard to passports which were incorporated in the treaty of 1832, and which we would insist in incorporating in a new treaty, were objectionable still. She stated also that even if she agreed to enter upon a new treaty, with us, she would first demand that we agree to exclude from the United States certain of her subjects, *i. e.*, Russian Mongolians.

The consideration of a new treaty with Russia must include, therefore, a discussion and a settlement, at least in part, of the Far East question. Japan is well aware of this. With the late Government at Petrograd Japan stood in peculiarly friendly relations. Japan seeks an outlet in Russia for her trade. In Manchuria she was working hand in glove with the Tsar's representatives in building those great arteries of trade, the railroads. In order to advance her cause, Japan's diplomats did not hesitate to emphasize the obstacles and the disadvantages to Russia of commercial friendship on her part with us. Competition is not the spice of life to the Japanese, and we as friends of Russia would be competitors with them in Russia. To prevent Russia from entering into any treaty with us, Japan therefore kept alive, with all the emphasis in her power, the Mongolian issue. And as a consequence a magnificent trade prize was slipping from our hands. How was it possible for us to retain it?

Then dawned the March days of revolution. "The progress of

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Russia thus far," stated Andrew D. White, our Ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1893, "has been mainly by a series of reactions. These have sometimes come with surprising suddenness." The words might easily have been written in this spring of 1917. A reaction of "surprising suddenness" has assuredly taken place. Russian autocracy is at an end.

With its passing, our trade difficulties also will very probably disappear. With the new form of government in Russia has arrived the emancipation of the native Jews. American Jews, therefore, are now free to visit Russia at will. One stumbling-block in our path treaty-ward is thus removed. Doubtless any remaining impediments may be eliminated through the channels of diplomacy. That, at any rate, is the hope of the commercial portion of the United States.

As a nation, we now stand at the head of the creditor class. Russia, the Republic, must have money, machinery, railroads. All these we can furnish her. But first we must provide ourselves with a treaty that will protect us in such commercial relations as we may agree to enter into. May that treaty soon be negotiated!

## TO JESUS, FROM A TIRED HEART.

BY MABEL THACHER ROSEMARY WASHBURN.

O PITEOUS Lord, be gentle unto me,
So weak and useless, plaything of the tide,
Swayed by a dream of Self and so beset
By shallow self-absorption that my soul—
The silver vase Thou madest to hold Thee—
Is worn and bent, and scarce will hold the least
Of that divinest Grace which Thou dost pour
So freely, with the largesse of a king,
In every Cup Thy Hands have fashionèd.
Ah, fill this Cup that I have made so frail
With That Which givest Life abundantly,
Thy Self, Thy Precious Blood, Which Thou hast bade
Thy weary pilgrims drink and thirst no more.
O piteous Lord, be gentle unto me!

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# ÉMILE FAGUET.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY in his monumental *History of Criticism*[1] speaks of Faguet as one "whom, though I differ with him not seldom, I desire to take the opportunity here of saluting with all possible respect as an admirable critic, and to whom I could almost pay the doubtful compliment of wishing that he were dead in order that I might discuss him more fully." The master has passed away now, and it seems well worth while to pass in review the work of this notable man of letters, and to give Catholic readers some knowledge of a Knight of the Pen, who fought consistently for Christian ideals and who died as a humble and fervent child of the Church. A partial catalogue of his works is before me as I write, wherein no less than sixty volumes are mentioned; and it is calculated that the material for a hundred volumes more lies scattered in all classes of reviews and periodicals from the Olympian *Revue des deux Mondes* to the exceedingly popular and commonplace *Je sais tout*. Faguet's knowledge, talent and fecundity were unfailing; while his goodness of heart prompted him to give unquestioningly to all who sought his collaboration. Nearly all his books obtained a very large sale; many of them, though entirely academic in subject and erudite in treatment, enjoyed a veritable *succès de scandale*. Thus his *Dix-neuvieme Siècle* ran to forty-eight editions; his *Dix-septième* and *Dix-huitième* to forty-six and forty-three respectively. Of course he did not always soar to such giddy heights; his *Seizième Siècle* carried off no more than twenty-five editions; his *Politiques et Moralistes du Dix-neuvième Siècle* had to be content with a beggarly twelve—triumphs, which however notable in themselves, seem tame and modest compared with the preceding. This extraordinary vogue is all the more remarkable, and throws into bolder relief the solid merit of the man, when one remembers that he battled uncompromisingly for noble ideals in literature, for honor in public and purity in private life; that realism, futurism, exoticism,

[1] Vol. iii., p. 339.

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art for art's sake, and all similar sickening cants and shibboleths found in him a relentless foe.

Émile Faguet was born at Roche-sur-Yon in 1847, where his father Victor Faguet was a distinguished professor of literature. The father's ambition was that his son should become professor at the Sorbonne, and finally reach the Academy. With this end in view Faguet *père* at the price of many an economy and many a self-denial, sent his son to Paris to the *École Normale* in 1867. But Faguet *fils* did not, it seems, correspond to his graces; in fact he was a real "bad boy," so much so that he was very soon expelled for insubordination. His father was indignant at the disgrace, and also at the career imperiled if not permanently marred, and determined to reduce the rebel. He therefore forced on him a post of humble drudgery as *maitre auxiliaire* at the Lycée of Dijon, where he now taught literature himself; he thus had the recalcitrant under his own eye, and could see that he walked the strait and narrow path. The sinner had fallen merely through the high spirits and effervescence natural to youth; he soon repented and made amends under the wise and firm guidance of his father, applied himself seriously to study and passed his *aggrégation* (which corresponds to our M. A.) in 1874. For eight or ten years he taught in the provinces at Clermont, Moulins, Poitiers, Bordeaux. These were years of severe training when he was amassing the erudition that astounded his contemporaries later, and when he was working on the thesis[2] which won for him a brilliant Doctorship of Literature in 1883. His ambition was now to obtain the Chair of French Literature about to be founded at Bordeaux University, but the fates were against him and sent him to an obscure Lycée in Paris, where unknown to him fame awaited him. He seemed as yet a long way from the Sorbonne and still further from the Academy, but, if men were unkind or contemptuous, the stars in their courses were fighting for him. A colleague happened to introduce him to a Paris publisher, who wanted some literary introductions written for a series of schoolbooks he was planning. Faguet was glad to undertake the task, and his essays were so fresh and novel in their treatment of well-worn themes that they created quite a *furore*. The author encouraged and flattered by success, expanded his work into *Études litteraires sur le dix-septième et le dix-neuvième siècles.*

It was but natural he should undertake a similar task for the

[2] *La Tragédie française au XVI. Siècle* (1550-1600).

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eighteenth century, and by his manner of executing it he leaped at once into fame and notoriety. In these days Voltaire was worshipped by many Frenchmen literally with a cult, which to a foreigner seems nothing short of fantastic, but to them was the imperative dictate of right reason, good sense and patriotic duty. Faguet demolished that cult forevermore; he cast down the sorry Patriarch of Ferney from his usurped pedestal; he showed *pièces en main* by the most searching and unanswerable criticism that Voltaire was a quack, a shallow and superficial man without either the ability or the knowledge to solve the deep questions of philosophy and religion which he wrote about so glibly. The core of his indictment on Voltaire is contained in the following trenchant words: "A giddy and light-minded man, who understands neither great questions, nor great doctrines, nor great men; who knows absolutely nothing of antiquity, the Middle Ages or Christianity; who is completely ignorant of religion, of modern politics, of modern science; who knows nothing whatsoever of Pascal, Montesquieu, Buffon or Rousseau, and whose one great man is John Locke, may be a lively and amusing shower of sparks, but is not a great torch on the path of humanity." This condemnation, so searching and so severe, excited the utmost fury among the *Universitaires,* and occasioned exceedingly bitter controversies. Faguet was spoken of in terms that would not have been out of place were he the vilest criminal, and the government was summoned to dismiss the audacious professor, who had dared on literary and historical grounds to tell the simple unvarnished truth of the Sovereign Pontiff of Impiety. But the iconoclast faced the storm without flinching; he undertook new campaigns in the same cause; recruits flocked to his standard, and, so far from depriving him of his humble post, the government promoted him to the Sorbonne in 1893 and a few years later he was received among the Immortals. His good father's ambitions and sacrifices had at last received their reward.

Throughout the long years that Faguet practised the art of criticism his principles never varied. He asks himself invariably, is the work submitted to judgment conformable to reason, to common sense, to taste and decency? If not, no reputation on the part of the author, no furious chauvinism on the part of the public will extort the slightest sign of approval from him. Hence his sarcastic condemnation of Loti, who is often only a pretentious exotic; of Zola who "has dragged man down to the brutes, or

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rather one ought say beneath the brutes;" of Balzac and his disciples who literally revel in muck-raking. His verdict on these last is worth transcription: "A whole literature has sprung from this [tendency], to which Weiss has given a name that will cling, 'the literature of bestiality.' Many have seen but that in Balzac, and have copied nothing else. He is responsible for the easy but contemptible boldness of all those novelists, who have affected to believe that realism lay in the study of villainous or shameful singularities, while the truth is the direct opposite; these writers under pretext of sincerity have only exhibited loathsome abominations, and to my deep regret they have succeeded in making the word realism synonymous with pornography."[3]

Writing on December 31, 1902, in half-serious and half-joking strain, Faguet examining his conscience asks himself what has he done with the well-nigh three score years Providence has given him. He replies: "If not for eleven lustres, certainly for eight olympiads I have done nothing but exercise the profession of critic.....and I ask myself if I have spent my life well. I am not at all certain of it." But he was too self-depreciatory. His criticism was truly a moral force which made for righteousness; into it no personal jealousy or spite intruded; he conducted it on scientific principles, and placed it at the service of the noblest ideals.

Faguet flattered himself he was a good literary pen-painter; nor was he mistaken. He possessed the faculty of singling out the chief characteristics of a personage and of expressing them in a brief and pregnant formula, whose piquancy is often heightened by its tone of paradox. Thus he classifies Voltaire as "a jumble of clear ideas;" Joseph de Maistre, "a pretorian of the Vatican;" Michelet, "a kind of mystic Voltaire;" the philosophy of Wagner, "a philosophy of a choir-conductor." In this connection it is tempting for an English writer to put him in comparison with Carlyle. The latter practised pen-portraiture on a large scale; but as a general rule his judgments on his contemporaries astound by their injustice, and repel by their arrogant tone of jealous belittlement. To the Sage of Chelsea, Herbert Spencer was "an immeasurable ass;" Cardinal Newman "hadn't as much brains as a moderate-sized rabbit;" Charles Lamb—"a more pitiful, rickety, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool I do not know." The Frenchman is above such vulgarity, nor does his clearness suffer

[3] *Dix-neuvième Siècle*, p. 362.

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thereby. He judges dispassionately, according to the rules of his art, and in voicing even his severest condemnations he never forgets that the critic is still bound to be a gentleman.

But let us examine one or two of his full-length portraits to get a better idea of his procedure and methods. The most curious one and the most significant also is the portrait of himself contributed to the great *Histoire de la langue et de la littérature française* of M. Petit de Julleville. With the serenist and most impersonal detachment Faguet the writer submits to the appraising balance of Faguet the critic, and his strength and weakness are duly and loyally tabulated: "M. Faguet was especially and still is a university critic. Very classical and considered by many of a somewhat exclusive, not to say narrow, taste, he has published on the four great literary centuries of France four large and perfectly impartial volumes, wherein he seeks to show that the sixteenth century has been too highly esteemed in literature and the eighteenth in philosophy, and that the only really golden period in French letters is the seventeenth and the first fifty years of the nineteenth. He is generally admitted to have considerable facility in analyzing the dominant ideas and tendencies of an author, and in expounding them afterwards with vigor and clearness. If the products of such analysis are not portraits, they are at least skeletons fully 'prepared,' fully adjusted and with the bones all in position. With the exception of picturesqueness he is evidently in this the pupil of Taine, who had already noticed the point himself. What he abstains from doing—probably because he lacks the power—is to coördinate particulars into one whole, to bring into prominence the special temper of each century, to follow up the undulating lines of filiations and influences, in one word the art of general ideas in literature, and the 'spirit of the law' in letters. He pretends not to believe in it, and as generally so too in his case, skepticism is doubtless but an impertinent admission of inability."

See how he proceeds always by psychological touches, and how deft and unerring they are; see, too, how he recognized himself the want of depth and color in his canvasses. He can lay bare a writer's style for you and disclose his mental processes; he can also give a faint and shadowy portrait of the *man*, but it is only a pastel; the vivid, lurid, *trumpeting* (if I may be permitted such a term) conglomerations of color so common in Carlyle are not to be found in Faguet.

Let us suppose that the former had been led to give a sketch

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of Gambetta. We should certainly have had an unforgetable picture. The man's appearance, attitude, carriage, the tones of his voice, the very light of his eye would be limned in words now biting and scornful, now melting in a half-cynical, half-humorous pathos; and in conclusion he would impale on the demagogue some grotesque and outrageous epithet full of insolence, but largely mixed with truth like the nicknames of a saucy schoolboy, as he did to "carrion Heath," "goose Gobel" and a dozen others. Now let us turn to Faguet's portrait of Gambetta, wherein he speaks not of the man—who after all gave a soul to his eloquence—but only of the eloquence itself as a literary document: "[In his speeches] continued and sustained pomp; a luxury of amplification; heaping synonyms; perpetual periods; declamation and bombast in the phrases which are never finished but expand more and more; every sentence broken with parentheses, which collide with it so to speak head-on, and which it bears away as the bull does the banderillas; huge avalanches of enormous abstract nouns in unlimited number, each dragging in its fall a company of abstract adjectives as long as itself; the whole, one must admit, instinct with a certain fire, readiness and movement, and carried off successfully by these. Such is the outward appearance of most of Gambetta's discourses. And it is undeniable that in the most of them there is nothing but this outward appearance."[4]

The beauty of an original always evaporates in translation, and I am quite willing to admit that my rendering does not do justice to the original; but still after making the amplest allowances I cannot help feeling that the Scotchman is the greater painter; his palette embraces a wider scheme of colors, his brush has a touch of gorgeousness which the other's lacks; he (in this particular) is a Titian or a Raphael while the Frenchman is a Botticelli or a Carlo Dolce.

This eloquent professor, this keen and erudite critic, undoubtedly one of the most learned men of the day, though in private life the meekest and most retiring of men, was an absolutely fearless champion when principles were at stake. In such cases he never hesitated to publish his opinion and back it with the most forceful arguments. That his ideas were unpopular, were viewed askance by the public or the authorities, never gave him a moment's anxiety. To him his profession of writer was a high and a sacred calling, which he was bound to use for the benefit of his fellow-

[4] *Propos littéraires*, iv., p. 339.

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men; and any remissness on the point was a criminal dereliction of duty. "The man of letters also hears a voice, which is not without austerity. It tells him.....this: Talent is a dignity, and the meaning of that is as follows: As the power to write, but especially to write with purity, eloquence, vigor and talent gives you a terrifying superiority.....over the immense majority of men, and enables you to act on men's minds as the great majority can not, so talent is a nobility; it is more than a nobility, it is an aristocracy, more than most aristocracies it is a power, of which you are unworthy, you are the dishonest possessor, when you do not use it in the service of truth, justice and virtue. A man of letters who would write only for pleasure would be a king who would employ his power only to amuse himself.....Be useful. I should tolerate a king only on condition of his being the servant of all. I tolerate aristocracies on condition that they make themselves one with the people by their devotion to the common good. I approve those rich in intellectual gifts on condition they make themselves *pauperes spiritu,* by which I mean that in intention and by the use they make of their faculties they should put themselves on a level with ordinary mortals. Such is the ideal of a man of letters."[5]

It is our glorious Faith and that alone which begets such ideals in the minds of her children, and it is she above all who gives the courage and abnegation required to realize them. I should like in this connection to quote an interesting paragraph of Faguet's on the Church viewed as a society. It is taken from one of his numerous studies of the political and social problems peculiar to French life, which as a rule have little or no interest for us: "The best hereditary system which I know in the course of history is the Catholic Church. This society solved the problem of enjoying all the benefits of the hereditary principle while avoiding all its defects. It assured its continuance by the system of adoption after the example of the Roman emperors of the best period; and so multiplied the life-giving and imperishable qualities to counteract the weaknesses of the race. It was, and still is, the best of aristocracies and democracies. A democracy it is in this sense, that it guides all whom it takes to itself—and this guidance extends even to those of the lowest rank whom at any moment it may raise to the highest. It is an aristocracy because to the children of its adoption, that is to all its children, it gives an inheritance,

[5] *De la profession*, p. 73.

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# ELEANOR DONNELLY—THE SINGER OF PURE RELIGION.

BY THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P., S.T.L.

THERE was just one thing about her going that we, who knew her intimately and well, are certain she would not have approved—and that was the honor which was paid her in the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Philadelphia, on Friday morning, May 4th, when Archbishop Prendergast, in the presence of Bishop McDevitt of Harrisburg and scores of priests and religious, gave the final absolution over her poor wasted body. Not that she would have spurned the prayers which the big-hearted Mother Church offers up for "those who have gone before," nor the tribute of loving remembrance and affectionate regard of countless friends, but she never sought honor in life nor in death. The rest was entirely after her own heart's desire. Death came to her on April 30th, when the Church was celebrating the feast of St. Catherine of Siena, whose name she had taken upon entering the Third Order of St. Dominic. The May month was just stealing over the hills, and Mary's month had always been for her a season of extraordinary rejoicing and a time of most prolific literary labor. She died among the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whom she dearly loved, and whose example of virtue she emulated, for did they not honor in a special way that attribute of Our Lady which appealed most puissantly to her heart and inspired her pen most nobly? They wrapped her in the Dominican habit she always prized, and which—quite unconsciously to herself—was to her friends the symbol of her life and literary mission. Eleanor C. Donnelly was fittingly laid to rest with the accompaniment and consecration of those small rites which may seem insignificant to the dull world, but to the understanding are dripping with meaning.

> Within the sound, the magic spell
> Of Blessed Independence Bell,
> And Continental echoes sweet.

Eleanor C. Donnelly was born September 6, 1838, being the sixth child to come to the home of Dr. Philip Carrol Donnelly and Catherine Gavin, whom he had made his wife. Reared and edu-

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cated carefully at home by a mother whose intellectual gifts were surpassed only by her Irish faith and piety, the little child soon showed signs of extraordinary talent. With mingled astonishment and delight this good mother watched the unfolding of a mind that was to remain alert to the last. It was soon noticed that Eleanor had a special affection for her elder brother Ignatius, who attracted her no doubt by the keenness of his intellect and his broad, understanding sympathy. She herself, speaking of her childhood, relates how she used to go to her brother's study "to be trained in the occult mysteries of metre. What can a child of eight or ten know of prosody or poetic feet? Yet I have a distinct remembrance of standing—a tiny girl—by Ignatius' writing table, and of being shown by him with great kindness and patience how to reckon on my fingers the correct number of syllables in a given line."

This same brother was, later on, to win national recognition not only as a lawyer and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Minnesota, but also as author of such gripping novels as *Cæsar's Column* (one of the first apocalyptic novels in our language, which now boasts Benson and Shaw), *Ragnarok, Doctor Huguet* and *The Great Cryptogram,* which enkindled the famous Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Under his care it is small wonder that the child's verses soon began to appear in the poet's corner of a local juvenile paper. At the age of nine, when most girls are hugging their dolls, she wrote *A Little Girl's Hymn to the Blessed Virgin,* which may aptly be taken as the irrevocable consecration of her pen.

Some years later appeared a more pretentious poem, entitled *A Child of Care.* To the last she kept the notebook to which as a mere child, in a lumbering script, she committed the thoughts that passed through her mind. When barely nine years of age she carried off the first prize in a competitive contest of more than two hundred pupils. Probably the decision was given in her favor over her sister Eliza, who was some years her senior.

From Eliza she also received much help and inspiration. Her other sisters, Sarah and Philippa, whilst masters of the English language, excelled rather in prose translations, especially of sermons and hagiographical works from the German and French. Sarah, whom the sisters always referred to as "the theologian," had a penchant for translating sermon books, probably sharing the opinion of M. Leroy-Beaulieu as to the inferiority of American oratorical productions. Perhaps, too, she was led to this unusual work



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by the lack of command of the English language among the foreign-born priests and bishops who made the Donnelly home their rendezvous—not always solely because of the generous hospitality there dispensed, but also because of the medical assistance which the father of the family—a prominent physician with a lucrative practice—was glad to dispense. I can well recall how Eleanor referred with pleasure to the willing ministrations which she was privileged to extend for a period of two years to a missionary bishop whose feet, "carrying the tidings of grace," had become a source of the most acute suffering from exposure to the elements.

Everyone coveted the honor of being received into that home. It was, in its own way, the closest approach to America to that distinctively French social institution known as a *salon,* where men and women of intellect gather for the exchange of brilliant conversation and literary and religious discussion. The Donnelly *soirées,* by no means unlike those of Madame de Staël and Madame Swetchine in Paris, took place regularly once a week for a period of years. All Catholic writers of note living in Philadelphia, or visiting there, were welcomed with true hospitality. Those, too, who had just set trembling foot for a rash moment upon the slopes of Parnassus, were made to feel as much at home as men whose contributions were being eagerly sought by the publishers of the day. Indeed, it was mainly for the promotion of a healthy Catholic literary taste and rivalry that these informal gatherings were continued. Aside from the feast of thought and the sparkle of conversation, there were the rich art treasures of the cultured host to be enjoyed. The music of the sisters, both vocal and instrumental, was also well worth hearing, especially when Sarah, the eldest daughter, presided at the organ. For many years this quartette was eagerly sought after by the musical experts of Philadelphia. In several city churches it was a drawing card, and thousands of dollars for various diocesan charities were raised through their entertainments and recitals.

To the end Eleanor retained the keenest interest in music, and it was a joy to hear her pass a critically competent judgment on much of the modern music of Debussy, Mullarme, Cesar Franck, Chausson and Vincent d'Indy. While she was not familiar with the German composers—aside of course from the dominating figures—she could well appraise the vehement platitudinism of Mahler and the stodgy literalness of Reger and contemporary imitators.

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As a very young woman Eleanor fell under the influence of Father Sorin, C.S.C., first editor of *The Ave Maria,* who had the largeness of vision to recognize her powers and to value the possibilities of her influence. If *The Ave Maria* is worth reading from its very first issue, it is due no doubt to the fact that during a long period of years the artistic touch of Eleanor Donnelly is visible in every department. Largely through personal influence she enlisted as contributors men and women of acknowledged achievement in the field of Catholic literature. With Father Sestini, S.J., she labored for *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart,* and with Father Wirth, O.S.B., for *Nova et Vetera,* a homiletic magazine for the clergy. She was for a time chief editor of the magazine, *Our Lady of Good Counsel,* conducted by the Augustinian Fathers. In *The Catholic Standard and Times,* a Catholic weekly of Philadelphia with which she was connected for some time as associate editor, much of her work appeared, even as late as a month before her death.

From her youth Miss Donnelly had hoped to be able to enter some religious order. It was the one ambition of her heart, and her failure to realize it was the one disappointment which never lost its poignancy. When it became evident to Eleanor that the world was to be her theatre, she determined to play a rôle that would do the greatest good to the largest number. Of her mission as a writer of children's stories she has this to say: "I have felt impelled to this work because I love their precious souls; because I am convinced that a good story-book is for them the next best thing to the Catechism.....As bread is the food of the child's body, as the Blessed Eucharist is the food of the child's soul, so a good book is the genuine need of a child's mind. If its mind be improperly nourished, its imagination improperly directed, the corruption of both soul and body speedily follows, and the Bread of Life in the end is either rejected with loathing or received with perilous apathy."

With Père Lacordaire, she might justly have said that she was crucified to her pen. The number of articles that came from it is almost astounding—biography, religious essays and novels, short stories—in all, almost fifty goodly-sized volumes. And this number could be notably increased were the fugitive poems and articles of one kind or another, which appeared in almost every Catholic magazine, gathered together in permanent form, as they eminently deserve to be. Like Cardinal Newman, she seemed to

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think best with a pen or a pencil in her hand. Her active mind, retentive memory and fluent gift made her the chosen poet laureate of anniversaries, dedications, and jubilees. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, who greatly esteemed her, calling her "the Adelaide Procter of America," requested her to write the ode for the celebration of the centenary of the archdiocese. By her ode on the occasion of the Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., she elicited from him a much treasured word of appreciation, and the Apostolic Benediction. Pope Pius X. also took cognizance of her great work in the cause of Catholic literature, and sent her his special blessing.

In 1893 she read her poem, *The Catholic Wife and Mother,* before the World's Congress of Representative Women in Chicago. This canticle of the sanctities of holy love won the highest encomiums. Rarely did Coventry Patmore succeed in painting in more beautiful tints the authentic picture of an ideal Christian home. Another ode, *The Drama Spiritualized,* was read on request, November 26, 1895, before the convention in the Women's Building of the Cotton States' International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga. In September, 1893, she read a deeply searching and comprehensive paper on *Woman's Work in Literature* before the Catholic Columbian Congress. Men turned instinctively to her in solemn hours for an interpretation of the sentiments which they felt, or should feel, for she seemed to possess an almost uncanny ability—or intuition—in giving poetic utterance to the spirit of each significant moment.

Scarcely any of her friends suffered losses or enjoyed successes which she did not commemorate in verse. These purely personal poems dedicated to friends are almost countless in number, and amongst them we find some of her best and most soulful productions. This was but natural, for she lived for her friends, as those who were fortunate enough to be of their number well know. Her correspondence was enormous; in it she sought to give and receive enlightenment and inspiration. For her friends and her friends' friends she counted no labor fatiguing. She was as ready to read over a manuscript, to polish or refurbish a poem, or pass judgment on an essay as she was to do her own work in hand. Indeed, to her judicious criticism and wise guidance many young writers owe their eventual success. At least a dozen Catholic writers living today, besides many Protestants and especially Quakers, would gladly acknowledge their debt to her for the eminence they subsequently attained. In this way she sought to

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enlarge the apostolate of the pen, and as she said, "to perpetuate my own work when I am gone."

It is remarkable that aside from all this she found it possible to produce so much original work. And more remarkable still that her prodigious fecundity did not in any way militate against its general excellence. One seeks in vain for literary carelessness in her work. She knew the shades, delicate *nuances* of words and always used the right one. Indeed, I know of no other writer who excels her in this regard, in our generation, unless it be Oscar Wilde. Her verse was supremely spontaneous—sometimes too much so. One feels this on the very first reading of her poems. She did not believe that art consists in being cryptic. Her thoughts were clear, her command of language matchless. When some thought clamored for expression, she would sit down quietly for a brief space, sometimes beating time with her small hands or feet. Then her face would suddenly light up, and she would rush for desk or table—it mattered not where—to put her thoughts on paper. The note of naturalness in her poems is unique; the harp of her muse was attuned to the wind of every inspiration that blew, and her song was easy, fresh and free. She sang because she could not help it. She confessed more than once that she found little pleasure in writing prose, a fact evidenced by a certain constraint in her prose work. By it alone she certainly would never have attained popularity, nor a permanent place in Catholic literature. Not, indeed, that her prose was plodding or lumbering, but it lacks the ease of expression, the surety of touch, the fire of spontaneity that mark her verse. In the latter native grace and picturesqueness lie like a holy unction on every line. Perhaps Lowell alone, of American writers, is less fettered by metrical shackles. She was a great admirer of Lanier, and whilst probably profiting little from his carefully elaborated system of poetical construction as far as the composition of her poems was concerned, she no doubt learned from him to adapt metre to thought in a sort of photographic way. This is especially evident in her songs to Our Blessed Lady. They are surcharged to the bursting point with virginal love and adoring faith, yet not even Faber could outdo her in the dignified expression of the dominating emotion. Many of her poems are so rollicking in their metre, so quick in their action and thought, so easy of comprehension that one might almost call them ballads. There is little doubt that, had she chosen, she could easily have achieved everlasting fame as a ballad writer.

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After all, was not the blood of the old Irish bards in her veins, and did she not see in them the most representative singers of her people?

This gift of "fleet-footedness" in the thought, action and metre of her verse is best seen in the narrative poems, her work of predilection. Here was a *métier* preëminently her own. With amazing fidelity she sketched in a few lines or stanzas the necessary historic background, lighting it with the atmosphere of the time and place. Especially felicitous are her pictures of mediæval times. We see the flash of arms and plumes and hear the blare of trumpets and the admirable mediæval monastery, with its own indefinable and individual monastic ethos, becomes for us a living reality. She never visited Europe, but without any visual help, her historical accuracy and spiritual vision made the places she had never seen live again as in the ages of Faith. Her characters too are as natural and unaffected as if she had known them in the flesh. They speak the language, they live the life of their day. The narrative poems, long and short, especially the *Rhyme of the Friar Stephen,* may be counted as the finest flowering of her genius, which is a true compliment to her literary deftness and artistry, since of all poems these are the most difficult to write. She holds by no means last place in the legion of narrative poets for stirring interest and sustaining enthusiasm. *The Vision of the Monk Gabriel* and an unpublished poem which she kept especially to read on rare occasions to her most trusted friends, *The Little Leper Virgin,* are perhaps of her very best.

Even if good thoughts, like sunshine, are common property, it is only due to note that Longfellow was greatly inspired by Miss Donnelly's *Vision of the Monk Gabriel* in writing *The Legend Beautiful.* More than one wide reader of poetry, like Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, of Philadelphia, has noted a striking similarity between the two poems, though some forget that the Catholic writer's poem antedates by eight years that of Longfellow. In a letter on the subject, Miss Donnelly herself says:

> In reply to your queries anent my *Vision of the Monk Gabriel,* I am happy to state that I wrote the poem eight years before Mr. Longfellow published *The Legend Beautiful.* I cannot recall where I first met the theme—could it have been in Rodriguez's *Christian Perfection?* That was a darling book of mine, read and re-read with ever-increasing interest. From it I drew my legend of the *Two Guests of the Abbot Paphnucius.* I published my *Vision of the Monk Gabriel* in *The Conti-*

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*nental Monthly,* then published in New York by Charles Leland (Hans Breitmann). It was a secular magazine, and could, therefore, have been seen by Mr. Longfellow more easily than if it had been a Catholic periodical. Indeed, I have learned from a personal friend that a priest (temporarily resident in Boston) once told him that when someone spoke to Mr. Longfellow of the similarity between my *Vision* and his *Legend,* he admitted that he might have seen my poem and retained some impression of it. The priest further added that the great poet said that he "bought anything that he could get of Miss Donnelly's writings." As you will note in comparing the two poems, Mr. Longfellow reproduces, textlike, in his opening lines, almost word for word the closing lines of my *Vision.* His very use of the word "vision" is of itself significant—that word, as you know, having a mystical force with Catholics unknown to those outside the Faith. It was, in fact, my own characterization of what the Friar saw, and Mr. Longfellow's capitalization of the word would seem to furnish a clue to its origin. Again, there is a sort of argument—an antithesis in the *Legend,* in Mr. Longfellow's description of Our Lord's personality—as though he contrasted his version of the story with mine.....I would only add that I was a young writer, comparatively unknown outside Catholic circles when I first published my *Vision,* and therefore had no courage to question the great singer of Boston as to the origin of the curious similarity between his poem and mine.

Tennyson himself leaned heavily upon one of Miss Donnelly's poems in his *Enoch Arden.* Its publication preceded that of the great Laureate's by some years. I distinctly recall how she mentioned the point that Tennyson, who worked very slowly—smoking, as he said, sixteen cigars over every line—produced *Enoch Arden* with a celerity that astonished even his friends. These two instances only go to prove that the greatest singers of the last years have paid our Catholic poet the delicate compliment—in the sense of Mark Twain—of more than mere imitation. Indeed, she has suffered as no other Catholic poet of America at the hands of the plagiarist and literary highwayman. But with her usual sweetness and gentleness, she never referred to the subject in private conversation, unless actually pressed by friends who were much wrought up by the injustice done her. Invariably she excused such actions with the "exegesis of Christian charity," one of the most lovable traits of her character.

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It is difficult to estimate in a short paper the poetical output of Eleanor Donnelly; it is too large and varied. She has more virility than Adelaide Procter, with whom she is often compared, lacking her surfeit of honeyed sweetness. She rivals Longfellow in tenderness and ease of expression; while for word painting it is easy to see that she sat long at the feet of Wordsworth. In many of her religious poems—which might easily be called sacred hymns—she is closely akin to Father Faber, although always repressed in expression, never losing thought or sentiment in a delirium of words, however beautiful or aptly chosen. Had she sung of secular themes she would be known as one of the leading singers of our generation. But just because she sought to teach the English language to talk in Catholic accents, she must be content to be known to those only who chose their poetry regardless of the passing judgments of the hour.

Of her most recent work, none deserves higher praise than the metrical translation of some of the Psalms published in *The American Ecclesiastical Review,* to the great delight and profit of its clerical readers. In this, by no means an easy task, Miss Donnelly follows close in the wake of such translators as George Buchanan, Arthur Johnston, Luke Milbourne and Benthal, and far excels Archbishop Bagshawe and Helen Hielscher. She succeeds admirably in rendering the sense of the original, and the rhythm, so pronounced in Hebrew verse, in an English correct, dignified and graceful. This was the fitting climax to her literary labors—one, indeed, which her humility would never have dared to undertake on her own initiative.

All in all there has not been a lovelier career in American Catholic literature, one more prolific, helpful and inspiriting, than that of *The Poet of the Pure Soul,* as Eleanor Donnelly was often called. She has enriched our religious literature abundantly. It would be rash to place her amongst the so-called great writers of our language, but we may safely acclaim her a poet whose ideals in life and song are lofty enough to dazzle the eyes of a critically appreciative world. Her work won approval in her own lifetime, and it is certain that the years to come will not diminish her reputation. She wrought nobly and well with the great talents she had received, and men will long hold her name in benediction as a religious poet whose sound, sweet influence has gone far to counteract the false, strident mysticism of the day.

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## CLAUDEL'S GREAT MYSTIC DRAMA.

*(LE REPOS DU SEPTIÈME JOUR.)*

BY MAY BATEMAN.

*E Repos du Septième Jour* is no ordinary drama. No drama of Paul Claudel's is ordinary, for each has its distinctive psychological and supernatural interest; giving intimate and illuminating studies either of the growth and development or the dwarfing and atrophy of the human soul. Then too like Æschylus, Claudel concerns himself with ultimate problems; what is life given for? why death and pain should be; what man is in relation to God; what God may mean to man. *Le Repos du Septième Jour* stands out even amongst Claudel's work for two main reasons. First, because it is an Eastern play, charged with the mystery of the Old World whose ancient documents date back to twenty-four centuries B. C.; second, because serious as are all the issues which Claudel sheds light on in his work, he sheds light here upon the most solemn problem of all—Eternal Punishment; a subject upon which naturally we are not prone to meditate. For the twentieth century was—until lately—an age of compromise and luxury; its materialism was spreading in every country when war with its elemental ravage hurled itself upon us, and plunging us into horror and grief, revealed, once and for all, the actual worthlessness of those false gods of ease to whom we had reared our temples. The majority of us shirk the facing of unpleasant facts, such as sin and its consequence; which is one of the main reasons why Christian Science and other similar tenets have any hold at all upon the imagination. Their amiable doctrines soothe and console the mind of man, naturally self-complaisant and ready to be lured by any vision of himself, in apotheosis. Easy to become each his own builder if we are only asked to raise an altar to ourselves!

Claudel's aim is to voice Truth at any cost, and in *Le Repos du Septième Jour* he touches its depths and heights. He has a prevailing purpose. Never was a writer who understood more clearly the solemn vocation of the writer, nor dedicated himself to God in his work with more passionate devotion. God gave

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him his art, and to God he must justify God's gift. "O Thou, Who hast given me this moment of Light, use me!"[1] "Today I ask only.....that I may know God in His fixity, and acquire Truth through concentration."[2] "My first duty is to God, and to fulfill the task He has given me of re-uniting all in Him."[2] *Le Repos* is a drama of sombre mystery in parts, austere and reverent, and preparing us stage by stage, by flashes of crystal light for ultimate holy illumination. And this in spite of bringing us at moments into the very presences of dark powers and potentialities—because it reveals, with unshaken confidence, the great truth which the best of God's children are liable to forget in a time of national loss and disaster—how the plan of God, which is splendidly unchangeable and cannot err, will never be overthrown no matter what tremendous forces Lucifer and his fallen angels may use in their continual efforts to divert it.

Critics have left the play of *Le Repos du Septième Jour* in a strange isolation. Duhamel, usually the most sympathetic of Claudel's readers, tells of its *lyrisme préconçu,* but says little of its range. Pierre Chavannes, writing in the *New Statesman,* seems to have come under the spell of its magnetism—he appreciates its pictorial and vivid aspect, comparing it with Dante's *Inferno,* but fails to see its noblest significance. J. Middleton Murry, in a scholarly sketch of Claudel's work in the current number of *The Quarterly Review,* does not allude to it. While—most curious fact of all—a writer of some distinction in another leading monthly literary review, disposes of the greatest religious play in contemporary literature in exactly twenty words, and those inaccurate, as follows: In *Le Repos du Septième Jour* we are told of a visit made by *some Chinese* to the lower regions."

Claudel wrote the drama when he was twenty-seven years old. The plays belonging to this period, first published in *L'Arbre,* were afterwards collected in the only four volumes of the *Théâtre* which have yet appeared. It is significant that this one is reprinted *sans modification.* The other plays, with the exception of *L'Echange,* are given in two versions, an original and a later one, in which *La Jeune Fille Violaine* is actually the first version of *L'Annonce faite à Marie,* Claudel's most successful play.

*Le Repos* has a quality all its own; it is more like an evocation than a transcription. A mysterious quality, which must be left as it is, spontaneous, indefinable, or it would fail in power. It seems

[1] *L'Esprit et l'Eau.* [2] *La Maison Fermée.*

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actually to draw out in the reader undreamed faculties of apprehension; he is in the action of the play rather than merely watching it as a spectator. He sees with the mind of the writer, which means that his inner eye is conscious not only of the printed words upon a page, but the words which never will be written there—the "writing on the wall" of the temple.

The play came into being at one of the most poignant periods of Claudel's exile from his own country, partly at Shanghai, partly at Fou-chow, places in which it was his lot to live awhile in the course of his work in the French Consular Service. Thrust into conditions amazingly other than any he had known, there had surged upon him the full overwhelming flood of interior darkness. The reader has only to turn to the *Vers d'Exil,* to trace the course of this assault on hope and faith in loneliness. There are some of us who have to take arms against Satan and all his angels before we can find God. Claudel, surely, had been through his hour of torment before he wrote the play of *Le Repos.*

In its firm treatment, in its growing force, in its inexorability, it reveals traces of Greek classic influence, so many of whose canons still rule art that is pure. Yet the stamp is Eastern, and Eastern throughout the panorama which moves before us, or rather which we move amidst—in the first and second acts, whilst purely Catholic is its lesson and teaching, diffusing the whole play with lofty mysticism.

*Le Repos* makes deeper demands, in some directions, upon the reader's own powers of response than do Claudel's other plays. The outward conditions in which each act takes place are disclosed in the fewest words of any of his dramas. Yet the scene in each case is perfectly clear. Mencius, one of Confucius' most famous disciples, said, when interpreting the poems of his country: "We must try with our thoughts to meet the scope of a sentence and then we shall apprehend it." We literally "lose ourselves," as the phrase goes, in this play. Swept out of ourselves by a power greater than ourselves, we are poignantly aware of color, of texture, of transformation, in spite of singularly bare instructions. In two instances, the change of scene and flight of time are denoted only by a short line separating two paragraphs ———.[3]

[3] This particular symbolism reminds the least experienced sinologist of the construction of one of the Sacred Books of the East. Fuh-hsi, founder of the Chinese nation, some thirty-four centuries before Christ, as is generally believed, is thought to have made the original eight trigrams which were afterwards increased by sixty-four hexagrams. The Book of Yi, a series of metaphysical and moral ut-

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The play, itself a force, deals with tremendous forces; at times the quivering winds of the powers of darkness themselves seem near. For there are three terrific pages in the drama which deal with necromancy, that actual diabolic power which, in its most subtle form, has lately again been let loose upon the world. The attempt to re-call the dead to earth by any means that we may ask them questions, is making havoc of a thousand broken-hearted men and women today, who do not realize from whence it emanates: *l'esprit immonde,* seeking continually to betray the soul of man.

Infamous and forbidden acts!.....
What has become of our respect?—our piety? And how should men like these capture human hearts and torture them?

By enchantment the spectre of Hoang-Ti is summoned in *Le Repos,* evoked in the presence of the wise and great Emperor who hesitates up to the last to resort to such means, yet gives way finally to the will of his people. He prepares for the ordeal, as do those about him, with prayer. The spirit that appears gives an answer, true, but it is no intelligible answer—let one trace the analogy to the present time! And the Emperor knowing that unholy rites can never be made holy, no matter with what reverence or dignity or solemnity they may be accompanied, takes other means, and depending upon faith and prayer and penitence alone achieves his end.

The play of *Le Repos du Septième Jour* has traces of three distinct elements: Eastern texture; Greek influence, Catholic mysticism. Claudel is a deep thinker, who goes profoundly into any subject to which he applies his great intellectual powers. His work shows that the teachings of Confucius the moralist, of Lao-zze the metaphysician, of Buddha the remote, are no more comparable with the warm and glowing faith of Christianity than is a tesselated pavement giving upon an empty temple, to the rough and narrow way of the Cross which leads upon the Beatific Vision.

The great Emperor of the Chinese people, "warned by the lip-less breath of dreams," withdrew for a long period to the remote solitudes of his empire, after fulfilling the sacred rites, far from

terances, antique documents dating back further than the Kau dynasty, was formed of trigrams and hexagrams, which were interpreted by King Wau and his son, who made the symbols intelligible to the initiate by putting them in words. From a group of linear figures whole sentences were thus built up.

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the foot of man, to learn in isolation the things of the spirit. The bare ground at the foot of an antique sepulchre, besides a statue so old that even tradition was dumb before it, became his resting-place. There he built a temple, near the worn memberless effigy, which in spite of being defaced by storm and tempest was dominant and regal still.

One day there appeared envoys from his capital; men whom the Emperor, with vision purged by prayer, felt fear pursue. They told how the kingdom of the living was invaded by its sister kingdom of the dead, whose inmates came in wrath and envy. No offerings appeased them; lawless, in hordes, they multiplied as panic spread. In the villages men hung their offerings of wine, of rice, of beans; garments were put for them and paper-money. Defying flame, the intruders swarmed in corners of the house like rats; when food was cooked and the smell of fat rose from the cooking-pans, they assembled, gnashing their teeth, a herd of phantom and unbidden guests. Men working in the fields, aware of them, feeling the touch of death on their once warm skin, turned their heads fearfully in this direction and in that, wondering where was escape.....At night, they wandered, homeless, and on old battlefields massed in legions; half revealed like shaping vapor showing against the sunset sky. Children, seeing them, fell in convulsions, or died; the laborer could work no longer, and the days of love were dark. The people had sought in all directions for relief from the burden, but found none. Rather, the invasion grew.....The ancient documents were enigmas to them; in despair they appealed to magicians and to Buddhist priests. But the first raised another horde of demons, and the Buddhist priests, preaching re-incarnation, saying that all who died would live again, again to die, struck further terror into the hearts of people who shrank hour upon hour from the proximity of the dead.....

But the Emperor, firm in faith, knew that without "permission from the blue and open heaven" the dead would never have been able to intrude upon the living at all. Therefore, there was purpose in this assault. Something was to be taught by it; they had violated some law and the wrong must be righted.....Even his own palace had not escaped the visitation. It was because "breath without heat" had pointed the way to this hermitage that he had come here as an anchorite, stripping off his kingly robes, and dug a great pit in the earth, leaning over which he could call to the unseen Emperor of the dead. For though "the voice of man is

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weaker than the voice of the wild beasts, it lifts to the sky and pierces through the envelope of earth."

He pleads:

Hear me, O King!.....Reveal the cause; disclose
The remedy; how have we sinned? Spare some of my people!.....
Let me, the Emperor, atone for all, and die.....
Let me perish, with my race, and the dynasty itself be rooted out.....

The envoys wait but no answer comes. All call together, but still there is no reply. Can the Emperor of the Dead be sleeping? Other arts must be employed, plead the Chief Prince and high officials. And here—at hand—is one versed in enchantment; a sorcerer come from the Desert-Land-of-the-Mountains itself, where unicorns neigh and demons have their will. There, by his incantations, he had learned how to compel them; "when he calls they come like dogs".....From their secret lairs he could draw and snare them in his magic circle. If he were allowed to speak to them now they would obey, he would be acting but as a humble instrument of the imperial will.....

But the Emperor's white soul contracts with horror at the thought. Black arts are forbidden by the law.....No good can come from such hideous practices. Yet as the ambassadors urge, one cannot speak to barbarians without an interpreter.....The thing that had come upon the nation was unholy; surely any means might be resorted to, to rid men of unclean obsession?..... After a long struggle the Emperor, against his will, gives way.....

Darkness falls. The sorcerer sets about his preparations. The magic square is made to the accompaniment of low mutterings; incense is burned. Red candles thrust into the ground give the only light. The magician strikes a disk of bronze; the clang reverberates and is thrown back from the far mountains. He recites his spells. Strangling a black hen he spills its blood with rice upon the square. His body writhes and twists; froth forms upon his lips.... A jet of smoke spirts from the ground; in frenzy he makes his final adjurations, and falls in convulsions as with a sound like thunder the earth rumbles and breaks and opens out, and a great column of smoke and flame rises, to die down leaving the armed spectre of the Ancient Emperor Hoang-Ti visible. In an agony of fear, the officials fall prostrate; but the Emperor, upheld by faith, faces the apparition. The dead are disputing the earth's

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possession with the living. What rites, what acts of purification are needed to appease the unbidden guests and drive them back to their own domain?

The answer comes, unintelligible. "Who eats must die. Pay your dues.....We are hungry and thirsty.....Leave the earth untilled; you must take nothing from it."

But man without bread must die.....The earth gives him his sustenance. Bewildered, the Emperor knows that the spectre's answer is no answer at all. Only by the permission of the high heaven has Hoang-Ti been allowed to appear. Let him explain, then, what is to be done.

In anger Hoang-Ti disappears; he will add nothing to what he has already said. And the Emperor bids his people rise. Enchantment has broken down. But a last hope remains. He—the Emperor—trusting in the strength of faith alone, will knock at the Door of Darkness and, obtaining entrance, learn from the lips of the Lord of the Dead himself the way of expiation.

Without the magic square, without the spilled blood of the hen,
Despising the magic veil, I will ask in hell what hell has against us.....
The remedy that enchantment cannot reveal. I myself will seek,

putting to the proof the good-will of heaven. For has not his aim been to guide his people like a father, in justice, strength and wisdom?

Open O earth, and let me through.....
Spare my people; and if one must die
Let me and me only pay the penalty.....
Open O earth,.....for as a willing sacrifice I come.

He leaves his young son to the guardianship of the Chief Prince, who is also to see to the nation's safety. He will take nothing with him on his journey to the unknown except the ancient imperial staff with which the destiny of the state is bound. Prophecy has declared that after the life of the dynasty has been threatened by revolution, and peace finally comes after strife, it will break into branches as apparently lifeless trees will at the approach of spring. And "the great powers of heaven, drawn to it like birds, will watch the miracle."

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Open earth, to admit me!
Open your heart to me as you do to heaven when it sends you its rain.....
I command you, by heaven, if it be heaven's will.....
To let me in.....

The earth trembles and opens. Kneeling, he prays:

I thank thee, heaven, for answering my prayer.....
And if it be your will that I die,—or if again it be your will that .....I bring back the truth, that also will be well.
.....Take me, O earth, for willingly I come.

He flings himself into the abyss and the earth closes upon him.

Follows, complete obscurity, and the unknown.....Here, in their own stronghold the children of the devil collect to make assault upon assault, now from this angle and now that, upon the lofty soul that daringly has come, alone with faith, to meet them. Sooner or later, it must be overthrown.....Loneliness and fear launch upon the Emperor at the first attack. He knows that the interminable black space is thronged; that, seething here and there, are

Words
Rapid, not human words,
Formed without lips, soundless and meaningless,
Like utterances made by spirits in a dream.....

Time is no more, yet endless; he is "drenched in darkness....." His mother comes to tempt him, a shapeless thing but an entity.

I scent you out
Like a blind bitch nosing her litter.....
I have no eyes to see!
I am here and not here, I am lost forever.....
Lost, and bewildered.....hung in the lower heaven,
In the night of illumination, in the blackness of light.....
In nothingness which has no walls, I seek and stray.....
There is no light here.....nor time.....nor time, my son!.....
No time, no end, no space.....

She has done no wrong, she pleads, to merit punishment like this.....But the Emperor, groping for truth, is faithful still to

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faith even with his heart torn, and sense of justice shaken. It is the hour when the soul, no longer able to pray, rests for security on former prayers.

My spirit shall not falter;.....
In the grave itself I will affirm my faith; in the outer darkness,—
In night, in nothingness.....
And I swear that in heaven as earth, and in the darkness of the lesser pit,
Justice unalterable is with Eternity.
Perfect in equity it weighs and balances.....
You who are here O Mother, have received your due deserts.....

The mother tempts him anew; she describes more horrors. The stone Beasts which the Emperor's people worship are to be found here, and Buddha smiles among them. Their maws are empty like sepulchres "where death itself is dead." They stray in hell, like wild dogs, seeking prey.

And now there appears before him the very sexton of the soul, the demon, Satan's messenger himself. At sight of him a latent sense of sin springs in the Emperor's soul. For his presence wakes unsuspected echoes of cruelty, murder, sensuality, covetousness, blasphemy. The balance falters, swings wide, then back again, true to the old remembered faith,

Flesh is weak and treacherously betrays the dormant faculties.....
But man upheld will never fall. Not easily will you shake the keystone of my faith.
.....You have no rights in me!
By my own will I came here,
By heaven's permission, and the authority of justice.....

Lépicier, in his inimitable *Unseen World,* says that "whilst .....the demons are ever busy executing Lucifer's orders and dragging the souls of men to perdition, they are, too, by an unfathomable disposition of Divine wisdom, executing God's plan of purifying the good" (although unconsciously, because they have no access to it). The demon, by his very assault upon the kingly faith, strengthens it. He describes sin rightly, but subtly tries to indicate that there is no door of escape from it. Man, prone to it, gives way to its sweet novelty; this is the first degree. The habit of sinning forms; he sins in the second degree through in-


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clination. When, in the third degree, he sins for very love of sin, he has little to learn from the spawn of the devil.

They know his individual temptations and can trade on them. For their substance is as the substance of the angels of light. They have knowledge of the secrets of nature. They can move where they will, for they also are angels although fallen.

I too—I greatly dared!
In the sight of God Himself I committed infamy!.....
The first man was made initiate in sin by us.....
He died, and from his death, millions and myriads were born.

What chance of atonement then for man?—thus dogged by sin at every step? Something has been stolen from God. What equality is there between God and man? How can man pay God His dues? Does a slave obtain pardon for the crime a free man has committed?

But the Emperor, trained in the logic of his time, remembers that through suffering man learns to correct his mistakes. Is not that the answer to the problem? for suffering indeed is here. By accepting suffering, he too will learn.....The demon grimly draws him into the place of fire.

Fire without flame or smoke.....
Fire hotter than the breath of the furnace, stronger than the August sun, when in mid-heaven
It strikes the sea with its thunderbolts and draws earth to it in a strangling embrace.

Fire explains all. What other analogy is so complete? For the action of fire is the same in every instance; it separates; it assimilates. It takes and it devours, itself maintained by what it feeds upon—flesh, bone, fat, blood and tears. In a divine paradox, the very particles which it destroys are those which give out heat and light. When it comes upon anything it cannot destroy, like iron, it makes it flexible and soft. And what it cannot soften it burns up..... It has a triple life.

This self-same fire which sustains life in you
May be the glory of the saints in heaven,
Torment and agony of souls in hell.

To the Emperor's people had been given the fruits of the earth

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to enjoy. They had used them to their own ends; they thought only of themselves, wherefore punishment. The earth shall have back its own. For sin brings punishment in its exercise. Who so poor as the miser? Who suffers deeper humiliation than the envious? In the depths of hell—

Misers strangle;
With their throats seized as if by quinsy, nails driven deep into their palms, teeth clenched,
They twist in torment, unable to expel the egg of gold which throttles them.....
The idle sleep in an eternal nightmare and can never wake.....
The proud man, driven into the earth like a stake, is left alone; blindness and endless solitude are his part.....

Is there, then, no possible expiation for sin? The Emperor's soul for the moment is in jeopardy. And despair, seeing at last a way of entry, draws near.....If this is the end of all, if there is no escape, no chance of reparation, how much better the lot of rats and flies, dissolving into untormented nothingness!

The demon reminds him that there is still Satan to face..... Once more the broken Emperor summons his retreating forces of loyalty and confidence in heaven. His mission was voluntary; no matter what it brings, he is ready to face it. For his motive is pure; he desires truth..... When he returns to his people, if he be indeed allowed to return, he will be able to tell them that, though he bring them only the unpalatable bread of bitterness, he himself was the first to eat it. And the reader seeing tired faith thus compelled to make its stand against the worst assault of all, will be reminded of his own parched hours when prayer was meaningless and his cry for water clanged against the outer walls of a brass heaven; when only the will to hold on, made firm by practice, still endured to drive his sore spirit towards the unseen healing spring of refreshment.....

The Messenger of Evil has done its worst, and failed. It shrinks away.....And the Emperor, alone in his blindness, prays: "Lord.....I am Thy means of communication with the people; grant that I may not lie!.....Let me understand and see!..... For now I have touched the deeps of blasphemy and nothingness."

To the inner vision of the soul a sense of security, of peace, of holiness, slowly penetrates. The Emperor's being is illuminated by sanctity, by joy unspeakable. The Angel of the Empire has

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been sent to him by God. Because he has sought truth humbly, because he has been faithful, he is to know the truth. Under God's plan injustice is repaired; suffering and crime accord in perfect balance. In hell there is not one innocent. But to men is given a choice. "The indestructible part in each of us" that the Emperor craves to be saved, can be saved. Man takes nourishment from the earth and in time returns to the earth, but the earth cannot hold him unless he has chosen it by his own actions for his abiding place, like the Emperor's people. They have transgressed the law. But God will give them the opportunity to atone. For six days man may labor and take from the earth what he will. But on the seventh day he is to raise his hands and heart to heaven. Man has proved himself unworthy through ingratitude for the earth which God has given; that is why earth exercises its claims upon those who deliberately have shown themselves to be earth's children.

Fix on your walls this proclamation; publish it in the tribunals;
Six days may my people work and labor;
The field-laborer may drive his ox and the boatman sail his junk; the artisan weave, saw, grind flour, mix oil;
But the seventh day he must wash his hands and his face, and put on a new garment,

strengthening his inner man by quiet and recollection and thanksgiving.

God gives man all, and until they give Him back their wills, there can be no real restitution of His ceaseless gifts. And when they understand this and try humbly and gratefully to serve Him, "justice, order, security and peace will exist between heaven and earth, permanent and enduring, like the tender exchange of those who love....."

Away in the capital, over all the Emperor's vast possessions, ruin meantime has settled like a flight of locusts. The army is become a rebel army; one town alone stays loyal to the imperial sway. The Chief Prince, the heir, the Great Examiner, and Prime Minister and a few others remain in the palace, knowing that their days were numbered.

They have suffered change of heart. In the hour of anguish they too know at last that unconsciously in the past they must have sinned. And the young Prince, the Emperor's son, child of his great father's spirit, takes the burden on himself. "O my race,

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forgive me. My people, prostrate upon the ground, I ask forgiveness." But his followers abase themselves before him; theirs the sin, not his.

With death approaching, from every direction in the shape of the maddened population, the young Prince prays: "Father! If you are living still, hear us! Come to us in our need!" Lest at some unexpected hour the Emperor may return, his son has had the royal robes laid out for him in an isolated part of the palace where nobody lives, the sanctuary where the tablet of the dynasty is kept, with a mask of gold tissue to veil the face which at first the Emperor might not wish to show them.

The door opens to disclose the beloved form, wrapped in the robes, and wearing the mask. In his hand he holds the ancient staff of empire, branching out now into the form of a great Cross, fulfilling the prophecy.

I stand
On the threshold between death and life; upright I stand, bearing the sign of the Cross.
I know the cause of evil and that death has its explanation.....
Hearken to the words of him who comes from the other side.....
Solemnly I proclaim that Justice is just,
Exact, like a weight; unerring, like a balance!.....
Behold me, standing with the Cross in my hands!
*All:* Hail holy symbol!
*The Emperor:* Hail symbol of joy! hail, symbol of grief!
Only he who knows what your joy is, can ever accept your sorrow.
Beyond life is revelation;
Suffering which is beyond life, the revelation of what we have within us without knowing it.
.....O thou who livest in blindness and deafness,
.....From my throne I hear the echo of thy wandering feet.....
But I come with purification and healing rites.....
Tomorrow, when day dawns,
Raising the Cross, I will disperse the rebels.
And at the setting of the sun, re-uniting my people, I will issue my proclamation.....
*His Son:* And now O father, show us thy face!
*The Emperor:* Would you see it, O my son?.....Look then!

He takes off the mask and shows a face glassy and swollen with leprosy. The nose has gone; the eyes are bleeding holes. Only the mouth remains intact.

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# MARIE GRANGER, A PRECURSOR OF THE SACRED HEART.

BY JOSEPH H. MCMAHON, PH.D.

MOTORING in those other days along the wonderful military roads of France that have in a way proved its salvation, one could leave Paris by Route Nationale No. 7, and proceeding southward and slightly to the east, passing through the enchanting forest of Fontainebleau come through a picturesque undulating country to Montargis, one hundred and four kilometres from the capital, seventy-one kilometres due east from fascinating Orleans with its majestic Cathedral, and fifty-one kilometres west of sleepy, beautiful Sens, dreaming under the shadow of its queen-like fane. Hurrying in either direction, lured by such visions of splendor, the ordinary tourist has only a passing glance to bestow on this pretty little city of about thirteen thousand inhabitants situated on the river Loing at its junction with the tiny Vernisson. If he interrupt his rapid flight he will be rewarded by his visit to La Madeleine dating from the twelfth century, rebuilt after the terrible fire of 1525 and restored in the last century; and will gaze with interest on "Le Chien de Montargis," a bronze group that recalls the faithful dog who tracked his master's murderer and slew him; will doubtless be gratified to learn that Mirabeau, the great orator of the Revolution, whose statue stands in the place named after him, was born in the suburbs; will look with amazement at the ruins of what was one of the largest castles of old fourteenth century France, a royal residence down to the time of Napoleon—and will speed onward refreshed indeed but eager for greater sights. Yet here, in those centuries that are growing more and more dim as the rush of stupendous present events crowds out the past, there stood a famous Abbey of Benedictine Nuns. It was founded in 1630 by Marie Granger, mistress of novices at Montmartre under the crosier of Marie de Beauvillier, the mystic whose incomparable physical beauty led noblemen to endeavor to win her from her cloistered life, and brought the widowed Queen of Henry III. to gaze upon her charming face, while her sanctity and solid learning made a classic of her *Exercise Divine or Practice of Conformity of Our Will to That of God.* When we know that her greatest

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work in life was the reform of the noble Abbey of Montmartre which began in 1600, and that in 1631 she was expounding the high mysticism of this book, not to one or other of her nuns, but to the general assembly, we are prepared for the details of Marie Granger's life at Montargis, where she ruled from 1630-1636.

Forgotten today by all save the student of the religious life of France, her renown was such that her contemporaries reverenced her as a great saint, and at her death her relics were applied to drive evil spirits from those possessed. Of her there is no trace in Montargis. But here in this placid village of lovely France, one thrills with ecstatic joy to remember that, as Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial decades later, this chosen soul was favored with the apparitions of the Sacred Heart. One of the joys of travel is the experience of what I may term the thrill of religion, distinct and different from any other. It springs from physical contact with things or places. It is the throb one experiences while gazing at or touching the rock of Massabielle, sanctified by the gracious presence of Our Lady. It is the tremor felt whilst kneeling before the grille in the tiny chapel of the Visitation Convent at Paray, and recalling that beyond that grille there once stood the Saviour of the world; that here at the *noisétier* in the garden He also stood. It is felt in the pulsing heartbeats that come as one kneels beside the body of a saint preserving through centuries the flexibility of life. It comes as it did to the writer, when celebrating Mass in a side chapel in the great dimness of the austere Cathedral at Bayonne, to look suddenly at the ornate reliquary over the altar cross, and reading the names of the saints whose bones are there, to realize that they lived and gave their life blood on this very ground. Such is the thrill one experiences in Montargis, placid and pretty today, but one of the places in the world hallowed by the personal apparition of the Lord Christ.

But first a word as to the favorite of the Master. She was, we are told, a feeble woman, constantly suffering, tormented by terrible diseases, and, like so many other mystics, an object of fear to many, sometimes of contempt and often the recipient of cruel treatment. She was reputed to suffer from "the falling sickness," and consequently was shunned by all who dreaded contagion. Suffering keenly from the mortification of such treatment to which she was alive, she nevertheless rejoiced in her abandonment, for so she honored the cruel dereliction of her Spouse, treated as a leper by His Father. With Him she could lament the aloofness of her

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friends. Without a murmur she bore this opprobrium, knowing that a sinner was in truth a spiritual epileptic. During her administration she was forced to bear continual contradictions. Her extraordinary graces were denounced. Those who revered her sanctity were told she was only a deluded woman. Convinced of her own nothingness she sided with her enemies, and to her own exquisite anguish believed that it might be true that her illuminations were mere illusions. "I am tormented by blasphemies," she confides to a friend in a letter found among her few remains. "I hear them crying into the ear of my soul that I am a fool and deluded in running after a God Who flies from me, in seeking a Lover Who is loveless for me."[1]

Sometimes during the night she threw herself on the ground unable to endure the bed, and making use of the words of the Most Afflicted of men would cry out: "O that He Who has begun to crush me would finish the task; let Him not spare me in my sorrow; may I never contradict the words of the Holy One: it is time, my God, for sin to be no more." Her philosophy of resignation is surely an illuminating commentary on the famous anathema of St. Paul. "If, however, You have sworn my ruin I accept that sentence, in submission to Your divine ruling. But at least grant me this favor that I bring not sin with me. Stain, not pain, is the unbearable thing to me. Hell fire would be sweet to me provided I burn there as a victim blameless in Your eyes." Chosen, indeed, must have been the soul capable of such eloquence as this. Loaded with visible graces that overwhelmed her with a sense of her own nothingness, she excited in those around her the inevitable countercurrents of devotion or jealousy.

When she could not resist the all-powerful attraction of the Spirit of God, her chronicler relates, and when her transports became apparent, she grew extremely embarrassed. In order to conceal the divine operation in her she wished people to think that she had fainted. She induced her friends to run to her with a glass of wine when an ecstasy would come upon her in the parlor, pretending that she had swooned. So much did she endeavor to hide what might make her glorious in the eyes of beholders, that in order to prevent herself from being rapt in ecstasy she would with her finger nails tear her arms until they were covered with

[1] Quoted in vol. ii. of *Les Eloges de la Mère de Blemur*. This interesting and valuable work has been used practically for the first time by Henri Bremond in his important *Histoire Littéraire du Sentiment religieux en France*, tome ii., from which the facts concerning Marie Granger are taken.

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blood. "She indeed wished to feel the pricking of the thorns that crowned her Master, but she did not want them to be only the semblance of a crown. The shadow of glory sufficed to fill her with fear."

Among all true mystics the desire to hide their divine secret is characteristic. It is a modesty as real and as delicate as that of the flesh. Moreover, they shrink from notice not only through humility but from fear of deception. Hence instinctively they shudder at any publicity or any attention from the world which even when it pretends not to believe is everlastingly curious about the supernatural. To be continually exposed to that curiosity was one of the exquisite penalties of Marie Granger's delicacy of soul. So ardent was her love of God that her heart of flesh actually dilated, and unable to withstand its pressure forced two of her ribs out of place, raising them about two inches. Ever afterwards the movements of her love could be detected by their motion. Her director, Père Rabasse, a Recollet, a priest of unusual holiness, entertained among many others the Queen Mother with the recital of this marvel. Her Highness, it seemed, had known Marie Granger at Montmartre. Passing through Montargis she stopped to visit her. Discoursing with Père Rabasse on the spiritual life in presence of the abbess, the latter was thrown into a deep ecstasy, an opportunity that the good Father seized to descant upon the extraordinary favors of which the holy nun had been the recipient. The Queen's curiosity having been aroused, she desired to feel the displaced ribs, but was prevented from so doing by reason of the thickness of the nun's habit. When the abbess regained her normal state, utterly unconscious of what had happened, she continued the entertainment of Her Majesty. A curious sidelight on the influence at work in religion is afforded by this interview. The Queen Mother promised her protection to the religious of Montargis. When later the Abbess of Montmartre wished to withdraw from Montargis the subjects she had loaned for the foundation, the lady of Montargis solicited the royal influence which was graciously exerted in her behalf, and so Madame of Montargis retained the religious. How troubled Marie Granger would have been had she known of the indiscretion of the holy Recollet and the curiosity of Her Highness, may be gleaned from the fact that whilst she was an inmate of Montmartre, the cave of St. Denis was the place in which she hid herself and where she enjoyed ravishing ecstasies. She spent hours there, and would have remained for whole nights

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did not some of the nuns who were in her confidence seek her out and bring her to herself. When she had obtained from God the favor that her raptures should not be visible to those around her, she was visited nightly by Our Lord, and while the world slept in silence He discoursed to her. What she saw and heard in these visions is not clearly known. Occasionally on seeing an image of some saint or of Our Lord Himself, she would lament the fact that the artist could not more fittingly have reproduced his subject.

But outside the periods of rapture her life was one of great, cruel, ofttimes horrible suffering. Her drinking cup was for a time a human skull. Sometimes in an agony of thirst she contented herself by gazing at without drinking the water that could have quenched it. Ill and not daring to eat cooling fruits, she would gaze at the luscious food, longing for it but refusing it in order to offer the privation to the Lord. Scrupulous herself to such a degree that she would not permit herself the enjoyment of the delicate scent of a flower, she was similarly stern with others. In her death agony she had the supreme desolation of being served by two priests who did not comprehend the exaltation of her piety, and so she died without any human consolation, in utter abandonment, honoring thus the dying Son of God.

It is hard to realize that these things happened in Montargis, that this great mystic dwelt in the pleasant little town amid the broad fields of Loiret, from which radiates so many of the broad smooth motor roads that lead to the enchantment of Lorraine. And so our thrill is the greater as we learn that here in 1630, nearly a generation before Margaret Mary Alacoque was born, our Divine Saviour appeared to Marie Granger holding a cross in His hand, and showing her His heart pierced with three nails and surmounted with a crown of thorns. From this heart oozed drops of blood. "My daughter," said Our Lord to her, "I give you this escutcheon and I wish you never to assume another. By the cross you will triumph." With great thankfulness the servant of God accepted it. She carved it on a seal which to this day, so wrote Mère de Blemur in 1679, "we religious of Montargis use." Forty-three years later to Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial came the commission that was to spread throughout the world devotion to the Sacred Heart like the spark leaping through the stubble. But it is thrilling to think that here, as elsewhere, in favored France, at about the same time the Sacred Heart was preparing the way, for the spread of that devotion that has rekindled the flame of

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charity, as on Easter Day appearing now to one, now to another, to Simon and to the disciples on the way to Emmaus, He paved the way for the first public apparition to the nascent Church gathered in the Cenacle. Guidebooks and motorists think only of the pretty town beautifully situated, of its venerable and beautiful church and its striking bronze, but the grateful heart recalls the presence of this woman of great holiness, high in the favor of God, who was chosen with Mechtilde and Gertrude to be one of those who would pave the way for the knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart when the commission would be given to the humble Visitandine to send Its pleadings broadcast through the world.

## ARRAIGNERS AND POETS.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

CEASE from your song, for of what availeth your strain?
What has the sound of your singing to do with our pain?
Vain is it, vain, in the face of our woe and our want,
Passion for beauty and joy ye are prideful to vaunt.
What is your music trilled out to the heart of man's need?
What is the word for who perish for lack of the deed?
Ever the wants elemental, the body's demands:
More than the song from your lips were the bread from your hands.
Stilled be your voice till the time that our woe is at rest:
Cease from your song: give us bread and be evermore blest.

*Poets:*

Would ye be judges for us, all forgetting Who said,
'T is by God's words that man liveth, not only by bread?
Ay, and we tell you He speaketh in many a way,
He of the manifold voice; in the night, in the day,
Droppeth the dew of His speech or its torrents are heard:
Thunders proclaim Him: proclaims Him the note of a bird.
Voice of Him sounding for aye through eternity's year—
He that hath ears, as He saith, let him hear, let him hear.

*Arraigners:*

Poets, the vain and the prideful, how is it ye dare
Song of a man with the voice of his God to compare?

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Word of a man with the word of his Lord to compare?
Now let your brows be abased and the lips of you dumb:
Answer us here, as the hour of your judgment were come.

When the armies of God went forth,
East, west, south, north,
And the earth's broad bosom beat
To their marching feet;
What did ye then, O ye
Of the melody?

*Poets:*

We sang our songs of vigor and courage untold;
And we piped, as though indeed, we should never grow old.
And we doubled the strength of the strong and the heart of the bold.

*Arraigners:*

When the mourning people marched in solemn tread
To bury their dead,
What did ye in face of a grief so vast and strong
That words were a wrong?

*Poets:*

We sang till the dry, hard eyes of the stricken men
Took moisture again;
And the rain of their tears had the sweetness of Whitsun showers
On thirsting flowers.

*Arraigners:*

When the people hungry and naked in madness rose
To strike at the hearts alike of friends and of foes,
Now tell us, what of your songs? Could music avail
To blind the levin, make dumb the thunder's bale?

*Poets:*

We sang of justice and truth and the quenching of hate;
And men looked out and saw where the need was great;
They lifted the trampled right, and they flung aside
The cold and the callous mind and the stiffnecked pride:
And they went with eager feet to right the wrongs:
And they wrestled for truth and won, who had heard our songs.

And we sang, sang on, unwitting of listeners there:
We sang, for we needs must sing, and without a care
For who should arraign us or praise, the just or unjust:
We sang our songs unbidden because we must:
We sing our songs unbidden, because we must.

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# A ROMAN ROAD.

BY C. DECKER.

"And word took word as hand takes hand,
I could hear at last and understand."

BORN in the Anglican Church I was never able to regard it as *the* Church nor even as a Church with any power to teach. I admired it as an artistic sentiment. I delighted to wander in the hoary old cathedrals in England, for they held a magic and a wonder as if they possessed a beautiful soul of their own that was as aloof as starlight from much that was banal and prosy in life. I loved to enter one of these old cathedrals or churches on a summer evening that was mellowed by time, and the sheen from great rose windows that transmitted the dying rays of the sun into a softened glory.

The elegance, the distinction of the service and the echoing music of stately hymns filled me with delicious satisfactions. But it was not religion, for it stirred within a sense of discrimination for the niceties of solemn sounds, of tints and colors and "atmosphere" nowhere possible except in a church.

Intellectual curiosity had taken me from Protestantism into rationalism. I devoured Darwin, Huxley, Spencer. I remember Huxley's tilt with Gladstone. Gladstone had just published his *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*. Huxley attacked and, as it seemed to me, left it in fragments. It was an unequal fight, Gladstone the "old fashioned" and strictly orthodox, Huxley the modern armed with learning, a master of prose and incisive logic wrought havoc with the bygone methods of Gladstone. Their points of view were, of course, so diverse that there could be no possible agreement between them. There is a glitter in the Huxley type of philosopher. Rationalists use a large orchestra and are capable of very noisy demonstrations. They make it appear as if they alone possessed a knowledge of life and its phenomena, and understood it far more clearly and thoroughly than those who hold to the orthodox religious persuasions. And they flattered one's personal sense of intellectual ability, so that a feeling of pride arises at

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having thumbed one's Spencer, or Darwin. They have a rather subtle way in appealing to what they call "the Truth."

I continued to read "isms" and schisms; for I was in search of what those philosophers termed "the Truth." But there was one "ism" I never did read nor dreamed of reading, and that was Catholicism. I had never met anyone who had seriously taken up the study of Catholicism. The few people I did know who were Catholics were hardly more than casual acquaintances.

Moreover, I had no idea at that time that Catholicism possessed any books worthy of the name; its literature was more unknown to me than the mountains of the moon. What I did know of the Catholic Church was that it was below par. History, fiction, essays of various kinds, had they not declared it unto me seventy times seventy times? And had not Voltaire riddled the Jesuits with his lancet pen? Indeed, a thousand voices told me that Catholicism was tottering if not actually ready for its last burial. Common sense repeated the formula correctly like a Greek chorus.

After many years in the camp of agnosticism there came a violent change which, if it did not at first lead towards the highway for the straight road that led to Rome, it was essentially a step in that direction. Of the possibility of that direction no thought entered my mind.

I was suddenly taken seriously ill in a small town in the west of Texas. It was in the fall. Day after day the sun burnt like fire, but a still greater fire had crept into my veins, for the furnace of a fever had me in thrall. A friend seeing the gravity of my condition told me he would take me to a Catholic hospital in Dallas. I remember I was vaguely surprised, but felt too ill to be interested. If I had been told that I was heading for the path that leads to Rome, I should have felt that there was a lunatic at large indulging in foolish jabber. I would have struck me as being too childish to answer. I was taken to the Catholic hospital by my friend who was a non-Catholic.

After the crisis of the fever had passed and my mind was in a condition of more or less normal perceptiveness, I realized with deep interest that I was in an extraordinary environment. The white cornettes of the Sisters of Charity, the number of priests, the streams of sick of all creeds and no creeds, kept my curiosity keen and glowing. Sometimes I would hear simple, haunting music from the chapel. Sometimes a priest would enter my room and pass the time of day. But I was afraid of those white cornettes;

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they seemed severe as well as picturesque. One day, daring greatly, I made a jocular remark to the Sister in attendance. Her laugh broke the ice and pleased me. She inquired if I had said my prayers. Prayers? That ritual had long since departed.

So here was I thrust into the midst of some expert servers of the Lord, face to face with religious and priests, and face to face with much of their daily life and conversation. It was arresting. I was now striving to find an agreement with the hundreds of things I had read in history, in sly articles and remarks heard here and there or anywhere in connection with the Catholic Church. I aimed and I strove, and I strove and I aimed, but I could not make the fiction go into the facts that I was experiencing.

It did not take me long to realize that the Catholic of Protestant fiction is mainly a stupid caricature. I was now obtaining some knowledge of the Church and its adherents at first hand. It was evidence that was coming to me through the use of my own eyes and ears. The novelty teased my curiosity, it was so unexpected and undreamed of. So to speak, I was indirectly examining witnesses, asking them questions, watching their religious manners, trying to feel the atmosphere of their minds.

A Sister staggered me when she said that she was not working for money but "for the love of God." The work of the Sisters was hard and exacting, yet it was done gladly not for monetary standards, not for the applause of the world, but for the meaning behind that curious phrase "the love of God." How could they extract energy from it to take them through their day's work? How could they sacrifice so much in the world that was attractive and delightful and by doing so gain happiness and satisfaction? That was an enigma, indeed. What was the secret? I thought. What system of philosophy could have the power to spur men and women to such idealism? I made a firm resolution that when I was restored to health I would attempt to ferret out the secret, to penetrate, if possible, to the very core of the problem. It was solely and simply an intellectual problem: I was eager to know the "why" and the "how" of it.

During the weeks prejudice was slowly dying. Priests and religious were no longer viewed with the acute distortions born and bred in the bone in times of yore. I made a notable stride; I was convinced that priests and religious and the laity of the Church were perfectly sincere, that to suspect them of make-believe was the way of ignorance or the folly of the fool. Moreover, I now



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possessed enough data from personal contact with Catholics which was invaluable when Mr. Hearsay and Mr. I-Told-You-So spoke up from their corners. For three months I had sojourned in this Catholic hospital. It was a great experience and I commend it heartily to everyone. A few weeks in a Catholic hospital would be productive of dynamic physical and spiritual blessings.

When I was in a condition for travel I sailed for England. One of the first things I did on arrival was to search for a Catholic bookstore and lay in a supply of Catholic literature, in which were some exceedingly able pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society of London. The literature also gave me no slight surprise. I discovered the question of authority in religion discussed in such a manner, made so lucid and cloudless and straightforward, that it was unanswerable if the premises of Christianity were accepted. The masterly way in which the arguments were handled gave me keen pleasure, and wetted my appetite to sail across the new seas of thought opened up by this Catholic literature.

One morning, for no other reason than curiosity, I scanned the religious columns of a daily paper, to have my attention riveted by an announcement of a Solemn High Mass at a Jesuit Church on the approaching Sunday. I decided to go and forthwith purchased a Catholic prayer book. There was life, fervor, intensity between its pages in sharp contrast with the stately diction and polished periods of the Book of Common Prayer. The word "Jesuit" was the one that had held my attention in the announcement.

I found the church in a squalor of mean streets, a large Gothic building with a certain amount of effective beauty in the interior. The congregation was enormous and edifying, the music good. But I must here confess that I was frankly disappointed on seeing my first Jesuit. He was very mild-mannered and his sermon was colorless. I had expected to be thrilled, to listen to subtle verbiage and artifice. Judged by his type in Protestant fiction he was an utter and dismal failure. I began to suspect the extremely Low Church imagination of copious fooling.

I came out of the church thinking that all the facts I had so far encountered did not even crudely agree with ideas I had held and considered to be trustworthy facts. I sampled other churches, especially a Benedictine and one attached to a Redemptorist monastery; the latter was a little Gothic jewel.

In the meantime I was studying hard, poring over everything I could find for and against the Church. Strangely enough about

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this time I began to say my prayers, Protestant ones. I say "strangely enough," because I was unable to explain to myself how I came to believe in their validity except by a peculiar force of interior impulse. That reason may sound worthless and unconvincing. To analyze a spiritual process is not always simple. And I experienced a certain relish and refreshment after saying my prayers. Yet not for a single moment did I imagine that I had taken a step on the road to Rome. In my reading, of course, I met the Catholic view of the Reformation. Prejudices came to instant attention and I felt the Protestant in my blood; but I determined to step aside from the bias as far as possible, so that I might be enabled to obtain an objective view of the Reformation. It was one of the most difficult of tasks. Let an Anglican, especially of the Low section of that Church, attempt to step outside the mental atmosphere, a subtle compound which he has breathed for years, the strength of which is revealed only when an endeavor is made to leave it behind, and he will realize the tremendous influence that faces him. The would-be historian and petty scribe have carefully laid all the mud and mire to trap and disgust those who pry into the claims of the Catholic Church.

To delve and botanize among the garbage and refuse of any nation, institution, in civics or politics, appeals to the muckraker and those who gloat over evil odors. But what of it? Nothing of it, for it is not a sign of the broad and penetrating vision of a just historian; nor is it the truth about life in general. It is all so obviously one-sided, so unfair and urgent to prove its own case and so thoroughly unhistorical that its method carries its own defeat. The mummer historian lacks the sanities and circumspections, methods and abilities for weighing and testing evidence by which he can attain honest conclusions.

The result of my study of the Catholic side of the Reformation convinced me that it was the true side. In history where there are points of fire there will be wide divergencies of opinions, for there is no perfect system of logic that can be expected to leaven human psychology. Men and nations differ in their definitions of national and personal virtues.

Reaching the Catholic view of the Reformation warmed my sympathy; but as yet I had failed to penetrate the secret of the mystery why priests and religious work "for the love of God." So I read the harder and plunged more deeply into books of controversy, and I continued to go to Mass, delighting in the ritual

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and fine gravity of the Latin phraseology. They call Latin a dead language; for me it was glowing with life and beauty.

Then I made a sentimental journey to London to visit the new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. That visit made a deep spiritual impression. Yet I came out of the cathedral with the marvel of the service at which I had assisted, full upon me, saying to myself that I had no intention of becoming a Catholic. A few weeks later I attended a Benedictine church for Benediction. It was midsummer. Light of soft gold from a dying sunset was drifting in through an open window at the rear of the church on the bronze door of the tabernacle, as the incense was climbing and the flames of the long candles ministered their fire. As a flash of light, with incredible celerity, my whole being seemed moved by an extraneous force infinitely gentle yet infinitely potent. With it, strong, clear and glorious as a June dawn Faith entered my soul. I bowed my head overwhelmed and said: "I believe in the Catholic Church!" But scarcely had the words taken form in my mind when I gritted my teeth and told myself grimly that I would not become a Catholic. Why should I? I asked myself.

As I rose from my seat at the close of the service and took a last glance at the long candles, the voice of conscience spoke like a judge from a judgment seat and it made me fearful: "You have always prided yourself upon following Truth; you have always striven after intellectual honesty, now is the time to prove it, now, not next year but now." The words touched me to the quick. I had always entertained a deep respect for intellectual honesty and valued it as a jewel of great price. If I now failed to follow the light, then nevermore would I be able to pride myself on having been intellectually honorable at all costs. I should lose my intellectual self-respect, and in this case my intellectual self-respect was wrapped up in my moral self-respect; they could not be separated. With a kind of irritation I argued with myself and sought for something like clear excuses, excuses with quality that would wear and endure and not react with conscience later on, and make me feel the searing brand of the coward. I swung to and fro in a drift of thought, clutching here and there at ideas that seemed for a moment vivid and strong enough in philosophic formula to soothe my conscience. But intellectual pride won and I resolved to enter the Church.

I knew no Catholic friends. Alone with this resolve burning like a fire within, I returned to America and made straight for the hospital of the Sisters of Charity in Texas. I spent a happy

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week inside its walls. There were a number of points to be cleared up; Protestant débris and minor questions of history to be cut through and cast aside. From the chaplain of the hospital, one of the most learned and kindly of men, I procured the books I needed. I could not take things for granted. My intellect had to be satisfied; it must see each step and not rush blindly over difficulties which faced it. Conviction of both heart and head were imperative.

During the week from early morn until late at night I sat and studied, taking copious notes. Three months later I was received into the Church in the little chapel of the hospital. The straight road had been vouchsafed me, and in marching order I had strode on and reached Rome. I felt exalted, and I exulted.

I doubt if any amount of reading from Catholic sources would have resulted in my entering the Church. What, it seems to me, was a vital necessity was an actual and somewhat prolonged contact with facts by freely meeting with and mingling with priests and religious. First-hand contact was absolutely essential, because first-hand knowledge was absolutely essential. Theories, generalizations and a strange, vast medley of ideas that were inhibitory and mostly academic, had to be tested and compared with things seen and heard in a Catholic atmosphere of sufficient spaciousness before Faith could obtain a possible chance to become operative. The non-Catholic is unable to see the road to Rome as an objective vision because of the enormous distortions of the subjective vision. Nor will learning alone enable him to discover the treasure of Faith. Nor can it be passed on by the saying of many words. Definitions are no more than reliable sign posts. They can, of course, take you a goodly distance on the road to Rome, but they cannot carry you all the way without the substance of faith.

With a new and stronger focus in his possession, a convert soon realizes the narrowness and often pettifogging business of his previous creed. There is a romance in Catholicism that acts as a tremendous impetus to his imagination and expands his sense of human kinship. Charity grows deeper, brotherly love and kindliness richer and more gentle. He sees Catholicism stretch across the world like a vast benediction, understanding poor faulty human nature and working upon its crudeness and its frailty through the electrifying power of the sacraments. He feels no narrowing nor stiffening of the intellect or emotions by the formula of routine; for sustained and lifted to the finer air by the wonder of grace, life becomes more sane, more wholesome and more beautiful.

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# New Books.

**THE PROGRESS OF A SOUL.** By Kate Ursula Brock. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

**THE ANCIENT JOURNEY.** By A. M. Sholl. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00 net.

The notable increase in the number of conversions during the last year gives special timeliness to these two books, written by converts, one English, one American. The content of *The Progress of a Soul* is formed of letters ostensibly edited by Miss Brock, who has substituted the name of "Louise Dunbar" for that of the real author. The letters are mainly in the nature of replies to remonstrances and questions addressed to Miss Dunbar upon her conversion; from them we learn that the author was brought up in the Church of England, but lapsed into agnosticism; when she emerged from this, it was to enter the Catholic Church. Naturally, the opening letters are to a correspondent who represents agnosticism; later, she writes to Anglicans, to a Wesleyan who subsequently becomes a Catholic, and to several Catholic friends, of whom one is in danger of apostasy from not only the Church, but Christianity.

The letters are such only in form; they are in reality short treatises upon points of difference in doctrine and worship; each deals directly with the subject in hand, without digressions; issues are squarely met, and the Catholic position defined and upheld clearly and forcibly, but without rancor, although in remarking the weakness and inconsistencies of the Anglican communion there is a crispness of tone that indicates a touch of impatience with what has misguided her. The keynote of the book is not controversy, far less bitterness, but an exposition of the deliberate, reasoned progress by which she attained the Faith, and an eager witness to the joy that is hers since she "came home at last."

*The Ancient Journey* is of wider scope and upon a different plan. The title means the Journey to God; the intention is to show that the Catholic Church, and she alone, makes full provision for the traveler, and to point the straying pilgrim to guideposts that will direct him "through the wicket-gate to the king's highway," as is

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said in the preface by Father McSorley. Miss Sholl does not address her message to any special denomination or school of thought; it is for all who might be journeying along the royal road were it not hidden from them by prejudice and misconception. With most persuasive convincingness she sets forth the beauties of the "City set upon a hill" and the glorious privileges of the citizens; and in presenting these freed from the warped ideas of non-Catholics, necessarily a searching light is cast upon Protestantism that gives it a changed aspect. Enumeration of the riches and bounties of Rome shows up the contrasting meagreness of Protestantism's response to the longings and vital needs of humanity; the dreary collapse of the system under the test of authority; its continual and apparently limitless disintegration into sects and societies, and its large responsibility for the flood of fantastic, undisciplined thought that has swept the modern world into confusion.

Miss Sholl expounds profound spiritual truths in language that is wholly strange to the non-Catholic, yet she is almost invariably clear. When, in speaking of the Blessed Sacrament, she says: "The transcendent Symbol is so magnificent that it is little wonder it has, by all Protestants, been misunderstood," it would have been well to explain precisely in what sense she uses an expression that seems to contradict her preceding statement of the Faith concerning that which she has rightly called "the very crux of difference between Catholicism and Protestantism;" but such obscurities are rare, and the absence of constraint, as though writing down to her uninitiated readers, gives a spontaneity that cannot fail to attract. Another and yet more powerful factor is the book's impersonal tone. Though every line pulsates with the author's rapturous happiness in the possession of the treasure she has found, she never speaks in the first person, nor does she record any of those intimate experiences that are apt to leave the wistful reader with a sense of being more than ever excluded, as temperamentally incapable of sharing such sensations. Miss Sholl says: ".....not emotion but inexorable logic draws the majority of open-minded Christians to their true home." Whether or not this may be accepted unreservedly, it is certainly true that there are conversions effected solely in response to the call of duty, as reason has revealed it; and it may be confidently asserted that there would be many more except for the widespread delusion that the Church exacts a conscious tribute of emotional agitation. The convert of this class especially

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could have no more useful guide than this little volume, for the author accompanies him, with sympathetic, practical instruction and advice, through the early steps of his reception; and in the last three chapters he will find exquisite expression of spiritual insight whence he will draw reassurance that his conversion is no bleak adventure into a foreign land, but the wanderer's discovery of the home that has always awaited his coming; his entrance into his Father's house.

**VERSES.** By Hilaire Belloc. With an Introduction by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Laurence T. Gomme. $1.25 net.

"Hilaire Belloc," contends Mr. Kilmer in his brilliant and somewhat challenging introduction to the present volume, "is a poet who happens to be known chiefly for his prose:" furthermore, "one sign that he is naturally a poet is that he is never deliberately a poet." This is a highly interesting contention, whether one accepts it without reservation.....or with it. And in the present instance it is reënforced by the best and simplest of all methods: namely, by a well-chosen selection of the poems themselves. Nor is there any denying the refreshing vigor, the enormous individuality, the musical sweep and the robust sincerity of Mr. Belloc's poems. They seem almost to belong to a younger, blyther world than our own.

Sometimes, to be sure, they are not poems at all: they are deliciously contrived nonsense verses. And sometimes they seem to be nonsense verses when they are poems with a deal of philosophy to boot. For Mr. Belloc is as paradoxical as Mr. Chesterton: he is even—with a difference!—as paradoxical as Mr. Shaw. In Mr. Kilmer's words, he is "a poet..... a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Oxford man, a Roman Catholic, a country gentleman, a soldier, a democrat, and a practical journalist. He is always all these things." And the sum total of these things is a magnificent free lance of vitality. He sings when he feels too strongly or too swiftly for speech. Sometimes he sings of children, sometimes of good wine, sometimes of wanderers, sometimes of little children, and sometimes—"with the eyes of a boy and the heart of a ranger"—of the "Balliol Men Still in Africa." But it is probably when he turns ballad-monger and sings of the good God that he is most of all a poet. For Mr. Belloc's *Noël* is a rarely lovely Christmas carol. And the exquisite devout naïvete of *Courtesy*, or *The Birds* or *Our Lord and Our Lady* should be known to all lovers of

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Catholic poetry. And *The Leader* should be known to all lovers of all poetry, for the inspiration of the stars and the hilltops is in it.

Altogether, Hilaire Belloc's verses are a distinct discovery: more than that, they are a distinct—and various—delight.

**CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE.** Essays in the Pragmatic Attitude. By John Dewey and Others. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00 net.

*Creative Intelligence* is a promising and, in the present instance, a grandiose title. The work consists of eight essays, of which the first, by Dr. Dewey, sounds the keynote. While the introduction of "pragmatic" into the title suggests that pragmatism in some of its aspects is the subject of discussion, one does not read very much before it becomes clear that it is a far cry from M. Bergson to Dr. Dewey.

Philosophy, such is the Doctor's thesis, has become, or always was, barren. One of the chief causes of this misfortune has been that philosophers have too much confounded experience and knowledge. "In the orthodox view experience is regarded primarily as a knowledge-affair. But to eyes not looking through ancient spectacles it assuredly appears as an affair of the intercourse of a living being with its physical and social environment." Registration of what has taken place, reference to precedent, is believed to be the essence of experience." As a result of this view of experience, philosophy has lost hold on life. The true view of experience is that "anticipation is more primary than recollection; projection than summoning of the past; the prospective than the retrospective."

If registration of the past is not experience, then, we ask, what is experience? Dr. Dewey's answer, if we make out his meaning, is "projection." Projection of what? There is nothing to project but the knowledge gained from experience, and from reflection upon it. In fact through over sixty deadly pages the Doctor labors to elucidate some ideas that might be expressed to greater advantage in more modest compass. A child is stung by a nettle: this is experience. He feels the effect and recognizes the cause: this is experimental knowledge. He applies this knowledge, and the next time he is exposed to come in contact with nettles, he covers his hands; this is "projection," or "creative intelligence." This apologue conveys the gist of many of Dr. Dewey's pages

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leading up to his main idea which is that "philosophy recovers when it ceases to be a device for dealing with the problems of philosophers and becomes a method, cultivated by philosophers, for dealing with the problems of men." One recalls Macaulay in his sneer at metaphysics, remarking that Thomas Aquinas would not descend from the making of syllogisms to the making of gunpowder. But Macaulay did not confound philosophy with "creative intelligence," and would probably hesitate today to rank the progress of creative intelligence in the manufacture of gunpowder an unmixed blessing for the race.

Philosophy in America, the Doctor believes, "will be lost unless it can somehow bring to consciousness America's own needs and its own implicit principle of successful action." The great fundamental questions of How, Why, Whence, and Whither, have always been and always will remain the field of philosophy, and the true solution of them, whatever it is, is the same for Americans as for everybody else.

**THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.** With Special Reference to the Evidence upon which it is founded. By William B. Scott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

Some restriction of this title would have been required in order that it might exactly describe the contents of this book. The author does not deal with the evolution theory as a whole, offering a solution of the origin and end of all things; nor does he introduce the special question of the origin of the human race. His aim is to present the evidence for the evolutionary theory with regard to the multiplication of plants and lower animals.

The treatment is popular. After a preliminary lecture presenting the present state of the question, he resumes, in five successive lectures, the evidence for the theory from classification, domestication and comparative anatomy; embryology and blood tests; palæontology; geographical distribution; and experiment. In his presentation of the question he warns against a very common error which is to assume that to reject Darwinism is equivalent to the rejection of the evolution theory. Very fairly, too, though he holds this theory himself, he quotes the opinions of some eminent scientists who reject it entirely, or who profoundly disagree among themselves as to the modes and factors in the process.

The evidence for his thesis is presented honestly without forcing facts or ignoring flaws.

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The conclusion states: "Admitting fully all that has been said we must yet beware of erecting evolution into a sacred dogma which no one shall dare to criticize or doubt.....While I believe that the evolutionary conception of nature is one of our permanent possessions and that it will in the future continue to direct and condition all lines of intellectual inquiry and advance, I can understand that half a century hence the question may possibly have assumed a very different aspect."

**A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.** By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

This story of a young Irishman's loss of faith, is the picture of the inside of one abnormally self-centred mind. After enthusiastic reviews have prepared the reader to find here some significant account of modern Catholic Ireland, it is disappointing to open to a chronicle, not of representative experiences and serious opinions, but of the impulses and sensations of a kind of genius with whom—perhaps fortunately—the typical has nothing to do. Persons and objects stand out vividly enough, as chance brings them into the intense, narrow focus of the hero's vision: the shiftless father, the squalid home which so oppresses the boy's sensitive spirit, the priest who punishes him unjustly at school, the Jesuit retreat. But these are only separate spots picked out in the darkness. They make no coherent whole. Their function is not to typify but to impinge; they illustrate the hero's capacity for keen sensation, and they furnish occasions for the unloosing of the tendencies which urge him so strongly from within; and that is all. In method as well as material, the only aim seems to be to depict Stephen Dedalus with no reservations. Indeed, the book is almost a literary curiosity in its cutting of transitions, the deliberate lack of reserve which forces upon the reader an appalling intimacy, the formlessness which concentrates attention upon the central personality. The method, be it said at once, is successful. The book has an irresistible effect of sharp, first-hand reality. But as a treatment of Irish politics, society or religion, it is negligible.

However, one cannot doubt that it is an authentic account of spiritual disaster. It remains to trace the causes which led Stephen Dedalus to abandon Catholicism, and to deal with them as fairly as possible. We first see him, a rather winning little chap, at the Jesuit school at Clongowes, already marked by a great impressibility and a strong, instinctive response to beauty. The family

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fortunes begin to decline. The dirt and mean ugliness of poverty repel Stephen, with his fierce desire for seemliness and his inarticulate sense of a special destiny. He makes a futile effort to stem the tide himself. Then his nature, always quick to feel and resist demands, hardens defensively against his whole environment. An unboyish cynicism develops. He shrugs at the puzzle of life—the conflicting voices of many duties and ideals—which he already marks. His intense, solitary soul lives more and more for itself. He falls into grave sin, deliberately repeated until a retreat given at the school frightens him into a perception of his danger. Repentance and confession usher in a period of extreme and undirected austerity. A second reaction—not normal but again excessive—comes with the suggestion of the school director that Stephen may have a religious vocation. Though it is but the echo of his own musings, on the lips of another it becomes a threat to his liberty. Instantly his whole soul is in arms. Piety slips from him like a garment. Coldly and self-consciously he faces the conviction, not only that he will never be a priest, but that "he was destined to learn his own wisdom apart from others or to learn the wisdom of others himself, wandering among the snares of the world. The snares of the world were its ways of sin. He would fall. He had not yet fallen, but he would fall, silently, in an instant. Not to fall was too hard, too hard." He has a sudden intuition of genius. In a kind of exaltation, he resolves to be a great creator, to produce "a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable." The voices of religion and duty die away. This, he feels, is the meaning of life at last.

The temptation itself is understandable. He has come to the place, described so well in *Initiation*, where life has just beckoned and all inherited allegiances wear thin. The world is full of youth and power. There seems no place in it for the restraints and unearthly wisdom of the Cross. And, in Stephen's case, there is his genius besides, clamorous, masterful, urging its claims upon him. The curious thing is his unbalanced response to temptation. Normal minds—even young minds—are held by more than imagination; often a deeper loyalty, working unconsciously, keeps their faith safe until experience has shown how profoundly it is suited to all the demands of life. Throughout his crisis, the hero of *Initiation* remains a Catholic. Stephen Dedalus does not, and there is hardly a hint of hesitation in his choice. The occasion is a quarrel with his mother because he will not make his Easter duty. In his last

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conversation with a classmate in the university at Dublin, he is clear enough as to motive and purpose. He neither believes nor disbelieves in the Eucharist; asked if his doubts are too strong to be overcome, he replies, "I do not wish to overcome them." He recognizes that it may be a mistake lasting throughout eternity; he will risk it, however. Nor is he the usual young rebel, casting aside dogma and filling up the void with vague, sentimental ideals. He consistently throws aside the ordinary substitutes for religion, as he has thrown aside religion itself. He leaves his family—the mother who has borne much trouble, the sisters and brothers who have been denied everything that he, the eldest, might have his chance—puts by Protestantism with the statement that he has lost his faith but not his self-respect, turns his back upon his country's cause with bitter contempt, passes by even internationalism, that last bond of the emancipated. And so he starts on his quest for life and beauty with no hampering baggage of ideals.

The story is told with a power and, for the most part, a detachment which contrast oddly with the essential weakness they are employed to portray. And this is a reflection of the anomaly shown in the main character himself—the continued contrast between his manner of self-sufficiency and cold acuteness, and his fundamental irrationality of motive. For the central and directing weakness of this strange nature has written itself over the book in unmistakable letters. It is the self-love which makes self-will the measure of all obligation. It turns every normal reaction for self into an excess; hatred of poverty becomes precocious cynicism, fear of the restraints of a religious life becomes indifference to religion, genius becomes the excuse for sacrilegious writing and, finally, for apostasy. It is this obsession of self which gives the perspective through which life is viewed, showing it as at once coarsened and contracted—the disenchanting vision which creates naturalism as its proper literary expression. And it is this, by the irony that avenges broken laws, which leads this apostle of self to speak of finding freedom when he has left truth at home, and to desire self-expression so ardently that, to compass it, he abandons God.

**WOMAN.** By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Thompson's superfluous contribution to the literature of feminism and of sex is distinguishable from its predecessors chiefly by a vulgarity of thought and expression that saturates it and a

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vehemence of treatment exhausting to the reader. All the stock features of this class of writings are present; a little truth, so warped that it becomes falsehood; facts either totally ignored, or tortured into support of the author's grotesque propositions; the home described as a place where women are kept at "drudgery in which there is neither glory nor profit;" and Christianity held up to scorn, in language so offensive as to be unquotable, as a weapon employed by men for the subjection of women; and, throughout, the presentation of women in the light of victims of a sex-enslavement into which they have been forced and there held in bondage, though in physical strength they are equal to their enslavers, while mentally and morally their superiors. For all that is discreditable in women, men only are responsible. "The history of the race is a dark story of woman's struggle.....to establish her equality with man." This is now about to be accomplished by her enfranchisement, of which one result will be the single standard of morals. Of this Mr. Thompson is absolutely sure, though he is in doubt whether it is her intention to bring man up to her level or to descend to his, a matter of but trifling consequence, of course.

The work is a shoddy product, not entitled to serious consideration in these pages, nor under any circumstances is it worth replying to, easy as this would be. The only importance attaching to sophistries of this kind is the reception given to them. The author says, "in all the bad past woman was made to abandon the very thing which constitutes her dignity as a human being: her autonomy." Were this book the first of its order, we should, upon reading this sentence, with many others of similar significance, expect from representatives of the "advanced" movement some expression of, at least, deprecation of the assertion that the characters and destinies of women have been thus shaped and controlled by men; but experience has obliged us to recognize the fact that this insulting inference passes unresented when wrapped in flattering words that proclaim woman's superiority, and cater to the human weakness which finds satisfaction in fostering a grievance. The prevalence of this latter and the growth of irreligion have worked together to produce in many women a myopia toward spiritual values that causes them to regard denial of their moral responsibility as a phase of their emancipation. It is, therefore, not surprising, however depressing, to see that the publishers are able to include in their advertisements commendations of the book from women prominent in feminist circles.

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Recent as this publication is, the rapid march of events has already relegated it to the past. The approaching conditions will leave neither time nor room for wordy contention about equality and superiority. When the fierce winnowing is over, there will remain for women's garnering saner and more wholesome counsels, such as suffice for the women who have not yet learned to aspire to anything higher than imitation of her to whom men and angels pay homage, the crowned Handmaid of the Lord.

**THE PACIFIC OCEAN IN HISTORY.** Papers and Addresses presented at the Panama-Pacific Historical Congress held at San Francisco, Berkeley and Palo Alto, Cal., July 19-23, 1915. Edited by H. Morse Stephens and Herbert E. Bolton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

The present volume contains twenty-nine papers read at the Panama-Pacific Historical Congress two years ago. The discussions were confined to the history of the Pacific Ocean and the countries upon its shores, both Asiatic and American. The European war prevented a large attendance of foreign scholars, but despite it, Spain sent Professor Altamira of Madrid; Japan, Professor Murakami of Tokyo; Peru, Professor Unanue of Lima; New Zealand, J. M. Brown of Christchurch; Canada, F. W. Howay of New Westminster, British Columbia.

The student of American history will find these papers of most absorbing interest. Rudolph Taussig gives a complete sketch of the Canal idea from the beginning; Theodore Roosevelt defends his methods of acquiring the Canal zone; Professor Stephens writes of the conflict of the European nations for the control of the Pacific trade; Professor Golder describes the reasons for Russia's sale of Alaska; Professor Bolton tells of the early explorations of Father Garces on the Pacific Slope; Professor Burrows discusses the office of Governor-General of the Philippines under Spain and the United States, and James A. Robertson outlines a recently-discovered pre-Hispanic criminal code of the Philippine Islands.

**MAHOMET, THE FOUNDER OF ISLAM.** By G. M. Draycott. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00 net.

Our author writes in his preface: "The Western world has alternated between the conception of Mahomet as a devil, almost Antichrist himself, and a negligible impostor whose power is transient. It has seldom troubled to look for the human energy that

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wrought out his successes, the faith that upheld them, and the enthusiasm that burned in the Prophet himself with a sombre flame, lighting his followers to prayer and conquest."

Mr. Draycott certainly brings out clearly the energy of will which made Mahomet impose his belief upon the Arabian tribes, conquer his enemies against almost overwhelming odds, and found a political empire that has outlasted the centuries. But his enthusiasm for this Oriental superman does not prevent his picturing him as a cruel, lecherous, uncultured hypocrite, who foisted a man-made religion on the people as a revelation of God, urged his followers to slay without pity the non-Moslem despite treaties and his pledged word, and enforced a moral and social code stamped with fanaticism, intolerance and utter disregard of women and the weak ones of earth.

**THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA.** By Kenneth Scott Latourette. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

The author of this volume gives a brief sketch of the essential facts of Chinese history, an outline of the larger features of China's development, and the historical setting of its present-day problems. He reviews the materialistic nature of China's culture; her industrial and commercial development; her political organization; her lack of nationalism; her formal educational system; her language and literature; her religious life, and her contact in modern times with Japan and the European powers. He insists particularly upon the injustice of England, France and Russia in their attempts to capture Chinese trade, and their utter lack of honesty in seizing Chinese territory. Comparatively little is said of the religious future of Christianity, although the writer speaks in favor of a Christianity "which will restate its theology in terms more in accord with the traditional thought of China." The supernatural is to give way before the social message of the Gospel, which, he tells us, must be stressed to meet the needs of a materialistic people.

**CICERO.** A Sketch of His Life and Works. By Hannis Taylor, LL.D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3.50.

During the last twenty-seven years of his life, Cicero was the most brilliant exponent and the most loyal defender of the old Roman State. In fact, as Mr. Taylor well says, his life is the best possible commentary upon the Roman constitution.

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In this scholarly volume the author has drawn a vivid, full-length portrait of Cicero as lawyer, statesman, philosopher and rhetorician. The most interesting chapters deal with the Roman constitution and the Roman bar in the height of its power. On the whole the life is written in too laudatory a strain, and Cicero's influence on early Christian thought exaggerated. An excellent and complete anthology of Cicero's most striking utterances concludes the volume.

**THE GRAVE OF DREAMS, AND OTHER VERSES.** By James M. Hayes. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. 75 cents.

This is a little volume of verse put forward with a disarming modesty, but happily the very charming apology with which it opens is far from necessary. All the lyrics are devotional in subject or in treatment, and have an appeal that is practically universal. Genuine poetic feeling, delicate fancy, gentle but persistent optimism, transparent sincerity, thoughtfulness, and a spirit of priestly devotion characterize this beautiful little book. The occasional weak line is more than atoned for by many so exquisitely phrased that one will wish to commit them to memory.

The opening poem is a good index to the spirit of the book.

> Where are the hopes, the longings and desires,
> The dreams God gave me when my life was young?
> They are as dust of flowers the weeds among,
> Sweet perfumed memories, the ash of fires,
> The many voiceless strings of broken lyres,
> The songs that in the long ago were sung.
> Alas, within the grave of dreams they rest;
> Blessed with sad tears, each one was laid away.
> Though life is dreary and the days are gray
> Will not the sunset's glory glow the West?
> Though shadows deepen, hope is in my breast,
> For starless nights must always end in day.
> The God Who gave me dreams is kind. Ah then!
> Somehow, somewhere my dreams will live again.

The following, entitled *Vocation,* has a wistful, appealing quality:

> So delicately tender,
> The creature of an hour,
> Upon a mountain side it grew,
> A gentle little flower.



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It lived within the silence
Wherein its life was born;
It blossomed in the twilight
And withered ere the morn.

Unknown it lived, unseen it died
Upon its lonely sod;
But not in vain its little life
Before the Eyes of God.

Father Hayes is to be congratulated on giving us an individual note in religious verse. We should say that it voices the love of an innocent heart for whatever is good and fair, whether divine or human, earthly or heavenly. It is summed up in every stanza of the very pretty concluding poem, *Vale:*

Good-night, sweet world good-night!
I love not heaven less
Because my heart has found delight
In earthly loveliness.

**THE RISE OF LEDGAR DUNSTAN.** By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. London: Duckworth & Co.

This is the biography from childhood to early manhood of Ledgar Dunstan. Born into an English Baptist family, he was removed by fortunate circumstance to an atmosphere more favorable for his development; after a short business career, he entered literature; his efforts met with success, and then came a happy marriage. At this point the story ends. The book is fairly well written and moderately interesting, along lines that are reminiscent of other authors who have worked the same field and reaped richer harvests. The sketches of middle-class life are touched in unsympathetically and sometimes unpleasantly, and in Ledgar's outlook and observations upon the world around him there is nothing of special value or originality. At all stages, prominence is given to his liking for speculation regarding matters theological, and much of the content is made up of conversations upon these themes, thus introducing, beside some unacceptable expressions by adults, many childish irreverences which, though unintentional, are unpleasant. The formlessness of the narrative tends to obscurity; the author has so concealed his intention that our anticipations are not roused by his promise of a sequel, though it is possible that in this will be shown Ledgar's rise to religious conviction and the acquisition of some form of faith. Otherwise, the book fails to explain its existence.

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**THORGILS.** By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35 net.

Mr. Hewlett has given us here an Icelandic prose saga, a tale of rugged life in the Viking age, of adventure on land and sea, of ambitions and hardships, of livelihood wrested from unyielding nature. Thorgils, hero of prodigious deeds that make his name famous throughout the countryside, defies even the god Thor, whose apparition haunts him, reproaching and threatening the quondam worshipper who has become a Christian. But Mr. Hewlett's Icelander is not a Thiodolf; he is barbarian to the end. His loves are warm and loyal, his friendship is true, his enmity relentless, his anger quick to burn and slowly extinguished; even in old age, his sword strikes swift and deep in vengeance for private wrongs no less than in a righteous cause.

Once more Mr. Hewlett has displayed his remarkable faculty for catching the spirit of a remote period and embodying it with picturesque expression, vigorous and dramatic. An effect of virility and massive simplicity is produced with the art that is his own; yet the result is not all that we could ask from an author so gifted. It is at once too detached, and too harmonious with the stormy note of today. We feel we have almost a right to demand from Mr. Hewlett that he either beguile our troubled eyes with a lovelier vision, or give us substance of hope and inspiration for the present

**MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE.** By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.35.

Mr. Masefield's novel, a reprint of an earlier work, is not unworthy of his later years. It tells the story of Roger Naldrett, a writer, who loves, and is loved by, Ottalie Fawcett, a woman of rare gifts and beauty of character. Death takes her from him, but his love for her remains a vital and ever-increasing influence for good. He seeks that field of activity which will enable him to shape a career that will approach most closely her exalted ideals. When he considers literature as a means to this end, his confidence in his chosen calling is shaken. At this juncture he meets Lionel Heseltine, who is under treatment for the sleeping sickness which he has contracted in South Africa, but who is determined to return there and fight the pestilence, even at the cost of his life. Roger, feeling that he has found action worthy of Ottalie, volunteers to accompany Lionel. The story of their expedition gives a dramatic and painfully vivid picture of this terrible disease; Lionel suc-

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cumbs again to it, but is saved by Roger, whose desperate efforts lead him to stumble upon a cure. When the two men return to England they find that a cure has been discovered and has received recognition. This is a bitter disappointment to Roger, whose happiness it would have been to give the cure to the world as an offering to Ottalie. Further thought, however, gives him a different point of view: he has found a way of fitting service to her memory; he will dedicate his life to building up an interest in "the new hygiene and the new science; in all that is cleanly and fearless;" for it is his conviction that "all the ills of modern life come from dirt and sentiment, and the cowardice which both imply."

The book is full of extremely well-written thought, and it has a strong interest; but this is of a kind that limits its appeal to those who read fiction not primarily for entertainment.

**SOME MINOR POEMS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.** By Mary G. Segar and Emmeline Paxton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00 net.

Miss Segar's preface to this little volume expresses a hope that the book will fill a twofold purpose—to interest the general reader, and to help the teacher of Middle English literature to make his pupils realize the spirit of the Middle Ages. It should achieve both these ends. The poems selected are of varied character, they are not too long nor too numerous. They stand in their original form; but capable guidance is furnished by the glossary which is Miss Paxton's contribution to the work. In an introductory essay, brief but very interesting, Miss Segar shows the relation between the English literature of today and that of the mediæval period.

**IDLE DAYS IN PATAGONIA.** By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

The reader who takes up this book may do so with the certainty of enjoying it. The sketches contained are the fruit of Mr. Hudson's sojourn in this country, "resting far off in its primitive and desolate peace, untouched by man, remote from civilization;" a land of strange legends and traditions. It was not, however, the long-felt desire to explore the "unmarred desert" of Patagonia, but the passion of the ornithologist that led the author there; and, he tells us, had all gone well with him "these desultory chapters, which might be described as a record of what I did not do, would never have been written." A bullet wound in the knee

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disabled him early in his stay, and restricted activity later; therefore, this fascinating bit of writing is the result of what he calls his idleness. His observations and reflections roam over many subjects suggested by his surroundings; and in their expression we have Mr. Hudson at his best.

**THE WHITE PEOPLE.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.20 net.

This little piece of fiction marks a departure and an advance by Mrs. Burnett. It is the autobiography of Ysobel Muircarrie, who, orphaned in infancy, passes the years of her sensitive, imaginative childhood in the remote corner of Scotland, where is situated the huge feudal castle that is her birthplace and inheritance. From time to time she has visions of what she calls "the White People," from the clear pallor of their faces, unconscious that her eyes are opened to the imminent presence of the dead. The loving care of her guardians keeps her in ignorance of the fact that she sees what they cannot, and it is not until she reaches girlhood that the truth becomes known to her, under circumstances it would be unfair to the reader to tell.

Mrs. Burnett has been quoted as saying that already more letters have been received by her regarding this story than anything she has yet written. It is due to her to say that not all of this interest can be attributed to the almost universal attraction felt for whatever treats of the spirit world; much of it is on account of the way in which the tale is presented. This does the author great credit: she has not hitherto done anything with so sustained a note of simplicity and sincerity; moreover, she has here employed the brevity that is the test as well as the achievement of art. By this means she has accomplished that rare result, genuine pathos. The delicate, touching beauty of the one love scene, and of the closing chapter, is not paralleled in any of her former writings and is not surpassed by anything in recent fiction.

**SONGS OF THE FIELDS.** By Francis Ledwidge. With an Introduction by Lord Dunsany. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

Francis Ledwidge belongs in a measure to the group of poets discovered by the War. Although we are told that he has been engaged in untaught versifying since his fifth year, his first volume has been brought out only very recently, under the encouragement of Lord Dunsany, the well-known Irish dramatist and soldier.

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Ledwidge himself is also in active service, it appears, as a lance-corporal in an Irish regiment attached to the Mediterranean Force. Hence, one is a little surprised to find that the *Songs of the Fields* are worlds away from such robust utterances as Rupert Brooke's *1914*. Ledwidge's verse is not martial, and has little concern with the world's happenings. It represents, rather, a life-long meditation on the beauty of nature by one who needed not to be taught to observe her exactly nor to love her well.

Lord Dunsany's foreword wisely warns off those looking for a "message." This young poet is a sort of minor disciple of Keats, weaving together the outer world and the inner mood into a tissue of verse often delicate and sweet. His materials are moments, minutely and exquisitely rendered—flashes of sympathetic vision, moments of unexplained sadness, the blackbird's note, the coming of spring, moon-rise, this or that strange bit of romantic lore—and his songs sing themselves instinctively and melodiously; but of real convictions there are none. There is no drawing of morals, and hence one fruitful possibility of wearying the reader is avoided. On the other hand, the defect of this virtue is inevitable; it leaves an impression of ease and spontaneity rather than of depth. It is not evident that these verses, lovely as they are, strike deep roots. The clearness and the memorable quality of poetry that has a vital centre are lacking. The passion is often plaintiveness; the substance often a mere mood made articulate—poetry for poetry's sake.

Yet such verses as *A Song of April, The Coming Poet, Growing Old* and *Spring* give a pleasure for which one is grateful—pleasure in their exact imagery, their musical diction and in the unmistakable genuineness of their poetic speech. The foreword refers to the time when the young poet used such locutions as "'Thwart the rolling foam," and "Waiting for my true love on the lea." But either that was long ago, or he has since matured quickly in the ways of his art. There is little of the conventional in his expressions—they seem all his own:

> I only heard the loud ebb on the sand,
> The high ducks talking in the chilly sky.

**DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY.** By Brother Chrysostom, F.S.C. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. $1.25 net.

*Development of Personality* is a volume that will long stand as a worthy monument to the brilliant master mind of its author.

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A student of great talent and attainments, the late Brother Chrysostom has given us the fruits of his labor in a book that is truly remarkable for its lucidity, its strength and its erudition.

The volume contains a broad and thorough treatment of those "principles possessed of an inherent fitness to produce and develop in the teacher qualities which are today universally admitted to be among the most highly prized of the fruits of education." It is intended to give teachers, especially religious teachers, a clear insight into those influences which aid in the development of real character. In order to do this, the book, in the opening chapters, brings forward a lucid comparison between the normal school and the religious-novitiate and shows how they agree and differ in aim, curriculum, method, spirit and presentation. The most essential difference, the author states, lies in the fact that in the State normal school only human faith can receive official recognition; whereas the novitiate is unthinkable without the daily exercise of divine faith."

Feeling that this, divine faith, is the great influence in the development of character, he takes up the consideration of faith in general, its influence on the teacher's character and its pedagogical values. He examines closely into the biological, psychological and physiological aspects of faith and gives a modern, sane and coherent exposition of the elements of such troublesome conceptions as heredity, environment, plasticity, reflex action and habit.

The teacher and student will find this volume an inexhaustible mine of close-reasoned facts and inferences. Not merely does it contain a wealth of subject matter but it also presents prolific references.

**THE MEXICAN WAR DIARY OF GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.** Edited by William Starr Myers, Ph.D. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $1.00 net.

In preparing a life of General McClellan, Professor Myers had occasion to consult the Mexican War Diary which forms part of the McClellan Papers in the Library of Congress at Washington. It was well worth publishing, for it gives a perfect picture of the young army officer who was to become in the Civil War the idol of the Army of the Potomac. The period covered begins with his departure from West Point, September 24, 1846, and extends to the battle of Cerro Gordo, April, 1847.

The diary reveals to us a proud, self-confident and ambitious

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soldier, critical to a fault of his superiors, deeply sympathetic with his men, and beloved by many friends who admired him for his integrity, truthfulness and sense of honor. It gives us, besides, a vivid picture of the Mexico of the forties, describes the lack of discipline of the volunteers, and affords an eyewitness' account of the siege of Vera Cruz and the battle of Cerro Gordo. The regular's contempt for the volunteer is evident on every page. For example, under the date, December 27th, we read:

"General Pillow had a difficulty with a volunteer officer who mutinied and drew a revolver on the General. The General put him in charge of the guard, his regiment remonstrated, mutinied, and the matter was finally settled by the officer making an apology."

Of the line of march he writes, January 1, 1847: "They were marching by the flank yet the road was not wide enough to hold them, and it was with the greatest difficulty that you could get by—all holloaing, cursing, yelling like so many incarnate fiends—no attention or respect paid to the commands of their officers, whom they would curse as quickly as they would look at them. They literally straggled along for miles."

**TWENTY MINUTES OF REALITY.** By Margaret Prescott Montague. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents net.

The writer, recovering from a surgical operation, suffered a period of morbid and mental depression. Suddenly she imagines that she has pierced behind the veil of existence, that she sees reality in all its joy and beauty. She "sees life as it is—ravishingly, ecstatically, madly beautiful." Instead of keeping her experience to herself, she proceeds to write it up for *The Atlantic Monthly*, which prompts other equally imaginative, morbid and pagan souls to write letters about their silly glimpses into "the joy and beauty of the Real." This pseudo-mysticism might be amusing were it not that the neurasthenics who give their experiences are devoid of all sense of humor.

**TRAINING FOR A LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.** By Warren M. Horner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The volumes of Lippincott's Training Series, written by leaders in the various professions, present in concise and interesting form the demands upon character and education, and the best methods of training for medicine, law, the stage and many others. Mr. Horner, who has had twenty years of experience as life insurance

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agent and manager, writes of the growth and development of this peculiarly American business, and describes at length its opportunities, methods and organization, the value of advertising, the secret of success in salesmanship and the like.

**INFANT BAPTISM.** By John Horsch. Published by the Author, Scottdale, Pa. 40 cents.

This brochure forms part of a larger work on the history of the Anabaptists soon to be published by the author. It deals with the controversies of the Anabaptists of the sixteenth century, with the Lutherans, Zwinglians and other Protestant sects on the question of infant baptism. With the Bible as their only rule of faith the Reformers were hard pressed to prove the necessity of infant baptism, and they fell back upon the argument from divine tradition (Luther), the argument from circumcision and predestination (Zwingli), the need of an exclusive State Church (Oecolampad), etc. As the Anabaptists kept appealing to the Bible for texts proving infant baptism, the reformers styled their teaching "a wicked error and blasphemy against the divine name," and urged their execution for blasphemy. The whole controversy is an excellent instance of the necessity of an infallible teaching authority to speak in Christ's name the complete revelation of God.

**THE FIGHT FOR THE REPUBLIC.** By RossiterJohnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

In a brief introduction the author of this fascinating volume points out the remote and proximate causes of the Civil War. In most dramatic fashion he describes the campaigns and battles of 1861 to 1865, which distinctly advanced or retarded the general movement towards the end. The progress of the war is traced with masterly hand, the plans of the various campaigns are explained in detail with the aid of excellent maps, the comparative merits of the Northern and Southern Generals are set forth fairly and impartially, and many instances of bravery and daring are recorded. It is good to remember that New York State furnished one-sixth of all the men called for by the National Government; that she had fifty-nine regiments out of the total three hundred which had more than one hundred and thirty men killed during the war; that the Sixty-ninth lost more men killed and wounded than any other New York regiment. In the two thousand four hundred engagements of the war the daily average loss of life was four hundred.

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**THE DAYS OF ALCIBIADES.** By C. E. Robinson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

The Assistant Master at Winchester College has in these fascinating pages given his readers a most vivid and accurate picture of Athenian life in the Great Age of Pericles. As he himself informs us: "These sketches conform to no strict canon of scientific history. They are rather intended to depict the manners, customs and general atmosphere of the times. Nevertheless the plots are in most cases based upon actual events and anecdotes, related in Plutarch and elsewhere. Nor are the characters fictitious; nearly all of their names at least are on record. They are designed, however, to stand less for individuals than for general types."

Alcibiades is the background of the picture—Alcibiades, the ward of Pericles, the pupil of Socrates, the leader of Athens' gilded youth, the victor of Olympia, the patriot of 415 B. C., the traitor of 413 B. C., and the patriot again of 411 B. C.

The writer initiates us into the home life of Athens, its wedding and funeral customs, its mode of warfare on sea and land, its Olympian games, its political meetings, its religion and superstitions, its dinner parties and its theatres.

The book reads like a romance. A boy will learn more from these sketches, as the author modestly styles them, than from many a ponderous, old-fashioned textbook.

**THE WILL TO WIN.** By E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 50 cents.

This is an abridgment of Father Barrett's larger work, *Strength of Will,* which was reviewed in the March, 1916, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It is addressed mainly to American Catholic boys, to inform them what will-power means, how important and necessary it is, and how it may be acquired. The writer emphasizes the need of will-training, suggests methods of strengthening will power, explains the secret of overcoming evil habits, and urges the boys to acquire the Christian spirit of self-reliance, or the will to win.

**MY BELOVED TO ME.** Thoughts and Prayers in Verse. By S. M. A. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

Father Rickaby's preface to this little volume of verses gives the clue to their remarkable fervor and tenderness. They are, he

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says, the work of a cloistered nun in a convent of the Perpetual Adoration, who has written, she tells us, "for ignorant women." To this Father Rickaby rightly adds that some who are not ignorant may read her work with pleasure. One has a sense of minor artistic flaws, such as occasional rhyme irregularities, and the length of some of the poems, which at times gives an effect of repetition rather than progress. But these impressions are unimportant when measured with the reality and directness of feeling at the heart of these verses. They speak convincingly and sweetly of the love of God.

**A FLOWER FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH OF JUNE.** By John J. Murphy, S.J. Edited by William J. Ennis, S.J. New York: The Home Press. 10 cents.

This booklet first appeared some thirty years ago. It is reprinted as a tribute to the memory of Father Murphy who is remembered by old readers of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart,* and as an aid to devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is an excellent book of meditation for any season of the year, but will prove especially useful during the month of June for both private and public devotion. Father Ennis suggests that the book be read at the week-day Masses, during the Novena to the Sacred Heart, or at the evening services.

**A LILY OF THE SNOW.** By F. A. Forbes. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. 25 cents.

We recommend to our schools and academies this well-written and touching play. It is founded on the life and martyrdom of St. Eulalia who died for the faith in Merida, Spain, A. D. 303.

WE wish to announce to our readers that the John Lane Company of New York have in press a forthcoming volume of the poems of Charles W. Stoddard, collected by Ina Coolbrith and edited by Thomas Walsh.

IN a small volume of one hundred and sixty pages, *The Interdependence of Literature,* by Georgina Pell Curtis (St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents net), the author endeavors to give her readers an outline of the chief literatures of the ancient and modern world, and to awaken their interest in the subject of their interdependence. The volume is suggestive and helpful to the beginner.

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WE recommend to our readers *The Communion Prayer Book*, by a Sister of St. Joseph. (Chicago: D. B. Hansen & Sons.) It contains prayers for Mass, Confession, Communion, and special prayers arranged in a way to bring home the life of Our Lord to the little ones.

BETTER MEALS FOR LESS MONEY, by Mary Green (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net), contains good advice to every economic and patriotic housekeeper. It explains how food which in former times has been so carelessly wasted, may in these times of war and economic pressure be saved and utilized in the best possible way for our home and country.

A variety of recipes are given: 1. Those which require only a small amount of meat; 2. Recipes for vegetable dishes which can take the place of meat; 3. Recipes for the economical use of the cereals, dairy products and other common inexpensive foods; 4. Recipes for breads, cakes, and desserts requiring only a small amount of butter and eggs.

## PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society sends us *The Literature of the Liturgy*, by Mrs. M. Goulter.

*The American Catholic Quarterly Review* sends us a reprint of an article by the Swedish convert, Sven Magnus Gronberger, on *Saint Bridget of Sweden.*

Benziger Brothers, New York, have just published *The Way of the Cross* according to the method of St. Alphonsus Liguori. 15 cents.

B. Herder, of St. Louis, have sent us a beautifully illustrated memento of First Communion, entitled *Panis Angelorum.* 45 cents net.

The latest publications of *The Catholic Mind* are *Christianity and the War*, by Bishop Carroll of Helena; *The "Unbiased" "Independent,"* which contains the correspondence between Hamilton Holt and Thomas Woodlock on the situation in Mexico; *The Greek Schism and Benedict XV.*, by George Calavassy, a reprint from THE CATHOLIC WORLD; *Governor Catts' Delusions*, which brings out the stupid bigotry of the minister Governor of Florida; *The Catholic Church and Billy Sunday*, by Rev. J. H. Fisher, S.J., which gives the reasons why Catholics are forbidden to participate in his services.

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# Recent Events.

**France.**

While the Ministry of M. Ribot remains in office and has undergone no change of members, the higher command of the armies has passed from General Nivelle, who succeeded Marshal Joffre, to General Pétain, the hero of Verdun. The lack of decisive results from the recent offensive on the Aisne is given as the reason for this supersession. To a certain extent General Nivelle's appointment was due to the politicians, not in the bad sense to which we are so much accustomed, but to the French statesmen who considered the political effects upon the country and the world of military action rather than sound strategy. General Pétain represents the subordination of the former to the latter, and demands a more complete freedom of action for the army, and to be untrammeled by Parliamentary committees. Pétain is said to be in favor of defensive action rather than of offensive, and is looked upon as the greatest defensive general of the war on any side. General Foch, who had recently been retired, returns as General Pétain's Chief of Staff. He is looked upon as the most successful of the French generals in the offensive, and is, in the opinion of Marshal Joffre, the greatest strategist in Europe. These changes are looked upon by good authorities as strengthening the French army. Political influence, desirous of speedy results, will not drive Pétain into an ill-advised offensive, as the new commander does not owe his position in any way to the politician, but to his ability and experience.

Although the enemy is not being driven out of the land as fast as in the previous month, yet he is being forced backward gradually. The grand offensive of Hindenburg, so much talked about and perhaps dreaded, has nowhere developed. He has, in fact, been forced to use all his strength in the defence of his line, and has suffered fearful losses. The British forces are well on the way to Douai, while the French have captured Craonne. Large numbers of prisoners have been taken as well as of guns. The grim determination of the French to continue the war has been made more strong by the outrages which the Germans have committed in their retreat—outrages which render it impossible to make any terms with such an enemy except such as involve his absolute submission with full and complete reparation.

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**Russia.**

Russia still remains the chief cause of anxiety for the Allied nations, although the assurances of its determination not to make a separate peace are being repeatedly renewed. Even if these assurances are fulfilled, it seems to be certain that the most that Russia can do to help the Allies is to hold its own, that there is none or but little prospect of such a blow being struck as that of General Brusiloff last summer. On the contrary, fears have been felt that a determined drive on Petrograd would be made by the Germans, and one of the objects of the British and French activity on the Western Front has been to draw forces from the East to the West to ward off these attacks, a move which so far has proved successful.

The primary cause of the weakness of Russia was the incompetence of the old autocratic régime and the treachery of the Tsarina, a woman who was under German influence and blindly subservient to an erotic monk. The Tsar was well-intentioned, patriotic and loyal to his country, but easily influenced by the Court circles of his immediate *entourage*. This resulted in his becoming obstinately determined not to grant the reforms which were essential to the maintenance of the dynasty. One of his cousins, the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch, as long ago as last December, wrote to the Tsar a warning which if it had been heeded might have prevented the loss of his throne. In this letter the Grand Duke says that the Tsar's method of appointing Ministers had become widely known, and had caused a complete loss of confidence in his method of government. "Your first impulse and decision are always remarkably true and to the point; but as soon as other influences supervene [those of his wife, and of a group of intriguers who used her as their tool], you begin to waver, and your ultimate decisions are not the same. If you could remove the persistent interference of dark forces in all matters, the regeneration of Russia would instantly be advanced, and you would regain the confidence of the enormous majority of your subjects which you have forfeited. Everything will go smoothly. You will find people who, under changed conditions, will agree to work under your personal direction. When the time comes, and it is not far distant, you can yourself proclaim from the throne the gift of the desired responsibility of the ministry to yourself and to the Legislative Institutions. That will come about simply of itself without pressure from outside, not like the memorable enactment

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of October 30, 1905." To this advice the Tsar turned a deaf ear, and sent away its author to his estates. If it had been listened to, upon Russia would not have been imposed the gigantic task of carrying on at the same time a great war and the revision of its fundamental institutions.

The manner in which the Revolution was brought about increases the difficulty of the task. It was not primarily due to the Duma, which rather acquiesced in the movement than originated it. The prime movers were the associations of workingmen who were suffering from want of food caused by the maladministration of the Tsar's Ministers. The soldiers when called upon to suppress the uprisings refused as a body, with a few exceptions, to fire on the workmen. Thereupon Councils of Workmen and Soldiers were elected throughout the country. These Councils claimed the right of directing the movement which they began, and if they acquiesced in the decisions of the Provisional Government established by the Duma, they only did so because they approved of them. In fact, the imprisonment of the Tsar and the expulsion from office of all the members of the Romanoff family were forced upon the nominal Government by the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils. Other measures of a still more extreme character, such as the election of officers, have only been prevented by negotiations between these two governing bodies. The Provisional Government represented the middle and upper classes, and was supported also by the opponents of any change, while the Councils represented the proletariat. They are to a large extent Socialistic, divided, however, into Moderates and the Extremists. All, it is said, are in favor of the prosecution of the war until Russia is freed from the foreigner, but the Extreme Socialists would be willing to unite with the German in order to overturn the Hohenzollerns. There is a smaller group who consider the only war worth waging is one against capitalists of every country. Their object is to weld into one body the workingmen of every nation against this common foe. To all of these the new freedom of the press, which has been proclaimed by the Provisional Government, gives for the first time an opportunity to advocate various opinions; it is difficult to learn how large is the support which they receive and to forecast what the outcome will be. It seems evident, however, that there is little prospect of a reversion to the old tyranny, unless indeed events should take the same course as they took in the French Revolution, owing to the advent to power

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of extremists, an event which might drive the country back into the arms of the Tsar. One of the worst of the evil results of autocratic governments is that by depriving moderate and judicious thinkers of all responsibility, they throw the task of necessary reforms into the hands of the violent. The system is a shelter for many adventurers who have been aptly styled "self-ended;" and who when the crisis comes are a danger to the reëstablishment of public order.

In Prince Lvoff and M. Miliukoff, the one the Foreign Secretary and the other the Prime Minister of the late Government, Russia had at her service men at once of great ability and of moderate views. Prince Lvoff has been the organizer of the Zemtvoes and of those associations which were formed for sending supplies to the armies, and which have been the chief means of keeping them in existence. M. Miliukoff has devoted his whole life to the freeing of the Russian people by establishing the constitutional form of government. He is an orator of wonderful power, who has repeatedly swayed the destinies of the country, notably when he denounced in the Duma the treachery of a former Premier, M. Stürmer, when he was on the point of selling his country to Germany. The future of Russia seems largely to depend upon the ability of these two men to dominate the situation and thereby to control the course of events.

Unwelcome intelligence has been received, which seems to show that the corruption engendered during the autocratic rule of the Tsar has left Russia incapable of availing itself of the opportunities to form a stable government. The soldiers had got out of hand and were fraternizing with their enemies. The resignation of the commander of the troops in Petrograd and of several other Generals thereupon took place, and was followed by that of the Minister of War, who declared that he found himself unable to control the army and navy. The representative in the Cabinet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils declared that he could not see in the Russian people conscientious citizens who, having secured the rights of free men, were willing to fulfill the duties and responsibilities attached to those rights, but on the contrary slaves in revolt, despising all control. The peasants were taking possession of the land and the Duma was afraid to check them, as the army was itself made up of peasants. The army was so quiescent that Germany has been able to withdraw, it is said, six hundred thousand men to the Western Front. Food and supplies were being withheld. A dictatorship

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was being discussed as the only means of saving Russia from being broken up into a number of small republics, which would fall under the domination of Germany.

The anxiety and almost despair caused by this untoward series of events have been in part removed by the successful formation, after several efforts had failed, of a Coalition Cabinet. The dual control of the Provisional Government on the one hand and of the Council of Soldiers and Workmen on the other was the cause of the reduction of the new Russia almost to a state of chaos. The amalgamation of these two bodies into one gives new hope for the future, although the disappearance of M. Miliukoff deprives the new Cabinet of the ablest of Russian statesmen. Prince Lvoff, however, remains at the head, while the new War Minister, M. Kerensky, has the complete confidence of the Radicals who control the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils. He is also idolized by the army. The new Cabinet is expected to be made up of six Socialists, five Constitutional Democrats and two Octobrists, the latter two being the Procurator of the Holy Synod and the State Controller. The three points upon which the Government, the Executive Committee of the Duma and the Council of Workmen's and Soldier's Delegates came to an agreement are: 1. The unity of the Allied fronts. 2. The fullest confidence of the revolutionary democracy—a thing which was denied to the Provisional Government—is to be given to the Coalition Ministry. 3. A plenitude of powers is to be placed in its hands. This country's confidence has been so little shaken by the events in Russia that a loan has just been issued amounting to one hundred millions, while M. Jules Cambon, one of the most experienced of French statesmen, although he admits that the events which have been taking place are somewhat disturbing, declares there is no reason to believe that the Entente is going to lose an ally, but that Russia will remain solid and sure. Russia will continue to play its part alongside of all the Allies as in the past.

The restoration to Finland of her ancient Constitution and of the autonomy which had been pledged to her, a pledge, however, which was broken by the late Tsar with the complicity of the Duma, is an event not only important and just in itself, but is also likely to have a considerable bearing on the course of the war. The disaffection in Finland, springing from unjust treatment, reacted upon the relations of Sweden and Russia. In Sweden there is a fairly strong pro-German, or rather anti-Russian, element active



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in driving the country to take the side of Germany, even to the extent of taking part in the war. Sympathy for Finland was a powerful motive. The new Russian policy towards Finland has removed to a large extent the reason for anti-Russian sentiment. This treatment of Finland is an exemplification of the political doctrine as to right to independence of all nationalities, which the Russian Government has declared to be a first principle of its foreign policy, and is in harmony with the declaration of our President. A disclaimer of any desire of conquest has been made. How far this applies to the taking possession of Constantinople has not been disclosed.

To Poland the Provisional Government has promised the creation of an independent State, to be formed out of the territories of which the majority of the population is Polish. It is to be bound to Russia by a free military union, but will settle for itself the nature of its own government, expressing its will by means of a Constituent Assembly convoked on the basis of universal suffrage in the capital of Poland. To this Assembly is to be left the work of consolidating the union with Russia and the arrangement of the territories of the new Poland, which is to be made up of the three divisions that are at present separated.

**Germany.**

Public opinion, like everything else in Germany, is made by the State, and in the few instances in which its power does not go so far, the Censorship is so complete that very little can be learned of the true state of affairs by either those outside of the Empire or those who are confined within its borders. The Russian Revolution was so near that its effects could not fail to reverberate throughout the Empire, and of those effects something has been heard. The German Socialists, who are the strongest of Germany's political parties, could not fail, docile though they have shown themselves to be since the outbreak of the War, to be stirred up to follow the example, when they saw their own country (with its Allies, Turkey and Austria) left as the only representative in Europe of the absolutism at whose doors such awful miseries and hideous crimes must be laid. So great was the danger that the German Government felt compelled to evade the dreaded consequences by at once making promises of a reform of the Prussian franchise, a reform, however, which was not to be carried out until after the War. The Chancellor's offer was, however, so much

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distrusted that even the Majority Socialists, who are distinguished from the Minority by the support which they uniformly give to the Government, went into opposition, and for the first time voted against a war credit.

Unfortunately another step taken by the Chancellor to counteract the effect in Germany of the Russian Revolution, seems to have been more successful. The affectation of a warm sympathy with the movement in Russia has won over to the support of a separate peace with Germany a certain number, it is not known how many, of the Socialist soldiers and peasants and workingmen of that Empire. They have been led to the conclusion that the German people are longing to embrace them as brothers, and that they, by joining hands with them, may free Germany from Hohenzollern domination as they have freed Russia from that of the Romanoffs. This idea has met with wide acceptance among the Russian soldiers, and this is one of the causes of the anxiety which is felt about Russian coöperation to the end. The idea, however, is foolish and chimerical; its only effect would be to weaken Russia or to eliminate her, a thing which would be of supreme advantage to Germany. All agree that there is the smallest of chances for a revolution in Germany. The absorption in materialist aims has left Germany without a leader ready to make the necessary sacrifices for liberty. The subjection to the State is so complete and has for so long become a part of the German mind that there would be no response to the call to freedom were a leader to appear. The discipline of the army is so strict that any initiative of a movement on its part is not to be expected. What will happen in the event of so complete a military collapse as to take away even hope of victory, must be left to the future to disclose. There is no small reason for thinking that in any case as soon as hostilities are concluded a tidal wave of Social Democratic doctrines will sweep over Germany.

The reception by the German press of this country's declaration of a state of war affords an opportunity of seeing how high an opinion some Germans at least have of themselves, and in what a fool's paradise they are still dwelling. The consequences of the President's action are declared to be more far-reaching for America than for Germany. America's accession is impotent to produce Germany's defeat. Mr. Wilson's sole motive was to protect the millions which Mr. Morgan had invested in munition factories. "For that reason, and for that reason only must war be

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declared against us." "Beyond striving after gold the Americans have no ideal." "Germans, however, will wage the fight with such energy that the gold-sated Yankees will be stupefied." "If Wilson places himself in our way he will be shown out of our way militarily as twice already he has been lifted from the saddle diplomatically." Such is the general drift of the comment. A few, however, of the newspapers say the declaration must be taken very seriously, and one, the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger,* goes so far as to admit that the participation of a Great Power with a hundred million of inhabitants cannot be a matter of indifference.

Rumors of food riots, of dissensions between the Agrarians and the Socialists, of a conflict between von Hindenburg and von Bethmann Hollweg, of the efforts of the Austrian Emperor to free himself from his vassalage to the Kaiser, have been widely circulated. How true or how false they are, no one is able to say. But when in the Reichstag itself one of its members publicly declares his conviction that what has happened in Russia must happen in Germany, that a Republic must soon be introduced, and proceeds to propose a Constitutional Committee to take the preparatory steps in that direction, doubts may well be entertained that the vaunted strength of the Kaiser's power is not so great as its supporters would have the world believe.

**Turkey.**

The internal situation in Turkey is believed to be very bad, but real knowledge is lacking. Of her external relations there is no doubt. On three fronts she is being pressed very closely. The British advancing from Egypt have driven the main Turkish force through a great part of the country once occupied by the Philistines. Jerusalem is within fifty or sixty miles of the British outposts, but as it is looked upon by the Turks as a sacred city, it will be held by them as long as they have the power. It is strongly fortified, and the way to it, both from the south and west, is very difficult. It is not known whether it is a part of the British plan to make an attempt to take the Holy City. Should such be the case it is probable that the seaboard of Palestine would first be seized, and then the most open road, through the Plain of Esdraelon, would be chosen for the purpose. The moral effect of the taking of Jerusalem would be greater than that of the taking of Constantinople. It is a strange thought that soldiers of the British Isles should be marching by the same road as that by which the

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Assyrians of old marched against the Egyptians, and the Egyptians against the Assyrians. Along this road the hosts of Alexander the Great and the legions of Pompey and Cæsar, Vespasian and Titus passed, and Napoleon on his way to Acre.

While the capture of Jerusalem, if accomplished, would have the highest spiritual significance, the capture of Bagdad, already accomplished, is of the highest material importance. The first fruit of this victory is the restoration of British prestige throughout the Moslem world and in the Far East generally. It marks a recovery of the blow dealt by the surrender at Kut-el-Amara, which was the only set-off the Turko-Germans had for the failure of their attack on Egypt, for the loss of the Hedjas, and the liberation of Mecca from Ottoman rule. Bagdad was the town of the Caliphs, the ancient political and economic centre of Arab civilization, and as such was an object of veneration. Its ancient importance, however, was as nothing in comparison with that which it has assumed lately. It was to have been the terminus of the famous railway line through which German commerce, along with their *Kultur* and their domination, was to have found its way to the Persian Gulf and the Middle East. Even during the progress of the war no pains have been spared to make this line complete, because it had come to be an article of faith for many in Germany that this railway would make them the masters of the East. Now this terminus is in the hands of the British, and has become one of the outworks of the British defence of India.

The third front on which Turkey is being hard pressed is farther north. Almost the whole of Armenia has been for some time in Russian hands. The important towns of Erzroum, Trebizond and Erzingan have been lost—forever it is to be hoped, for this is the district which has been steeped in the blood of tens of thousands of massacred Armenians. The Turkish troops who have been helping the Austrians and Germans in the defence against the Russians, have, it is understood, been recalled to defend their own country in its dire extremity.

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# With Our Readers.

IN the army camps, already established, and those yet to be formed, there will be thousands of Catholic young men. The percentage of Catholics in the United States Army before the Conscription Act was passed was between forty and fifty. That percentage will be increased, most probably, when the selective draft has been put in operation. Two hundred and fifty thousand Catholic soldiers will be enlisted in the new army. Every means within our power should be taken to provide for the spiritual well-being of these men, exposed as they will be to many unusual temptations, and deprived of the safeguards of home life. We should provide for them prayer books; books of instruction and edification, clean reading matter that will help them pass idle hours, and give them the inspiration of pure and noble thoughts. At the request of the Chaplains of the Army we have instituted an Association for this purpose, called The Chaplains' Aid Association. The details of the organization will be published at a later date, but we wish to bespeak for it already the hearty support and coöperation of all our readers. The headquarters of the Association will be at 120 West 60th Street, New York.

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THE predominant and truly heroic part that Catholic missionaries and Catholic explorers played in the discovery, settlement and exploration of vast portions of our country is too little known, even by Catholics. If we were in any way familiar with it we would realize more fully what an enduring debt of gratitude our country owes to these early heroes; how their names have been written indelibly into her history; how their achievement, their self-sacrifice and their success are one with their Catholic Faith. A sense of the inheritance which is therefore peculiarly ours as American Catholics would possess us, leading us to imitate their zeal, deepening our love for our native land and urging us to strive, even as they did, in season and out of season, to bring those who do not believe to the true Church of Christ.

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IN 1902 THE CATHOLIC WORLD called the special attention of its readers to the completed edition, in French and Latin and English, of the Jesuit *Relations*, edited by Reuben G. Thwaites and published by Burrows Brothers, Cleveland, Ohio. The edition is a monumental work, consisting of seventy-three volumes. These *Relations* are the

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accounts sent to their Superior by the Jesuit Fathers who labored in the early missions in Canada and the United States. They are of course invaluable to every student of the secular or religious history of our country and of Canada. Besides these *Relations,* there are among original manuscripts the narratives of the Sulpician Fathers, also great pioneers and great missionaries, such as Father de Galinée who, with Father de Casson, later Superior of the Sulpicians at Montreal, and La Salle started from Montreal in 1669 to find a new route to the unknown West.

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IT would be impossible for the ordinary reader to consult these scattered documents; the number of volumes and their cost also make inaccessible to him the Jesuit *Relations.* With special pleasure, therefore, we call attention to a work just published by Scribners, entitled *Early Narratives of the Northwest,* and edited by Louise Phelps Kellogg of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. The years of exploration which it covers are those between 1634 and 1699. The narratives are all original, written by the actual missionary or explorer, or his companions. None is so long as to justify even the busiest man in saying that he has not time to read it. All glow with the enthusiasm, the loyalty and the zeal of those men who seem never to have counted the cost. For the average student of, or reader in, American history, the book is admirably adapted.

To understand the title it must be remembered that the term Northwest was used in the seventeenth century to designate the entire region about the upper Great Lakes and northeastern part of the Mississippi Valley. Its subject matter, therefore, is the heart of the North American continent. "Fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers had landed on the Massachusetts coast, a French discoverer had advanced (1634) a thousand miles west, passed the straits of Mackinac, skirted the shores of Green Bay, and made his landfall in the present State of Wisconsin."

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THE volume gives a selection from the diary of Father Vimont, telling of the life and death of his friend, Nicolet, the explorer; the account of Father Lallemant of the journey of Father Raymbault and Father Jogues to Sault Ste. Marie in 1641. Under the vivid pen of the Jesuit historian, the description given of a certain Indian festival "reads like a page strayed from a Grecian epic, so mighty were the combats, so virile the games, so plaintive the chants, and so agile the dances of these barbarians. This is a picture of the primitive Indians, before the white man's fire water and epidemics enfeebled their bodies and lowered their morals." Father Raymbault

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weakened by his labors died at Quebec in 1642. "For Jogues was reserved a martyr's fate and fame."

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IT might be implied from the above statement of Dr. Kellogg that "fire water caused a lowering of the morals of the primitive Indians:" that the morals of the Indians were not already low. Such a deduction would be false, indeed. The accounts given by Father Allouez and by Father St. Cosme, reprinted later in this volume, plainly show that the libertinism of the Indians was one of the greatest obstacles to their conversion. That these early missionaries were able to turn them from a life of excessive debauchery and sexual license to the restraint and self-control of Christian teaching, is testimony to the supernatural character of the message they delivered and the sacraments they administered.

"God has graciously permitted me to be heard by more than ten nations," wrote Father Allouez; "but I confess that it is necessary even before daybreak to entreat Him to grant patience for the cheerful endurance of contempt, mockery, importunity and insolence from these barbarians."

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YET what extraordinary wonders were accomplished may be judged from the following narrative of the same missionary: "I have received consolation this winter from seeing the fervor of our Christians, but especially that of a girl named Marie Movena, who was baptized at the Point of Saint Esprit. From last spring up to the present time, she has resisted her relatives: despite all the efforts they have made to compel her to marry her stepbrother she has never consented to do it. Her brother has often struck her, and her mother has frequently refused her anything to eat, sometimes reaching such a pitch of anger that she would take a firebrand and burn her daughter's arms with it. This poor girl told me about all this bad treatment; but her courage could never be shaken, and she willingly made an offering of all her sufferings to God."

The editor says of this heroic missionary: "Heedless of fatigue or hunger, cold or heat, he traveled over snow and ice, swollen streams or dangerous rapids, seeking distant Indian villages, counting it all joy if by any means he could win a few savages for a heavenly future.....A second St. Francis Xavier, Allouez, is said during his twenty-four years of service to have instructed a hundred thousand Western savages and baptized at least ten thousand."

The first recorded voyage on the Mississippi is that of Jolliet and Father Marquette—a man of desires "pure and altruistic." From Mackinac he set forth to see the tribes he had long prayed to see,

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never to return, "but to obtain his last and final wish to die a martyr to the cause he loved."

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THE volume concludes with the letter of the simple Canadian priest, Father St. Cosme, a member of the Foreign Missionary Society, who, on his way down the Mississippi, was murdered by some Chitimacha Indians. The letter was first published by John Gilmary Shea, whose name frequently receives honorable mention in this volume. It was addressed to Bishop Laval and the self-sacrificing apostle signed himself "Your Grace's very humble and very obedient servant, J. F. Buisson St. Cosme, priest, unworthy missionary." And his postscript sounds very modern, "I have not time to re-read this letter."

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THE great disorders and the widespread immorality that immediately followed Luther's rebellion in Germany are strangely enough testified to at times even by those who write in his defence. Of course, they claim that he opened the springs of freedom, intellectual and religious; that up to his time individual thought and action had been repressed. Even a slight reading of pre-Reformation history would show both these contentions to be absolutely false. But history does confirm the following synopsis of the grave injury done by the Protestant Reformation to the whole course of civilization, and the chaos produced in the souls of men, by the Methodist Bishop Earl Cranston of Washington, D. C.

"The horrors of imperialism, suffered in the past, were duplicated in the horrors of individualism run mad. Thrones tottered and kingdoms crumbled as they will and must when men are inflamed by tragic memories to revolutionary deeds. By the more frenzied and reckless, God and religion, with the kings and popes who had ruled in their name and by their assumed authority, were cast into the same abyss, and no excess of madness was too cruel for perpetration in the name of the new gods—reason and humanity. When one man's voice has long been accepted as God's voice and that man's voice at last loses its charm, with the result that his power is openly defied, then, for the time, religion becomes a byword, and morals are forgotten in the revel of evil passions."

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BISHOP CRANSTON appeals to his co-religionists for greater Christian unity. He sees plainly the havoc wrought by private judgment in matters religious. "No marvel that Protestantism in America became a mosaic of sects. Any half-dozen zealots could organize, call themselves a church, and set up an ecclesiastical order—at any cost of disorder." "There was no tribunal with power to arrest the

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evil." "Seventeen types of Methodists were at least fifteen too many. Fifteen kinds of Baptists and twelve or more of Presbyterians were not required for the peace of Zion."

He adds that the denominations are insisting upon essential unity; in other words they are bearing conscious testimony to their own inconsistency; to their own unfitness to be called the Church of Christ. To advance thus far upon the road of truth is a hopeful sign. The Federal Council of American Churches is composed of thirty-one American Churches and of seventeen millions of Protestants.

Bishop Cranston states that they have adopted a platform which for Protestantism is an absolute about-face, the reversal of the trend of four centuries; from protesting and destroying, to asserting and building up. "Liberty has at last recognized its law, and individualism is becoming sane," writes Bishop Cranston. A consummation devoutly to be wished; for only when liberty does recognize law, has liberty itself meaning and virtue; only when individualism recognizes authority outside itself, as that from which it draws life, can the individual be saved from mental and moral chaos.

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IN this very article no provision is made for anything like an effective universal religious authority that will secure Christian unity; that will save liberty from license and individualism from anarchy. Indeed it champions radical individualism and denominationalism in religious matters. The objection that the Bible cannot be the sole rule of faith because many have appealed to the same quotation as proof of contradictory propositions, is swept aside by the trivial answer that such proceedings arouse discussions about the Bible; lead many to read it, thus make it better known and its authority more widespread.

In like manner by a sort of religious utilitarianism, denominationalism is defended. Competition is the life of trade; God will not allow one sect to make a monopoly of the riches of heaven, etc., etc. So weak are these defences that one is led to believe that Bishop Cranston's heart was not in the writing of them; that he felt compelled to give a sop or two to the opponents in the Federal Council of any strong policy of unity.

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ONE point he does make, however, which ought to lead him and many of his readers further on the road to truth. In speaking of Christian unity, Bishop Cranston says, in the name of the Protestant denominations, "we cannot long satisfy ourselves by mere confession, without the *fruits of repentance*." (The italics are in the original.) He continues, begging the different Churches to examine their conscience, so to speak, and ask themselves if they have ceased to regard

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as an essential of faith that which was so regarded when that event (separation) occurred.

If this be a true and obligatory process, then it holds true for four centuries as well as for forty years or four years. If every Protestant denomination would accept it and follow it, step by step, even the darkness of the centuries is not dark enough to hide from them the fact that they would be led back to that Church, all of whose teachings they held as essentials when separation began.

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TIME, it has often been said, is on the side of truth. In this work of vindication, time labors now slowly; and again quickly. *The New Republic,* a weekly periodical in New York, and which for the most part is a journal of protest rather than of principle, solemnly announced, some months ago, that its attitude towards the Catholic Church in this country would have to be different from its attitude towards Protestantism or Judaism. The latter it would regard favorably: the former unfavorably. Why? "Because," *The New Republic* stated with sophomoric ignorance: "the Pope is a sovereign of a state none the less real because it is unterritorial in character. He is aiming at the victory of certain principles conceived as ultimate, and he is prepared to provoke conflict with all who come into antagonism with his aims. Ruler as he is by divine right, holding, in his hands the power of the keys, the gateway to salvation, infallible in every *ex cathedra* pronouncement, knowing no limit to a power which he only can define, he is without doubt a formidable antagonist. It is as a great sovereign that he must be treated. His subjects are in the same position as those mistaken Germans who have viewed the United States as a colony of their fatherland. Like them, Catholics are told that their attitude must succeed because of the universal rightness. But just as what we term Prussianism contained, by reason of its very violence, the seeds of its own disintegration, so is this militant Catholicism destined to a similar destruction."

* * * *

IF we may digress a moment, it was, perhaps, by reading *The New Republic* that the pastor of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church of New York, Dr. Leighton Parks, was prompted to make the gratuitous charge that the Kaiser and the Holy Father were in league to secure, one for Germany, the other for the Catholic Church, the domination of Europe and thus restore the Holy Roman Empire.

Or, perhaps, it was just ingrained prejudice suddenly wedded to the hateful name of Holy Roman that begot this phantom child of Dr. Parks' imagination. The sermon has been widely circulated; free copies of it are at the disposal of every visitor to St. Bartholomew's.

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Thus one of the most prominent Episcopal churches of New York does not scruple to sow broadcast the seeds of base calumny.

* * * *

BUT to return to *The New Republic*. As the self-appointed champion of American patriotism, it condemned the Catholic Church in America and all American Catholics. Now war has come upon us and war applies the acid test of patriotism. The President of the United States has already publicly congratulated the Catholics of America on their "large sense of patriotism and their admirable spirit of devotion to our own common country."

*The New Republic*, on the other hand, since the declaration of war, has, according to *The New York Globe*, "committed itself to a campaign to do what lies in its power to contribute to the disintegration of American public opinion, a disintegration which, if achieved, will, of course, account to the direct benefit of Germany and help her to attain the objects for which she began the war." *The New Republic* "has practically charged that the President's defence of international law and of American rights is hypocritical; that we should reverse our policy and make peace with Germany on such terms as she is willing to grant." *The New Republic* gratuitously insulted millions of loyal American citizens. It now aims to insult the entire nation.

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THE *Catholic Tribune* of Dubuque, Iowa, has taken exception to a telegram sent by President Whalen of the American Federation of Catholic Societies to the Catholic workingmen of France in answer to their greetings to the Catholic workingmen of America. President Whalen, acknowledging their greetings, expressed his joy "that America and France once more stood together in the fight for national rights and national liberty."

*The Catholic Tribune* thinks that Mr. Whalen might have so expressed himself as an individual, but should not have done so as President of the Catholic Federation. Its editorial insinuates that such a message to Catholic Frenchmen is a defence of the impiety of the French Government. If a writer must resort to such misstatement as this to attack the President of the Federation his case is poor indeed.

* * * *

BISHOP McFAUL, the Father of the Federation, has stated "it is in the spirit of patriotism and of service, therefore, that the American Federation desires to bring itself and its religion before our non-Catholic friends, so that when any great question arises, when any moral danger is descried, it can extend the hand of coöperation."

The editorial of *The Catholic Tribune*, of Dubuque, states that

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"President Wilson told Congress on February 3d that he severed diplomatic relations with Germany on account of that country's unlimited submarine warfare and destruction of American lives and ships—not because poor France is in danger."

* * * *

IT is well to remember that President Wilson also stated: "The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. The challenge is to all mankind." "This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except those which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world."

"The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life."

* * * *

IT is extremely important that we understand "what our motives and our objects are," for of these are born the measure and the worth of our patriotism. "Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles."

France is fighting with us: we are about to send our own soldiers to France. The message sent by President Whalen was the message of a patriot to an ally of his country; and we feel absolutely certain that he voiced well the sentiments of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

---

OUR readers will no doubt recall that the following poem by Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., was published in the March, 1917, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

### A ROAD OF IRELAND.

From Killybegs to Ardara is seven Irish miles,
'Tis there the blackbirds whistle and the mating cuckoos call,
Beyond the fields the green sea glints, above the heaven smiles
On all the white boreens that thread the glens of Donegal.

Along the roads what feet have passed, could they but tell the story,
Of ancient king and saint and bard, the roads have known them all;
Lough Dergh, Doon Well, Glen Columcille, the names are yet a glory,
'Tis great ghosts in the gloaming remember Donegal.

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The harbor slips of Killybegs saw Spanish poop and sail
In days when Spain sailed round the world and held the half in thrall,
And Ardara has writ her name in the great books of the Gael,
Though sleep has fallen on them now in dream-lit Donegal.

Well, time will have its fling with dust, it is the changeless law,
But this I like to think of whatever may befall:
When she came up from Killybegs and he from Ardara
My father met my mother on the road, in Donegal.

The poem was widely reprinted in many journals throughout the country. That, however, is not the reason why we reprint it now. It was answered or rather its memories awoke sympathetic memories in a kindred heart that replied in the following verses:

I never saw a white boreen; ne'er heard the cuckoo's call—
My father braved the western waves in Jackson's day of old—
But, Blessed Lady, guard us yet! the glens of Donegal
Familiar are as mother's beads, my baby fingers told.

From Naran More to the Bridge End I love them, one and all;
(Don't fairies come at night to me, to lilt their matchless charm?)
The wintry gales may lash the crags that sentry Donegal,
But, God be praised, the peace and calm in dingles snug and warm!

* * * * *

A hangman's rope for Time, the thief, nor does his dust appall;
And Truth enthroned our motto still, though bitter be the cup:—
'Twas *down* the road my father went, in dream-lit Donegal,
When he met my mother darling, as *she* was coming up!

NOTE.—Father born in Ardara and mother in Killybegs—and it's proud of Father Charles I am!

D. G. C.

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THE *New York World* has issued a valuable pamphlet, giving the views of prominent Americans on the question of self-government for Ireland. The list of contributors is a very notable one. "Home Rule for a united Ireland," writes Justice Victor J. Dowling, "with complete fiscal autonomy, unrestricted opportunities for commercial and industrial expansion and adequate safeguards for the political, religious and financial rights of minorities, if speedily and willingly granted, will send a thrill of enthusiasm around the world which will speed the hour of the return of peace, justice and honor."

---

OF the two recent proposals of the English Government for a solution of the Irish question, the first, the granting of Home Rule to all of Ireland except Ulster, was rejected at once by the Irish Nationalists. The second, the calling of a national convention of

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representatives from all parts of Ireland, of different religious beliefs and political affiliations who will agree upon a solution, was accepted by the Nationalists. "For the first time in her history, Ireland has been asked virtually to settle a problem for herself," declared Mr. Redmond: and Mr. William O'Brien, "A Home Rule settlement by the consent of all parties and by my countrymen of all persuasions has been the object of my political life." Mr. Redmond also expressed his sure hope that the result of the convention would be a blessed one for Ireland, and that it would be animated by the true spirit of conciliation among Irishmen. The Irish Unionists—as always—did what they could to prevent Ireland from having self-government; and discouraged the proposed national convention. Their leader said Ulster would never consent to Home Rule; but that the proposal to hold such a convention would be submitted to the people of Ulster. Carson also repeated the determination of the Ulsterites to withstand at all costs the will of the majority.

Ex-Premier Asquith urged a settlement because it was "most vital to our own interests and to our honor."

* * * *

IT is well at least to hope that some fair measure of justice in the way of self-government may at length be given to Ireland as a result of the proceedings of the proposed national convention. But the hope is not unmixed with many fears. One truth stands always clear and distinct. The English Government because it has made this offer, cannot, as Lord Lansdowne sought to do, and as some American newspapers maintain, throw the blame of a non-settlement upon the people of Ireland. The blame rests upon the English Government that has always upheld, even when they threatened rebellion, and that upholds now, a few recalcitrants of the North, a small minority who have refused to accept any proposal that would allow the vast majority of Ireland to govern themselves.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
*The American Ambassador.* By L. Byrne. $1.35 net. *Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger.* $1.25 net. *Early Narratives of the Northwest, 1634-1699.* Edited by L. P. Kellogg, Ph.D. $3.00 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
*The Preacher of Cedar Mountain.* By E. T. Seton. $1.35 net. *A Diversity of Creatures.* By R. Kipling. $1.50 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
*Literature in the Making.* Presented by Joyce Kilmer. $1.40 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
*Benedictus Qui Venit.* By Father W. Roche, S.J. 30 cents net. *Raymond: A Rejoinder.* By P. Hookham. Pamphlet. 36 cents net. *Sponsa Christi.* By Mother St. Paul. 90 cents net.

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BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
*The Rest House.* By I. C. Clarke. $1.35 net. *The Story of the Acts of the Apostles.* By Rev. D. Lynch, S.J. $1.75 net.
THE CENTURY CO., New York:
*Aurora the Magnificent.* By Gertrude Hall. $1.40 net.
THE H. W. WILSON CO., White Plains, New York:
*Prison Reform.* Compiled by C. Bacon. $1.00 net.
THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
*Russia in 1916.* By S. Graham. *St. Paul the Hero.* By R. M. Jones. $1.00.
FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:
*The Russians: An Interpretation.* By R. Wright. $1.50 net.
THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
*The Hierarchy's Call to Patriotism.* Pamphlet. 5 cents.
HODDER & STOUGHTON, New York:
*International Law and Accuracy.* By G. G. Butler, M.A. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
*Soldier Songs.* By P. Macgill. $1.00 net. *Behind the Thicket.* By W. E. B. Henderson. $1.50 net.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York:
*Enchantment.* By E. Temple Thurston. $1.50 net.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
*The Contemporary Drama of Ireland.* By E. A. Boyd. $1.25 net. *The Contemporary Drama of England.* By T. H. Dickinson. $1.25 net. *Criminal Sociology.* By E. Ferri. $5.00 net.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., Boston:
*The Altar of Freedom.* By Mary R. Rinehart. 50 cents net.
JOHN MURPHY CO., Baltimore:
*Character Sketches of the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D.D.* By the Sisters of Divine Providence. $1.25.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia:
*Our Flag and its Message.* By Major J. A. Moss, U. S. A., and Major M. B. Stewart, U. S. A. 25 cents.
THE QUEEN'S WORK PRESS, St. Louis:
*History of the Prima Primaria Sodality of the Annunciation and SS. Peter and Paul.* By Father E. Mullan, S.J. $2.00. *Aloysius Ignatius Fiter.* By Father R. P. Amado, S.J. 50 cents.
B. HERDER, St. Louis:
*Our Refuge.* By Rev. A. Sprigler. 60 cents net.
THE PILGRIM PUBLISHING CO., Baraboo, Wis.:
*A Casket of Joys.* By J. T. Durward. Pamphlet. 15 cents.
THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., Indianapolis, Ind.:
*The Light in the Clearing.* By Irving Bacheller.
T. FISHER UNWIN, London:
*The Villain of the World Tragedy.* By Wm. Archer. *The Condition of the Belgian Workmen now Refugees in England. Canada to Ireland.* Pamphlets.
BURRUP, MATHIESON & SPRAGUE, London:
*For Those in Captivity.* Pamphlet.
AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
*Work for the Newman Society.* By Mrs. M. C. Goulter. *God's Voice in the Soul.* By "X." Pamphlets. 5 cents.
WILLIAMS, LEA & CO., London:
*The War in March, 1917.* Pamphlet.
M. H. GILL & SON. Dublin:
*Life of Saint Adamnan.* By Very Rev. E. Canon Maguire, D.D. *The Guileless Saxon.* (Comedy.) By L. J. Walsh. *The Maguires of Fermanagh.*
BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:
*Journal d'un Officier Prussien.* Par H. de V. Stacpoole. *De l'Yser à l'Argonne.* Par C. Daniélou. *Le Clergé et les œuvres de Guerre.* Par J. B. Eriau. *Sur la Tombe des Martyrs, Sur la Tombe des Héros.* Par L. Mirman. *Rémérèville.* Par C. Berlet. *Benoit XV., La France and les Allies.* Pamphlets. *Reliques Sacrées.* Par L. Colin.
A. PICARD & FILS, Paris:
*La Haine de l'Allemagne Contre la Vérité.* Par Monsignor C. Bellet.
PERRIN ET CIÉ, Paris:
*La Suisse Pendant la Guerre.* Par M. Turmann. 3 *fr.* 50.
EMILÉ-PAUL, FRERES, Paris:
*Les Traits Éternels de la France.* Par M. Barrès. Pamphlet. 1 *fr.* 25.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CV. JULY, 1917. No. 628.

## OUR POETS IN THE STREETS.

BY GEORGE NAUMAN SHUSTER.

MR. GAMALIEL BRADFORD, in an essay on the inspiring life of General Lee, compares it with a poem. "Lee's career," he says, "has the breadth, the dignity, the round and full completeness of a Miltonic epic.....It was indeed a life lived in the grand style. Only in these days so few people care for poetry." It is a meaty remark and also a shrewd one. If people do not care for poetry there is little enough reason to suppose that they will lead poetic lives, and the inference may appropriately be reversed. For half a century the externals of America have seemed to indicate the passing of an ancient dream. The ideals of statesmanship have become self-interested and concrete; our heroes are the men of finance, and our worship, as expressed in the aims of the successful, is centred on a golden calf. In the reflected light of our satiety, poverty resembles a bizarre hiatus into which some of our surplus wealth can conveniently be thrown. Triton and his wreathed horn may still entrance the meadows, but they are very far away. All this is generally and even boastfully accepted. And yet books of verse were never so numerous or their writers so welcome. The poets have come in from the fields to tramp the streets of men. In the jostling commonplaces of today, they tell us, are oases of honey and musk, for behind every human lattice are the eyes of a deathless soul.

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Song itself is woven of the spirit. It has a mystic and inexplicable quality, a something elemental as fire or the pigment of the sky. Good verse is, first of all, genuinely emotional and visionary. If the poet has not suffered with the fever of dreams, then he will write prose because he is a commentator and no comment can be poetry. There is even profound truth in the idea that minstrels should come in rags: for they are like harp-strings, bare to the winds of heaven and the secret whispers of men. Though they quiver with the philosophy of their time, the poets must express something which is even closer to the heart of truth than thought—that tremendous harmony which joins a people's soul with its ultimate destiny. If they are not the Alpha and the Omega, then they are the rest of the alphabet set to stirring music. For these reasons there are vast differences in poetry, like the great hiatus between Homer and Goethe. Each race and age speaks for itself in the form which is most vital, and which springs to its lips as naturally as the mother-tongue. Is America dreaming and suffering; is it quivering with divine sympathy, reaching out to the stars on a ladder of song? Around us whisper the unmistakable tremors of a national soul in travail, noises that are faint and searching as autumn winds in the streets. Vague misguided currents of religious fervor thrill whole seas of people and unalterably swerve their courses. The unceasing flow of widows' mites going out in charity to the needy forms, so gracious a contrast to the blatant philanthropy of wealthy men. Below the surface of our garrulous existence lies an intense yearning for spiritual surety and consolation, an avenue of deathless and groping faith. If we have poets we shall expect them to find these things and sing of them. Perhaps their song will be new, with a strange rhythm and an attitude towards life which differs from what we have read before. But we have a right to demand that it be poetry.

In the days when our national existence was more simple and earthy, we raised two very representative poets, Longfellow and Whitman. It has been customary, with the dogmatism of literary indexing, to term the latter the Singer of Democracy. In truth he was not democratic at all. He was a Homeric barbarian, temperamentally almost a savage, who reveled in the divine freshness of life, and felt keenly the pulsations of creation. Nature's sinews were so vivid, lusty and beautiful for him that their splendor awed his spirit, but still he realizes more poignantly than any modern the superiority of his own being. So many of his

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poems seem catalogues of the professions and smack of the populace, but their significance lies in the fact that Whitman quivered with the realization of "I"—he read himself, his dreams and personal vigor into the milkmaid and the mechanic. One may almost say that he knew nobody but himself, and had no acquaintance with the public at all. That pagan recognition of the beauty of the human body, the *forma spiritus,* which is his most vital contribution to thought, was utterly alien to the trades. The ultimate wonder for him was an appraisal of himself. For these reasons the common people have never understood him and will have none of him. He was wild and they were simple. His songs, however crude or imperfect, mirrored the great zest of dawn. And the ordinary American was merely a hard-working Puritan, whose sole heritage to the beauty of the universe was a dim recollection of the living spirit of the Christian ages. Longfellow understood this ordinary American admirably. He sang of daily toil, the sweat and the rain; he stood with the artisan on the bridge at midnight, caressed his memories and whispered of his children and the dead. Moreover, he harkened back to those misty days of cast-off Catholicism, with their fiery dreams of virginity and sainthood and war. His melodies were dim and shadowy as the recollections of his people; his philosophy that which stood with them in the harvest fields. For these reasons, he remains the great democratic poet, who sang of Americans as they sang and felt. They have loved him because he was theirs.

Whitman and Longfellow belong to a time that is done. We have since discovered steel and riches. There have come problems of economics, vistas of material opportunity and gardens of luxury of which the New Englanders could not have dreamed. The struggle for daily bread has taken on a primitive ferocity that has all the demoniac clamor of war. Youth plunges from the traditions of the past to find itself utterly shelterless and without succor. Literally we cannot call our souls our own. They are tossed about seemingly, upon restless waves of ambition. Sometime we may get somewhere, but really we do not know when. At every crossroad stands some new deliverer with his theory, which is forgotten almost as speedily as it was proclaimed. Never was such a hubbub of advice and hypothesis, never such a sounding of brass and gold. Yet everyone realizes that the crying need is for rescue and not speech. We have plenty of bread, but the land is hungry. Now the poets coming into the streets of today will be stirred with the

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tumult and the drama; the lyric delicacy of Blake is almost impossible. The age has also entered upon a highway which will not permit of platitude or compromise. We will have none of the mantle of truth: he must come like a warrior, bare and stalwart.

In all, I think it is a turgid era, so much like that of Dante. Evil is just as sordid and strong, and the attitude of our sincerest thought is patterned after his. Some of the ancient dragons have been reborn. We have finally remembered that the devil is not a perfect gentleman with an oily tongue, but that he remains, as always, a monster that roars like a lion or, in metropolitan parlance, is accompanied by a brass band. Now Dante, if anything, was a poet. Some have denied him impartiality, philosophy and even art, but none dare assert that he was not a singer born. Yet if he has a distinguishing quality, it is his glowing intimacy with the world around him. His pen dealt with the men he fought, the women he admired and the tyrants he was forced to obey. There was never any hesitancy in his satire, though he might deal with the lowest and the highest alike. He described, intrepidly, the gentlemen who lived next door. One of our essayists has written suggestively of Dante and the Bowery, divining the probable thoughts of the Florentine were he alive today in New York. It is certain that the spectacle would have burned his spirit, for the triumph of Dante's art lay in the transfiguration of the commonplace. He drew the features of the world against the eternal background of God. This he was able to do because he was intensely spiritual himself. His belief was utterly devoid of compromise, and in the strength of his knowledge of the Infinite he carried the finite fearlessly into the bottom of hell or across the stars into heaven.

It is quite evident that we have no Dante, and the first deficiency of our poets is evidently their lack of background and the ashen character of their faith. But there is also the simpler difference of form. Our verse is gorged with the environment of today, scintillates with *locale* and is done up, sometimes, in very novel parcels. The surest way to poetic fame is apparently to stand on one's head and talk backward. While the primitive philosophy of Whitman was never so out of place as now, in the detail of barbaric measures he has simply been outdone. Of course there is no sense in belittling a poet because his rhyme-scheme is odd. In itself the idea of free-verse is sane. For myself, I believe that the bread-line is not of a sonnet's texture, nor the gyrations of a speed-

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ing airship food for a quatrain. There is a different melody in these things, and if we wish to express them genuinely we must learn their tongues. *The Village Blacksmith* was civilized enough for a ballad, but the craftsmen of today rush onward with the outcries of a savage horde. Unclassical metres are not even new. So mystic a poet as Coventry Patmore is quite unrestricted in rhythm, and the intensely spiritual verse of Paul Claudel is thoroughly unconventional in structure. Time was when Shakespeare's blank verse was shockingly new. The melody is eternally superior to the measure. Naturally *vers libre* has provided excuse for unutterable inanity. There is Miss Lowell, who writes prose about it like an hysterical Indian, and there is Mr. Henry B. Fuller, who serves cutlets of ingeniously varied lengths from the most insipid journalism. Schools of Verticalists have joined with Horizontalists against the Vortacists and Convexicists. The four wheels of the prophet Ezechiel have been revived, and no waste of paper is appalling enough to stop them. Even so, we should concede cheerfully the possibilities of new rhythms, if they are employed by a poet and not merely by a printing press.

However, we are chiefly concerned with the sharp cleft between the vision of Dante and the outlook of today. While externally the city may form a succession of markets, with an endless host of venders screaming forth their wares, it is also something more. It is a bazaar of fancies, emotions and philosophies—a stage on which there are as many comedies and tragedies as there are personalities. Moreover, one will find the same unity of purpose, the same striving for clarity and peaceful success as in the more material embroglio. The poets, coming into the avenues, will take their stand with one or the other, for their only mission in life is the proferring of ideals. The outstanding bulk of American thought is undoubtedly material, and has naturally secured the largest advertising. The poets who have frankly swum with the age and the earthy philosophy which it absorbed from nineteenth century science, are the best paid and the most widely read. People are naturally more alive to the sensational than to the sensitive. They absorb this poetry for the shocks it provides or the style of its clothing. Absolutely bald and sallow there is no reason why the poets are singing or why they are devising metres. Coventry Patmore, in *Rod, Root and Flower,* suggests that the singer as a harbinger of life to the soul is more important than the statesman. It could scarcely be said of any of our re-

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nowned versifiers that he is necessary or that we would dispense with even senators for his sake.

The most alluring example of this *nouveau* American is obviously Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, creator of *The Spoon River Anthology*. A new form of irregular blank-verse was here employed to tell a kind of washerwoman's story of the neighbors who were buried in the village cemetery. Mr. Masters was interested in "destinies obscure," but with a novel purpose. He constructed an Inferno of mean, stinted and overfed American rustics, so that by walking amid the sulphurous shapes he might prove beyond a doubt that epitaphs are untruthful. The venture was eminently successful. The men and women of his book sputter out in cynical gusts of smoke, leaving behind a stale odor like that of burnt tallow. Every type of villager drags out the dingy skeleton from the closet and lectures on it, with the insinuation that his dwelling has been little else but the closet. From the standpoint of form this work is negligible. The old sketch which dealt after the manner of Balzac with the spume of existence was not salable, and Mr. Masters was simply shrewd enough to chop it into palatable lines. We concede that his impressions are powerful, that Spoon River is a definite locality, and that humanity lives round us with all the deplorable meannesses of Mr. So-and-So of Kansas. But what is the meaning of it? Does the book burn with fiery hate for the things which have filled hell? Not a whit of it. Masters mouths the loathsome platitude that "such is life"—a condition we may shrug our shoulders at, curse if we feel so inclined, but which after all is as permanent and stupid as an ox. Unmistakably it is anatomy, vivid and impressive, but still limited to stenches and bones, and preaching what is the most obvious of platitudes, the existence of the ugly and wicked. The repulsive atmosphere may sicken us, but it constitutes the sole aura of thousands who hope faintly that Pasteurized milk and electricity will some day better things. The soul is dead not only for many men, but what is far worse in many men.

The other distinctly modern verse-school prides itself on a superiority of intellect. Here is the goodly company of John Gould Fletchers and Amy Lowells, persons who have enshrined their utterances in a sort of scientific and dispassionate thought-halo. They have learned that night is not "a sable goddess on her ebon throne," but a simple phenomenon due to the turning of the earth on its axis. Modesty is termed a "sex-reaction" and the soul an

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ether. All the familiar faiths and emotions of common life have been abandoned; since the definiteness of modern astronomy makes the idea of God un-Miltonic, God has no place in the heavens. Poetry has come to resemble a mechanical athlete who throws shining stones from a nicely fashioned sling. These people write with the effect of rubber tires on a smooth pavement: their verse has all the luxury and barrenness of a motor-car.

Nothing is more noticeable than their disposition to haunt the childlike. Desiring so much to express themselves in the manner of babes and sucklings, they become martinet-infants as gray-bearded as Methuselah. Take, for instance, a rather fine simile from a rather striking book, Mr. Carl Sandberg's *Chicago Poems*. He likens the night stealing over the darkened city to a cat slinking along on padded toes. This is all vivid enough, but alas it is presumed to be boyish. No such idea has appealed to a normal and rightly-constructed child since the birth of Abel. No boy would compare the awful mystery of the dark to a household pet, but in the clarity of his unspoiled vision would fancy himself alone in a dismal cavern, where the majestic ogre of the night was raising his hand and closing the entrances; he would think of a ship over which the eternal and impenetrable waves are folding. In other words he would possess the ancient and salutary sense of proportion which is inherent in all humanity. The powers of nature are mysterious adumbrations of the might of God, before Whom man is but a moment. Nothing displays the intrinsic infidelity of the modern school better than their confusion of such eternal values. They have not made a single poem which could be sung or even happily quoted. Charred with a philosophic outlook which was always dead, their native brilliance cannot preserve them more than a day.

After we have done with a score of such volumes, polyphonic, irregular and scintillant as so many jewels, we are apt to wonder in despair what the trouble really is. Perhaps we should like to revert to Bliss Carman's *April Airs* or to a blessed verse by Clinton Scollard, but we have put them out of our minds; theirs is the peace of yesterday, and what we are concerned with now is the streets and the general tumult of today. The verse which is termed most representative of the modern epoch is so vapid that one, reading it alone, might well conclude a draught of American life to be like absinthe or heroin. It reveals no more soul or light in the crest of America's onrush than there was in the march of Attila. Mas-

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ters, for example, sketches the life of the masses in hues of the desert, unbelievably parched and sterile, stirred only by siroccos of lust. No one conversant with American life will deny that in their measure they are true interpreters. Our people lack religious vision. They have been nursed on Puritan tracts and suckled with Methodist tea, a diet which has proven very weak. Men have lost their faith because they were weaned from it so gradually that the process escaped them. There is nothing new in sin, and repentance is as old and beautiful as the sunset on the wind-swept sands of the sea. We are not appalled at our vices: we are overwhelmed by the absence of our virtues.

William James has said that education is the knack of discovering "a thing well done," and poetry ought to be considered a good religious education. Americans have been reared on the hollow theory that goodness is a passive whiteness: a matter of going round the wine-cup rather than of going up and challenging it to mortal combat. Virtue consists for them in keeping the peace because war would inevitably be disastrous. Quite naturally efficiency has become a more powerful aid to righteousness than religious conviction. If a man's soul is a kind of brute steel which he must temper in the fear of eternal damnation, he will forget his soul as quickly as he forgets damnation. We have succeeded in doing this rather thoroughly, because we have discovered the heaven of material success. If a man has something to fight for, he will forget the invisible enemy he has to meet on a distant field. Consequently the desirability of bodily and also ethical health has enforced the natural law. Professors urge youth to chastity because disease is ruinous; to abstinence because drunkenness is a preparation for failure; to restraint, because anger leads to ostracism. In short we have forgotten that our souls are worth saving and inevitably have forgotten our souls. Mr. Edison has usurped the pulpit of Cotton Mather. There remained but one step, and it was taken recently by a certain fat and prosperous ten-cent dealer who gave a fortune to temperance movements, because "they helped his business."

Obviously nothing is more certain than the ultimate hollowness of such matter-idolatry. Crushed or cramped though the soul may become, its vitality is profoundly restless as the sea. Puritanism has withered because it never bloomed, but the soil is ripe for a new spiritual revolt. Men may follow diverse mystic paths for a while, or they may ally themselves with the gloomy cult

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of agnosticism. That is the burden of the future. As Catholics we rely on the divine maxim that the loss of life is but its finding, and know that however tense the struggle may become, there will be no victory like unto ours. Faith is entering an apostolate that has discarded all passivity, and carries the cross in the militant form of the sword. Not all the biology and nostalgic deduction of the evolutionary savant can put it down, and the poets who have not thrilled with the marshaling of its hosts are as dead as if they had never lived. The skill of all the poetic laboratories, of which we have so many, cannot juggle life out of the clay of words.

But American verse is infinitely better than this. There are poets who have come into the streets and absorbed a philosophy which is distinctly modern, and may in an offhand way be likened to a mixture of Tolstoy and O. Henry. One finds in their verse a little of the mystic longing for brotherhood and a little of whimsical interest in the picturesque. Some of it is very good and noble. However much Mr. James Oppenheim's "bahs" and "ahs," or his unhappy fondness for Scriptural phraseology may annoy us, he remains a man of tensely wrought soul who is exalted and conscientious. His writing is frequently visionary and impressive enough to make us re-read him with fondness. The same may be said of Margaret Widdemer and Witter Bynner, two of the best known "poets of the people." Unfortunately they are victims of a mirage which may be explained most satisfactorily, perhaps, by analogy. A forest with the sky overhead is a thing of infinite beauty, a temple to enter and emerge refreshed. Yet, when men have dwelt in the shade too much, when the sky has been forgotten and the awful mystery of the leaves transmuted into reality, there appears the savage. No octave is completer than the range from wild to woodland. In these days we have not so many forests of trees, but quite a number of human jungles. Unless a man be fortified, he can enter them too and forget the sky. He can become so absorbed in his fellowman that he will actually forget God. A great number of our most sincere poets, it seems to me, have undergone just this experience. The multitudes trudge along the highways so dramatically, tragically and dumbly that the singers would cry out for it in a voice that breaks all bounds. St. Philip Neri must have felt thus when thinking with God. But, alas, mankind is not the Infinite, nor have our poets been muscular enough. They have overlooked some of the essential things. The

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people are not tragic at all: any anarchist will admit that. A song about hunger is apt to make them yawn, and they are tremendously more interested in vaudeville. The great stillness of humanity is not a fifth act in Ibsen; it is the pressure of sleep. Still, the poets who have pitched their songs in the key of toil and destitution are eminently worthy of admiration. For charity is a great virtue.

But the dawn has come, and the singers who have rushed towards it must remain the masters. First is that remarkable poet, Mr. Vachel Lindsay. He is not a Catholic by any means, but yet a spiritual searcher as genuine as Socrates, and perhaps the greatest of contemporary writers. When I began the *Congo and Other Poems* it was with a sort of whimsical interest in their reputed oddity, but I found the fervor and ecstasy of Whitman, together with a boyish enthusiasm, that spent itself in brotherhood. He is surely the only child-like poet whom the new school has produced. When so much verse was being dictated by theories which might have spun themselves in the foggy brain of a modern science professor, he flung open the dusty classroom. Poetry is song, and song is of the soul. If the professor denied the soul, the only thing for a real poet like Lindsay to do was to bid him farewell. Thank God that he did so, for there is no one who has passed the American spirit on the corners or in the fields with such ecstatic recognition. The rhythm of the *Congo* is new but also very vital. There may be something of the mountebank or the revivalist about him, but the ordinary American happens to be a little of both. We should sympathize heartily with such poetry, for in it like the seeds of a great harvest are hidden the things of the future.

Very much of the same longing for faith surges in the totally different and frugal lyrics of Robert Frost. This unique figure has arisen on what is surely the most barren soil in all the world, modern New England. Nature has somehow been bared to the stones, and the humanity living on them blends with the treeless hills. It is the Puritan philosophy brought to its fulfillment. Frost sings of the slow steps of winter, naked trees and wordless men. The want of color and incident gives his verse a startling reality, a sensation of drought or famine. And yet there is more in him than the hopelessness of Protestantism, or the wanderings of homeless men. One finds always a verve for discovery, a lust for fresher paths and a dissatisfaction with faiths that are built

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of glass. Such poets are looking forward to something which is yet beyond them, like a rising sun, but whose ultimate appearance is just as certain and just as eagerly awaited.

Then there is the cruder verse of John G. Neihardt, and the dying Puritan bloom of so many fine poets like Dana Burnet, Henry Van Dyke, and the best of all, Bliss Carman. The reverent lyrics of so many women like Sara Teasdale, Josephine Preston Peabody and Mrs. Dargan are alike beautiful and genuinely spiritual. About all of these poets hovers the charm of Puritan reticence and virginity of thought. Remote from jarring modernity, they will not cast off the memories of faith, but instead look forward to their reincarnation. Like so many of the older poets, Longfellow and Lanier, for instance, they have unconsciously drifted away from the corridors of Protestantism into fields which are destined for the bloom of an older and brighter belief. For hearts so ready for the Grail, discovery is certain and victory more than a hope.

American verse thrills with sublime hunger, although the wares of Calvinism are wasted and bitter. Cynicism walks the streets, but in the crowd of buoyant spirits seems after all quite alone. Realizing the growing intensity of the Catholic appeal, we turn to our own poets a little anxiously. Have they been able to enfold this giant yearning of a whole people? Fortunately there is no need of apology for our verse: it is a matter of pardonable pride. The writers are an heroic army that has been mustered in slowly. Father Ryan, for all that he lacked in technique and range, was one of the truest of American singers, and *The Valley of Silence* is likely to remain our clearest vision of the meditative ideal. Then there is the beloved Father Tabb, whose lyrics stir the soul like the breath of Saints: miniatures of infinity, one may almost call them. And in the newer era, Catholicism is witnessing an outburst of song quite equal to its opportunity. Joyce Kilmer, Thomas Daly and Thomas Walsh are a splendid trinity of melody. Mr. Walsh sees the turrets of Christian beauty, and Mr. Daly the doorstep. If we concede to Mr. Kilmer the primal place, it is solely because of his universality and art. We are listening also to Father O'Donnell, to whom the spirit of Francis Thompson bequeathed some of its passion and all of its piety, and to Father Earls whose lyrics are vistas of holy peace. With sure and clear faith these, too, have entered the marketplace, fearless of the din and stanch as the crusaders we should like them to be. Perhaps

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there is less of the throng in their verse than one finds in the other poets, but certainly there is more of God. What is most noticeable in our verse is perhaps its recovery of the virtues. The quivering delight of humility which Joyce Kilmer has expressed in those lines,

> Poems are made by fools like me
> But only God can make a tree,

the new vision of forgiveness which Father O'Donnell has voiced in his best poem, and the sunshine of toil that beautifies so many of the poems of Thomas Daly and Father Earls, possess a fragrance quite distinct and lasting. As yet we miss the great leader; but then the conflict is only beginning, and the waxing need of the struggle holds many things unborn.

Daily the surge of song in the streets is drawing the attention of the people. The poets are exchanging visions, faiths and dreams with a sincerity and fervor so intense that the world is catching fire. We have no Dante, and perhaps no man of his stature will be seen. I think that American verse will always be choral, partaking of the democratic nature of its environment. Faith will parade the avenues, and parades are not constituted of kings but of armies. It may be that song will become so universal that its very commonness will preclude the extraordinary. Opera music is written for the stage, but church hymns were composed for all. Sometimes one is shocked to read something which voices a hope that paper will become scarce enough to prevent would-be poets from sending epics to the nervous publishers. For myself, I should like to think that everyone was a poet, writing because he was driven to it by a glimpse of beauty. If every tired man in the cars sat scribbling, it would be almost a tearfully beautiful spectacle. John rhyming "heart" and "smart" to Carlotta his wife, because he believed in Carlotta, the girl in the corner singing to Mary because she believed in Mary; the old man dreaming over his dinner-pail of death because he believed in death: surely this would be sufficient to compensate even for Dante. Schiller, in a great line, complained of "Was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine," but the American vision is different. We tremble with the mystery of the smallest tear, and delight in the ecstasy of the quiet laugh. All of us are of the community and we long fervently to rise together. Speech is the most ordinary of things and yet there are orators; soldiers are drawn up in column, but they have generals.

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Why should not poetry partake of this glowing universality? I believe that the dream of American poetry in its finest moods is just this, that men groping for faith together and finding it, should have charity enough to scatter the treasure abroad in flights of song.

Of course the possibility of all this is bound up with the success of the Catholic spirit. When every creed that has withstood it lies broken in the dust, the resurrection of the Church is the coming of dawn. Protestantism subsisted because it had borrowed sufficient vitality to meet the demands of a past age in some measure, but like a nursling it must perish in the merciless warfare of today. The fight now is against the tyranny of matter which has settled like an oppressive burden on the shoulders of man. The victory is still very far off. There will be wars without number, attended with bitterness and misunderstanding quite inconceivable. Though the doctrines of Luther and Calvin be rags from which the spirit has departed, thousands will huddle in the cerements and refuse to believe that the Saviour is not there. Other thousands will continue to content themselves with the body and the things gold can obtain for it. The slumber of man may deepen so much that the trumpets of all the angels cannot shake it off. But America is dreaming and suffering. The people who have met life with so much patience, sacrifice and uprightness will demand food for their souls as well as for their bodies. After all the poets are convinced that the stock exchange is but a hut of straw, and that some morning a torch may waste it into ashes. The timid altars in the marketplaces will glow finally in the presence of Truth. At all events we believe and strive that the touching of flames in the streets will kindle a great sunrise, and that the cadence of gathering song will greet it like the ceremonials of a deathless sacrament.

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# THE ART OF CONTROVERSY: MACAULAY, HUXLEY AND NEWMAN.

BY CECIL CHESTERTON.

THE critical treatment of the art of controversy simply as an art has been seriously neglected. I suppose the reason is that it is the very aim of the controversialist to distract attention from his art and concentrate it on his object. The stupid phrase "art for art's sake" (which is either the tamest of truisms or an extravagant absurdity) can hardly be applied by the most audacious to the art of controversy in the sense that some have attempted to apply it to the plastic arts. Controversy is not conducted for controversy's sake; it is conducted for truth's sake, or at least victory's sake. Even those who think that Raphael painted his Madonnas "for art's sake" and not for the sake of the Mother of God, even those who maintain that Velasquez in painting Philip II.—or for that matter Whistler himself in painting Carlyle—cared nothing for the personality of their subjects, and regarded them only as arrangements, will hardly go so far as to say that Swift did not care whether "Wood's Halfpence" were withdrawn or that Strafford did not care whether his head was cut off. Yet who will deny the title of the *Drapier Letters* or of Strafford's speech on his impeachment to be considered masterpieces of art?

Yet controversy, like any other art, can be considered from the purely artistic standpoint and its technical quality analyzed without reference to the rightness or wrongness of its aim. This is the obvious truism on which the æsthetic sophistry is raised. A good shot is a good shot, and if you are a technical judge of shooting you will judge impartially of the technical excellence of the shot whether it is fired by a patriot at his country's enemies or by a murderer at his wealthy uncle. It is hardly necessary to add that this does *not* mean—as the protagonists of the unmorality of art seem to suppose—that it does not matter whether you shoot your country's enemies or your uncle.

The object of controversy is, of course, to impress a certain conviction upon the minds of your readers or hearers. Yet all writing that seeks this end is not necessarily controversy. Many

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great didactic writers were indifferent to the art of controversy, or when they attempted it failed completely. Carlyle was such a man; so was Ruskin. These great men preached—and preached most powerfully—but they preached to congregations. They did not debate with others; if either of them attempted to do so he failed lamentably. Exposition and the moving of men by rhetoric was the direction of their genius, not controversy. Carlyle was a greater man than Macaulay and has influenced the age far more profoundly, but had he engaged in controversy with Macaulay he would have been badly worsted. Many will say—though I certainly shall not—that Ruskin was a greater man than Huxley, but no one can think that Ruskin could have debated with Huxley for ten minutes. The lamentable fate of Charles Kingsley over the *Apologia* affair may stand as a permanent warning to the eloquent, persuasive, imaginative, enthusiastic preacher not to allow himself to engage in battle with a genuine controversial genius.

An analogy might be drawn between the relation of controversy to pure didactics and the relation of war to politics. The ultimate aim of controversy is to produce conviction, as the natural object of war is to produce a political effect, to impose the will of one country on another. But in each case there is an immediate object without which the ultimate object cannot be achieved; and this object is the elimination of the opposing army or the opposing controversialist. To render the position of a controversial opponent untenable, to force him into self-contradiction or into withdrawal, and to leave on the mind of the balanced reader the impression that his particular line of objection has ceased to exist—this is what the controversialist aims at; his success in this is the measure of his technical skill.

The three nineteenth century names which I have already mentioned, as those of controversial experts, may well serve to illustrate the difference in effectiveness of various controversial methods. For each had his own special technique, which should be studied by those who wish to know how controversial victories are won, as carefully as the campaign of great commanders are studied by men who wish to be proficient in military strategy.

The case of Macaulay is the most interesting, because it illustrates very well the distinction which I have drawn between the immediate and ultimate end of controversy. In the ultimate end Macaulay, of course, fails. He does not convince us, even if he convinced his contemporaries, that the curious Whig version of

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history and politics which he preached so picturesquely is valid. Events have gone against him: his political creed has become incredible. But it is a gross injustice to allow that to blind us to the fact that he showed extraordinary genius as a controversialist in maintaining it. Nay, the very fact that he was so often in the wrong throws his ability as a controversialist into higher relief. Take, for instance, his attacks upon Southey's *Colloquies on Sociology*.

On the main points at issue, the evil effects of the industrial system upon the poor, the urgent necessity of a strong national government, the need of a common religion if a community is to be happy and secure, Southey was certainly in the right, Macaulay as certainly in the wrong. But it is not less certain that in the actual controversy Macaulay is the victor and Southey the vanquished. To deny this because Southey's view has been found ultimately more true to the needs of men, would be as absurd as to deny the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo because the French are not now ruled by the Bourbons.

If we try to examine the special quality in Macaulay's effectiveness in controversy we shall find, I think, that it consists very largely in the cumulative effect of a rapid repetition of blows, delivered successively at the same point and each a little heavier than the last. These things can best be illustrated by quotation, and I will take first a passage, not especially controversial, but illustrating the literary method which the process involves. It is all the better in that—like all that Macaulay wrote on matters outside the purview of an English Whig—it is full of insular crudities, and quite misses the view of those whom he is criticizing. It is from his essay on Mirabeau, and is concerned with monarchical France before the Revolution and with Fénelon's importance as a figure therein.

> The fundamental principle of Fénelon's political morality, the tests by which he judged of institutions and of men, were absolutely new to his countrymen. He had taught them, indeed, with the happiest effect to his royal pupil. But how incomprehensible they were to most people we learn from St. Simon. That amusing writer tells us, as a thing almost incredible, that the Duke of Burgundy declared it to be his opinion that kings existed for the good of the people, and not the people for the good of kings. St. Simon is delighted with the benevolence of this saying; but startled by its novelty and terrified by its

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> boldness. Indeed, he distinctly says that it was not safe to repeat the sentiment in the court of Louis. St. Simon was, of all the members of that court, the least courtly. He was as nearly an oppositionist as any man of his time. His disposition was proud, bitter and cynical. In religion he was a Jansenist; in politics, a less hearty royalist than most of his neighbors. His opinions and his temper had preserved him from the illusions which the demeanor of Louis produced on others. He neither loved nor respected the King. Yet even this man—one of the most liberal men in France—was struck dumb with astonishment at hearing the fundamental axiom of all government expounded—an axiom which, in our time, nobody in England or France would dispute—which the stoutest Tory takes for granted as much as the fiercest Radical, and concerning which the Carlist would agree with the most republican deputy of the "extreme left." No person will do justice to Fénelon, who does not constantly keep in mind that *Telemachus* was written in an age and nation in which bold and independent thinkers stared to hear that twenty millions of human beings did not exist for the gratification of one.

Now note the effect of what I have called the cumulative method in this passage. Every restatement is a little stronger than the last. St. Simon is at first "of all the members of that court the least courtly," and "as nearly an oppositionist as any man of his time." Then a definite statement is made about him: "He neither loved nor respected the King." Then he becomes "one of the most liberal men in France," and, finally, in the last sentence, not only is his liberality more emphatically stated, but his single person is transformed into the plural number and we hear of "bold and independent thinkers" staring and so on. A similar crescendo is observable in the description of the degree of his astonishment at the sentiment; while the sentiment itself, expressed in the first sentence in general terms, is at the end paraphased and thrown at the reader's head in its most concrete and violent form. The effect is superb.

And now to consider the use of this method in the particular case of controversy, turn to Macaulay's famous essay on Bacon, and especially to the passage where Macaulay is answering the excuses put forward by Lord Verulam's biographer for the philosopher's treachery to his friend and benefactor, Lord Essex.

> In order to get rid of the charge of ingratitude Mr. Montagu



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attempts to show that Bacon lay under greater obligations to the Queen than to Essex. What these obligations were it is not easy to discover. The situation of Queen's Counsel, and a remote reversion, were surely favors very far below Bacon's personal and hereditary claims. They were favors which had not cost the Queen a groat, nor had they put a groat into Bacon's purse. It was necessary to rest Elizabeth's claims to gratitude on some other ground; and this Mr. Montagu felt. "What perhaps was her greatest kindness," says he, "instead of having hastily advanced Bacon she had, with a continuance of her friendship, made him bear the yoke in his youth. Such were his obligations to Elizabeth."

Such indeed they were. Being the son of one of her oldest and most faithful Ministers, being himself the ablest and most accomplished young man of his time, he had been condemned by her to drudgery, to obscurity, to poverty. She had depreciated his requirements. She had checked him in the most imperious manner when in Parliament he ventured to act an independent part. She had refused to him the position to which he had a just claim. To her it was owing that, while younger men, not superior to him in extraction, and far inferior to him in every kind of personal merit, were filling the highest offices of the State, adding manor to manor, rearing palace after palace, he was lying at a sponging-house for a debt of three hundred pounds. Assuredly if Bacon owed gratitude to Elizabeth, he owed none to Essex. If the Queen really was his best friend, the Earl was his worst enemy. We wonder that Mr. Montagu did not press this argument a little further. He might have maintained that Bacon was excusable in revenging himself on a man who had attempted to rescue his youth from the salutary yoke imposed on it by the Queen, who had wished to advance him hastily, who, not content with attempting to inflict the Attorney-Generalship upon him, had been so cruel as to present him with a landed estate.

There you will find the same method but applied with a direct controversial object. He begins by approaching his opponent's argument quietly and with a certain respect as if he were going to treat it seriously. Then he proceeds to exhibit it, first in his opponent's own words, then in words a little stronger and touched with irony. Finally he hacks at it with energy and flings it away, throwing after it, as one throws a stone, the derisive anger of the last sentence.

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That is the method of Macaulay.

Huxley brought to the art of controversy a far greater brain than Macaulay's and an infinitely wider outlook. Yet his method is Macaulay's—though with a difference that will be presently noted. It is not difficult to pick out from all his controversial essays passages which in everything but the literary style (which, of course, is far more lucid and restrained) resemble the passages I have quoted from Macaulay. For example, in the essay called *The Lights of Christianity and the Lights of Science,* he quotes a strange religious controversialist who from the calculation of the lives of the various early patriarchs draws the conclusion that "the account which Moses gives of the Temptation and the Fall passed through no more than four hands between him and Adam!" Here is Huxley's comment (one quotes, naturally, not in approval of his opinions, but as an example of his controversial method):

> If the "trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ" is to stand or fall with the belief in the sudden transmutation of the chemical contents of a woman's body into sodium chloride, or on the admitted reality of Jonah's ejection, safe and sound, on the shores of the Levant, after three days sea-journey in the stomach of a gigantic marine animal, what positive pretext can there be of hinting a doubt as to the precise truth of the longevity of the Patriarchs? Who that has swallowed the camel of Jonah's journey will be guilty of the affection of straining at such an historical gnat—nay, midge—as the supposition that the mother of Moses was told the story of the Flood by Jacob; who had it straight from Shem; who was on friendly terms with St. James; who knew Adam quite well?

In another essay, where he is quoting (with approval) Newman's argument that the miracles of the Church are as easy to believe in as those of Scripture, the death of Arius after the Bishop's prayers to "take him away," is mentioned at first simply as the "death of Arius," then as his death "in the midst of his deadly, if prayerful, enemies," and finally, as the "miraculous slaying of the man who fell short of the Athanasian power of affirming contradictions." This is the very manner of Macaulay in his best combative form.

Yet an immense gulf separates Huxley from Macaulay, and that gulf is due less to a difference of method than to the difference between the moral and mental make-up. Huxley ardently loved

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and desired the truth—simply because it was the truth. This love and hunger for truth, for truth's sake was not only not among Macaulay's many admirable qualities, but was almost in so many words repudiated by him. The latter part of his essay on Bacon is practically a plea for not caring about truth unless it happens to be of immediate use to mankind. The effect of this difference upon their methods is very noticeable. Macaulay is fighting only for immediate victory. He looks for the weakest point in his opponent's armor and hammers at it. He does not care much if a hundred strong points remain unanswered. For his aim is simply to defeat his enemy, for he knows that the effect of his defeat is produced if only on one point the opposing pleader is entirely routed. So again he is not much concerned if the counter-theory he sets up is weak and untenable. If you look at his reply to Gladstone, for instance, you will feel at once the contrast between the keenness with which he fastens on and demolishes the weak elements of Gladstone's theory and the easily assailable structure of the counter-theory he attempts to erect in its place.

Very different is the method of Huxley in controversy (by a curious coincidence) with the same man more than half a century later. His aim is not merely to set up a trophy but to conquer a province. Therefore, he is not content while a single strong point in his opponent's case remains unanswered or a single weak point in his own undefended. He attacks the weak points of the other side as mercilessly and as successfully as ever Macaulay did. But he engages his enemy all along the line; he is not content while a single position remains unreduced. He even, in his controversy with Gladstone, suggests objections that he may rebut them, so anxious is he that no loophole for escape should remain. He wants his victory to be not only conspicuous but final.

He was fond of attributing (it was his one permanent illusion) this characteristic of his to his pre-occupation with physical science. He was wildly wrong. It was due to a care for the final truth of things, which is a native quality of the mind and has no more to do directly with biology than with coal-mining. Aquinas had it before physical science (in the modern sense) existed. Newman had it, though his studies had lain in an entirely different direction. On the other hand, some of Huxley's scientific colleagues (Haeckel, for instance) conspicuously lacked it and argued as unfairly as ever Macaulay did, though far less ably.

When we turn to the third name I have mentioned we find

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ourselves suddenly confronted with an entirely new mode of controversy, so original and so wonderfully successful that it deserves more attention than it seems to have received from writers of criticisms and appreciations of Newman.

Continuing the military metaphor which I have used—misleading, no doubt, in many points but not without its value—I might say that the difference between Newman and almost all other controversialists is that he is not only a tactician but a strategist. Macaulay, as I have said, tries to break his opponent's line. Huxley tries to defeat him all along the line. In Newman alone do you find an elaborate series of operations, patiently worked out without reference to the temptation of immediate "scoring," and intended to end, so to speak, in the surrounding and obliteration of the enemy. He also seems to look past the battle to the campaign.

It is of the very nature of this method that it cannot be shown, as I have tried to show the method of Macaulay, by quotation. The ultimate blow when it comes is indeed as smashing or more smashing than the most vigorous strokes delivered by Huxley and Macaulay, but it has always been carefully prepared, and its force really depends upon that preparation.

The best way in which I can illustrate the method I am trying to describe, will perhaps be to take a particular example and follow it out in some detail.

The third of Newman's lectures on *The Present Position of Catholics in England* is devoted to showing the true nature of the traditions upon which Protestant condemnation of the Catholic religion rests, and the flimsy and unreal character of their historical foundation. To this end he takes three instances, with only one of which I am at the present moment concerned.

The historian Hallam, in his *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages,* had remarked that "in the very best view that can be taken of monasteries their existence is deeply injurious to the general morals of the nation," since "under their influence men of the highest character fell implicitly into the snares of crafty priests, who made submission to the Church not only the condition but the measure of all praise." And to illustrate the fact he proceeds:

> He is a good Christian [says St. Eligius, a saint of the seventh century] who comes frequently to church, who presents an oblation that it may be offered to God on the altar; who

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> does not taste the fruits of his land till he has consecrated a part of them to God; who can repeat the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. Redeem your souls from punishment, while it is in your power: offer presents and tithes to churches, light candles in holy places, as much as you can afford, come more frequently to church, implore the protection of the saints; for, if you observe these things, you may come with security at the day of judgment to say, "Give unto us, Lord, for we have given unto Thee!" With such a definition of Christian character, it is not surprising that any fraud and injustice became honorable, when it contributed to the riches of the clergy and glory of their order.

Now the statement that St. Eligius ever gave "such a definition of Christian character" is, as will presently be seen, a lie. One can readily imagine with what promptitude and energy Macaulay and Huxley would have pounced upon that lie, how they would have torn it to pieces, and scored heavily by exposing and denouncing it. Not so Newman.

Newman proceeds, while leaving the statement as yet uncontradicted, to point out to the reader that Hallam gives as his reference for this statement Dr. Robertson, the historian of Charles V., and the German Lutheran historian, Mosheim. To Dr. Robertson then Newman turns and quotes him as saying that in the dark ages "the barbarous nations, instead of aspiring to sanctity and virtue, imagined that they satisfied every obligation of duty by scrupulous observance of external ceremonies," and in support of this giving what he calls "one remarkable testimony," namely, the foregoing quotation from St. Eligius, adding what he describes as "the very proper reflection" of Dr. Maclaine, Mosheim's translator: "We see here a large and ample description of the character of the good Christian in which there is not the least mention of the love of God, resignation to His will, obedience to His laws; or of justice, benevolence, and charity towards men."

Newman now turns to a certain Mr. White, a professor who, in lecturing on the life and works of Mosheim, remarked that "no representation can convey stronger ideas of the melancholy state of religion in the seventh century than the description of a good Christian as drawn at that period by St. Eligius," and proceeds to quote as before. A further step backward carries Newman to Archdeacon Jortin, who made the same quotation in his *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History,* introducing it with the observation that

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it constitutes "the sum and substance of true religion as it is drawn for us by Eligius, one of the principal saints of the age."

Newman now takes us to Mosheim himself, who in his *Ecclesiastical History* observes that while the religion of the earlier Christians was spiritual, the later ones "placed the substance of religion in external rites and bodily exercises," and proves this by the same quotation.

Now Newman has manœuvred his guns into position, and he proceeds to open fire as follows:

> Brothers of the Oratory, take your last look at the Protestant Tradition, ere it melts away into thin air from before your eyes. It carries with it a goodly succession of names, Mosheim, Jortin, Maclaine, Robertson, White and Hallam. It extends from 1755 to the year 1833. But in this latter year, when it was not seventy-eight years old, it met with an accident, attended with fatal consequences. Someone for the first time, instead of blindly following the traditional statement, thought it worth while first to consult St. Eligius himself.

He then proceeds to show that the quotation is made up by picking out and putting together odd sentences scattered through a very long sermon, and that the surrounding sentences actually contain those very recommendations to general piety and benevolence made by St. Eligius and for the omission of which he had been so vilely abused by Mosheim, Maclaine, Robertson, White and Hallam. Thus: "Wherefore, my brethren, love your friends *in* God and love your enemies *for* God, that he who loveth his neighbors hath fulfilled the law.....he is a good Christian who receives the stranger with joy, as though he were receiving Christ Himself.....who gives alms to the poor in proportion to his possessions.....who has no deceitful balances or deceitful measures .....who both lives chastely himself and teaches his neighbors and children to live chastely and in the fear of God.....Keep peace and charity, recall the contentious to concord, avoid lies, tremble at perjury, bear no false witness, commit no theft.....Visit the infirm.....Seek out those who are in prison....." And St. Eligius adds: "If you observe *these* things you may appear boldly at God's tribunal in the day of Judgment and say, 'Give, Lord, as we have given.'"

Now observe the controversial effect of Newman's superb strategy. He has nailed the particular lie about St. Eligius to

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the counter as Macaulay and Huxley would have done. But he has done much more than that. By his patient tracing of the tradition, by his careful marshaling of all the authorities that support it, before he smashes it, he has erected in the minds of his readers an indelible distrust of all the Protestant traditions however venerable and however authoritative. The victory is complete. The enemy is simply obliterated.

I could give a hundred other instances, did space permit, of this method in Newman's controversial writings. There is that amazingly effective chapter, in the *Development of Christian Doctrine,* which deals with the early Christians, where the attitude of the Roman world towards the new Faith is carefully delineated and illustrated by numerous quotations from pagan writers, and the reader gets to the end of it without a suspicion of the masked battery which Newman has prepared, until he is suddenly reminded that the accusations which he has been reading are almost word for word the same as those now brought against the Catholic Church. If there be now in the world, says Newman, a form of Christianity which is accused of superstition, insane asceticism, secret profligacy and so on, "then it is not so very unlike Christianity as that same world viewed it when first it came forth from its Divine Founder."

How triumphantly Newman used the method here described is best shown in his famous controversy with Kingsley. In reading the earlier phases of that controversy one is almost inclined to fancy that Newman is meeting points, and not taking full advantage of his adversary. But he has missed nothing. He has ruthlessly taken every advantage. His guns command every position. At the end his adversary, surrounded and already doomed, dashes backward and forward striving wildly to find the answer or the escape which are alike forbidden him. That is what I call great controversial strategy.

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# A SIXTEENTH CENTURY THEOLOGIAN ON INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY HERBERT FRANCIS WRIGHT.

F a war is useful to one province or state, but would draw in its train great injuries to the entire world and to Christianity, I think that such a war is unjust." These are not my words nor the words of a modern international lawyer, but they are words which were dictated to a class in theology of a large European university about forty years after Columbus discovered the New World. Startling as this statement may appear, coming as it does from the lips of a sixteenth century theologian, it is but a type of the clear and logical opinions boldly advanced by this great man, opinions which some of the international lawyers of today are just beginning to find courage to uphold.

At the present time, when the attention of the entire world has been engaged so long by the war in Europe, it is no unusual thing to hear propounded on all sides such questions as "May Christians make war?" "Have the people any voice in declaring war?" "When are wars just?" "What may be done in a just war and how far may one proceed against enemies?" And while, at first sight, we may think that these questions, which are suggested by the present war, are new, the fact remains that each and every one of them—and many more like them—was discussed and answered by the Spanish moral theologian, Franciscus de Victoria, of the Order of Friars Preachers, in his *De Jure Belli,* published about three hundred and sixty years ago as the fifth of his *Relectiones Theologicæ XII.* For, to use the words of Thomas Alfred Walker in his *History of the Law of Nations:* "In Victoria's treatment of these problems, the reader, who is unprepared for the surprises of the literature of the Reformation Age, will be astonished to discover the setting forth of principles which the historian of international practice is wont to represent as entirely modern."

Franciscus de Victoria was born in Victoria in Old Castile about 1480. In his early youth he entered the Dominican Order and later, on account of his exceptional ability and

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promise, was sent by the Order to the University of Paris for more advanced studies. After obtaining the highest honors in theology which his Order could bestow, he finally in 1526 became the occupant of the "primary chair of theology" at the University of Salamanca. Here he lectured for twenty years and obtained universal fame and glory as "the restorer of scholastic theology," because he inaugurated a movement to give to theological science a purer diction and improved literary form and to treat scholastic theology, not in a jejune and uncultivated manner, but in a scholarly and ornate manner, enriching it with every kind of learning, sacred and profane. While Victoria was making preparations to attend the Council of Trent, which had just (November 19, 1544) been convoked after several fruitless attempts, he was overtaken by ill-health, which caused him to relinquish his professional duties and finally led to his death in 1546.

No little testimony is given to the greatness of this master of wisdom by his famous and learned disciples, Melchior Cano, Domingo Soto, Thomas of Chaves, Martin Aspilcueta (Doctor Navarrus), and many others. Melchior Cano, for example, says that "Spain has received this eminent professor of theology by a singular gift of God," and he attributes the doctrine, judgment, and eloquence which he himself possesses to his careful heed of Victoria's precepts and admonitions. This praise is reëchoed by other contemporaries and by later scholars.

Yet it is not as philosopher or theologian that we are concerned with Victoria here, but as one of the founders of international law. It is Franciscus de Victoria, in fact, who first admitted into a classification of law international law in its modern acceptation, *ius inter gentes,* although Richard Zouche is commonly considered by most authorities as the creator of this term. "That which natural reason has established among all nations is called international law," says Victoria, consciously adapting a statement of Gaius found in the *Institutes* of Justinian. Zouche also quotes Gaius' statement, omitting two words of no little importance, and after some discussion continues, "Law of this latter kind," that is, of commerce and wars between different nations, "is called *ius inter gentes.*" Hence the reason why the term is attributed to him. But Victoria's alteration of Gaius' words was intentional. Consequently, it can be said with truth that the expression, *ius inter gentes,* is found for the first time in Victoria.

The expression is remarkable, but what is still more remark-

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able is the idea to which this expression corresponds, the notion presented by Victoria of this *ius inter gentes,* of a juridical bond which it establishes between nations or rather of the international juridical society of which it is the expression. In Victoria's system this law is a real law which is based on sociability, because there is a natural society, there are mutual relations, a communion, a bond between peoples. One nation has the right of entering into relations with another nation to such an extent that the denial of the exercise of this right justifies war. In other words, Victoria saw clearly the interdependence of nations, their reciprocal rights and duties.

It is Victoria also who was one of the most vigorous opponents of three errors commonly found in extremist writers on civil and canon law who preceded him, namely, that infidels had no right to possess anything and war with them was therefore always just, that the Emperor of the Roman Empire was the temporal sovereign of the entire world, and that the Pope was the temporal sovereign of all the earth. It is not my purpose to give here the history of these errors and Victoria's refutation of them. It will be sufficient simply to state the fact that one of the dreams of the Middle Ages was the reconstitution of the Roman Empire, which was to embrace the entire world, and that errors which arose from attempts to realize this dream were so ably opposed and refuted by Victoria that later writers mention them merely as a memory and as no longer upheld.

But in Victoria's time these were live topics of discussion. The Spanish conquests subsequent to the discovery of the New World by Columbus forced upon the Spanish sovereigns a very momentous question. On the one side the conquerors wished to justify their seizure of lands and their right to use armed force against the natives who refused to accept their domination; on the other side, the missionaries accompanying the conquerors wished to secure fair treatment for the Indians. It is at this time (1532) that Victoria delivered his lecture *De Indis,* in which he reviews in succession the false and true titles alleged by the conquerors. The frankness with which he rendered judgments without fear or favor of the Catholic sovereigns, who had a very keen interest in the subject, is well worth noting. He stands out among the Spaniards and Portuguese as the defender of the proposition that infidels cannot be despoiled of civil power or sovereignty simply because they are infidels. He makes his position strikingly

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clear by declaring that the Spaniards have no more right over the Indians than the latter would have had over the Spaniards if they had come to Spain. It is no wonder, then, that Hugo Grotius in his epoch-making work, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis,* calls Victoria a "theologian of sane judgment."

The *De Indis* was followed by a second lecture, *De Jure Belli,* which was intended to supplement the discussion of the just and just titles to the lands of the barbarians by a short discussion on the law of war. And although the author, as he himself states, merely noted the main propositions of this topic together with very brief proofs, an answer may be found here for many of the questions suggested by the entry of the United States into the European War. The following questions, for instance, are proposed and answered by Victoria: "What may be a reason and just cause of war?" "Is it enough for a just war that a prince believes himself to have a just cause?" "May subjects serve in a war without examining the causes?" "Is it ever lawful to despoil or kill all the innocent?" "Is it ever lawful to kill all the guilty in a just war?"

The importance of Victoria's opinions on the law of war may be gauged from the fact that Hugo Grotius cites Victoria's *De Jure Belli* no less than forty-four times in his *De Jure Belli ac Pacis,* although he does not use Victoria's exact words, and that only twice does he expressly take exception to Victoria's statements. Grotius himself, in the prolegomena to his great work, acknowledges that he has consulted Victoria among other theologians and jurisconsults, but he belittles them because of their brevity and charges most of them with confusion of ideas. This latter criticism, however, cannot justly be charged against Victoria.

Moreover, there is reason to believe that Grotius is indebted to Victoria to a far greater extent than he is willing to admit. For instance, in his *Mare Liberum,* which is a chapter to his *De Jure Prædæ,* in discussing Portuguese titles over the Indians of the East, Grotius uses arguments which recall the position of Victoria with regard to Spanish titles over the Indians of the West. Nor is this all. Hermann Conring goes even so far as to say that, if Grotius "excelled in philosophy and produced the incomparable book, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis,* he owed it to his reading of the Spanish jurists, Ferdinand Vasquez and Diego Covarruvias, who had in their turn made use of the work of their master, Franciscus de Victoria." In fact, if we may believe a statement

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made by Daniel Georg Morhof in his *Polyhistor Literarius, Philosophicus et Practicus,* Grotius' direct indebtedness to Victoria may be greater than has hitherto been recognized. Until recent years we find scant credit given to any Catholic writers in the histories of international law. "Ever since the Reformation," writes the celebrated James Lorimer in his *Institutes of the Law of Nations,* "the prejudices of Protestants against Roman Catholics have been so vehement as to deprive them of the power of forming a dispassionate opinion of their works, even if they had been acquainted with them, which they rarely were."

That Victoria has been able to survive this state of affairs, therefore, may well mean more than is apparent on the surface, and weight is added to this view by the fact that Victoria's *Relectiones* went through at least ten editions, six of them appearing within fifty years. Yet in spite of these ten editions, Henry Hallam states that it "is a book of remarkable scarcity," and that some of those who since the time of Grotius have mentioned Victoria's writings, lament that they are not to be met with. It is this, in addition to the fact that he dictated his lectures and never published them himself (for they were published from the notebooks of his students eleven years after his death), that explains why this author, who enjoyed such great fame among his contemporaries, until recent years has been little known and rarely quoted.

All that Victoria has said about the law of war can be summarized in the three canons or rules of warfare, with which he brings his *De Jure Belli* to a close. They have reference to the conduct of nations and their princes before war, during war, and after war, respectively. The first of these canons is: Assuming that a prince has authority to make war, he should first of all not go seeking occasions and causes of war, but should, if possible, live in peace with all men, as St. Paul enjoins on us (Romans xii. 18). Moreover, he should reflect that others are his neighbors, whom we are bound to love as ourselves, and that we all have one common Lord, before Whose tribunal we shall have to render our account. For it is the extreme of savagery to seek for and rejoice in grounds for killing and destroying men whom God has created and for whom Christ died. But only under compulsion and reluctantly should he come to the necessity of war.

The second canon is: When war for a just cause has broken out, it must not be waged so as to ruin the people against whom it is directed, but only so as to obtain one's rights and the de-

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fence of one's country, and in order that from that war peace and security may in time result.

The third canon is: When victory has been won and the war is over, the victory should be utilized with moderation and Christian humility, and the victor ought to deem that he is sitting as judge between two States, the one which has been wronged and the one which has done the wrong, so that it will be as judge and not as accuser that he will deliver the judgment whereby the injured State can obtain satisfaction, and this, so far as possible, should involve the offending State in the least degree of calamity and misfortune, the offending individuals being chastised within lawful limits. An especial reason for this is that in general among Christians all the fault is to be laid at the door of their princes, for subjects when fighting for their princes act in good faith, and it is thoroughly unjust, in the words of the poet Horace, that "*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*"

It is difficult to imagine how more prudent or more equitable rules could be formulated than the noble Christian principles which summarize Victoria's doctrine on the law of war. So well-adapted are they for universal application to modern conditions, that one can scarcely believe that they are over three and a half centuries old. If the rulers of the countries now at war and in fact all other rulers would thoroughly learn and practise these true principles, it would be difficult indeed for wars to come, and, if they should, as come they may, they certainly could not long endure.

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## MUSIC.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THERE is a hunger in my heart tonight,
A longing in my soul, to hear
The voice of heaven o'er the noise of earth
That doth assail mine ear:

For we are exiled children of the skies,
Lone and lost wanderers from home.....
The stars come out like lamps in windows lit
Far, far from where we roam;

Like candles lit to show the long late way,
Dear kindly beacons, sure and bright;
But O, the heavy journeying, and O
The silence of the night!—

The dark and vasty silences that lie
Between the going and the goal!
Will not God reach a friendly hand to lift
And lead my weary soul?

Will not God speak a friendly word to me
Above the tumult and the din
Of earthly things—one little word to hush
The voice of care and sin?.....

He speaks! He answers my poor faltering prayer!
He opens heaven's lattice wide;
He bids me bathe my brow in heavenly airs
Like to a flowing tide!

He calls! He gives unto my famished soul,
Unto my eager heart, its meed:
He breathes upon me with the breath of song,
And O, my soul is freed,

And I am lifted up and up, and held
A little while—a child, to see
The beauties of my Father's House, which shall
No more be shut from me!

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# THE FASCINATION OF TRIFLES.

BY JOHN LA FARGE, S.J.

TO one in sympathy with French thought there is an attraction in the works of Henry Bordeaux, the "novelist of the French family." His writings, like those of Lamb, or Jane Austen, or other gentle contemplatives of human manners, require a certain sympathy; but that sympathy is richly rewarded. He does not sketch; he elaborates with affection for his chosen field. The style is easy, quaintly humorous, colloquial. Each touch in his careful portrait of *mœurs domestiques* is a little entertainment in itself, which you enjoy apart from any thread of narrative. Yet he writes to have you reflect, as he himself has deeply reflected before writing. Perhaps a few thoughts suggested by his novel, *La Maison,* which has passed through some forty-six editions, may be of interest.[1]

In *La Maison,* Bordeaux deals with a topic of importance, especially for all those who have a care for the young: the subtle process by which the Catholic Faith, learned in its easier applications in childhood, becomes—or fails to become—a master principle of action in a young man's life. In his view this moment is when the young man first understands fully his responsibility to God, to the family, and to society. When he assumes that responsibility he ascends, by self-conquest, the throne that God appoints to each of His servants.

This idea is summed up in the words of retrospect at the close of this narrative, which is written in the form of an autobiography. "Before reaching manhood, I had experienced in anticipation the great struggle which occurs in every human life between liberty and submission, between the horror of servitude and the sacrifice necessary for existence. A delightful and dangerous guide had revealed to me in advance the miraculous charm of nature, of love, and of that very pride which makes us imagine we will subjugate the world. That fascination, all too sweet and enervating, would never again hold me in bondage. My life from that moment was fastened to an iron ring: it would depend no more on my imagina-

[1] *La Maison.* By Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

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tion. I could only stretch chained hands now toward the phantom of happiness. Yet some day or other, every man receives these chains, if he is actually to ascend his throne: whether his empire extend over but an acre or but a name. Like a king, I was now responsible for the decay or the prosperity of my own little kingdom, my father's house."

One can never foretell when this realization may come to a young man. Often it begins with marriage; or—as in this story—the parental love which was the very support of selfishness is withdrawn by death; or again, a sudden sin may reveal the awful consequences of irresponsibility. With the acceptance of that responsibility comes a new understanding of the faith as a master principle, as a complete measure of life.

If those who have lost the faith were all to reveal the genius of their infidelity, how many would acknowledge that it was just at that time when the call sounded to ascend the throne of manhood! But they shrank from the burden, and softly sought by pride to exalt the nature which self-conquest alone can ennoble. Yet one who is to assume this burden must have some idea, gained through the use of liberty, of the restraint he is placing on himself; he must have withstood to some extent the "fascination of trifles." There will be the danger that the trifles will seek him after he has mounted his throne, and cause a wreck where before they would have uttered a warning. The problem then is in the introduction to liberty, in the forestalling of those temptations which will strive so treacherously to dethrone the future monarch.

Young Rambert's autobiography does not deal with temptation, but precisely with the "fascination of trifles," of that crucial question as to what association, importing infinite good or evil, may be found in the most indifferent little matters. It shows how simple pleasures, indifferent in themselves, may, through certain oddities of training, contain just the germ of a principle which, planted in a moment of dreamy indifference, will later grow to a soul-killing upas tree. The experience is common to all, yet the mode is never quite the same.

For an American boy the influence that these particular trifles exert on Charles Rambert appears odd. We do not commonly find a boy of fourteen, to whom a stroll in the country with his grandfather is an epoch-making novelty, on a par with a camping trip to the Rocky Mountains. Yet it is just the turn given to these innocent strolls, the slight shock offered to the boy's un-



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questioning faith in his Catholic father's principles of law and order, the bit of disdain for punctuality and direction and respect of property and prudence in eating mushrooms or hobnobbing with gypsies, that plants the tiny seed in the boy's mind of his infidel grandfather's philosophy—utter irresponsibility to God, to family and to society; "nature" as all in all, with Rousseau as its blissful interpreter. The initiation into the chosen circle of café-topers, with their atmosphere of mutual flattery and quiet disloyalty to every definite standard of decency, and a boyish enthusiasm for a little Italian circus-rider complete the work. The incidents are but trifles: not a word is spoken to the boy against faith, or religion, or his parents. There is but his grandfather's little mocking laugh, and a sense of liberty, of unrestraint. Yet the demon of unbelief has entered and touched the childish soul. The gentle cynicism that selects for the boy's first lesson in skepticism an old book of satire—familiar human types caricatured as animals—just this cynicism coöperates with the boy's own instinct of secrecy. "You know that animals and men are brothers," remarks his grandfather. "But animals are better than men." The resemblance of Mademoiselle Tapinois, the Royalist old maid, to the picture of the decrepit dove, with its night shirt and candlestick, was certainly a trifle: yet, though a trifle, "a secret instinct warned me not to consult my parents in this matter."

The author appears to indicate weaknesses in certain educational systems. It is hard to designate these justly; but in this case, at least, Dr. Rambert, the boy's father, is anxious to put the young person's life on too strict a basis of principle, at an age when feeling and imagination naturally rule, and principle, the guide of maturer life, is only germinating. From his own goodness the Doctor cannot gauge the easy-natured malice of his father. The very simplicity of a noble nature prevents his meeting subtlety by subtlety. The art does not occur to him of teaching self-discipline through the use of liberty, guiding the heart in the seeming absence of all guidance: that art, puzzling the memories of later life, by which a great Christian mother in Israel will sometimes weave for her home a whole paradise of innocence out of the very elements that threaten danger. The very completeness of his system sets the spring for the easy reaction. With a bit of chaff, a little teasing, the Doctor could have nullified an influence against which all his sound reasoning was directed in vain.

Yet it is anything but a morbid tale. The boy's naturalness

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is the very flavor of the story: a naturalness so genuine that there is the illusion of a real autobigraphy, such is the vividness and delicacy of portraiture. The odd world of home geography and home politics, the mimic warfare against the garden bushes, and the fear of the threatened creditors as of huge caterpillars creeping in at night through the hole in the garden wall, is real, true to a child's mind. Bordeaux's humor is constant and childlike. He must have obtained from real life the delightful *Tante Dine,* rescuing the appalled cat from the ferocious rats, brandishing her broom, her *tête-de-coup,* among the cobwebs as a protest against the enemies of the Church and of the Comte de Chambord, and inventing impossible excuses for the children's peccadillos: "They stole the pears to relieve the poor trees of their weight. He puts his hands in the spinach to show his joy at seeing nature's verdure!" "Grand-père" is absolutely alive, with all his high and low lights: his green dressing-gown and black velvet cap, his telescope and violin—the sweet tones of which opened for the sensitive boy "the mysterious empire of sounds and dreams in the forest of vanishing vistas"—his detestation of all order and system, and the memory of his *own* exacting "papa;" his gallantry to ladies; his mordant little laugh, like the *ric-rac* of the pruning life—"L'ordre, l'ordre! Oh! Oh!"—his fame as a weather-prophet and interpreter of barometric mysteries; his passion for the country and mystic admiration of wandering shepherds; his contempt for the city, yet tender devotion to the "Café des Navigateurs," with its toper-visionaries, broken-down artists, and scheming agitators, his facility in accepting political candidacy against his own son, and the halo of imaginary martyrdom, yet his quiet disclaimer of all responsibility, advising the Doctor "not to read newspapers," and his querulous helplessness in the hour of trial. "Grand-père's" principle is simply the philosophy of disavowal: a philosophy which has been more potent than many a laboriously planned doctrine, potent in the fat times of peace, and ease, and unconcern of home and country.

Above it all two figures stand out sublime: "a step and a shadow"—the "step" brisk, authoritative, reassuring of the heroic Dr. Rambert, whose life is offered for the salvation of his townsmen, in requital for their very ingratitude; the "shadow" of the ever watchful, prayerful Mother, who, by God dwelling in her heart, commands respect of those who expect nothing else on earth.

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And in the end, in the moment of darkness when the step ceases forever to be heard in *La Maison,* the shadow wins: the victory is as subtle, as gentle, as true to a boy's nature as was the perversion. The illusion ceases when the insistent call comes of reality, and the young king ascends his throne.

Your boy, of course, is not precisely a Charles Rambert. He is American, and the trifles that move him are of another kind. But the lesson is the same for all: for the process is common to all. The elusive influences, the small things count: the power of the over-kind friend, or good relative, who in a month releases the tension of years of home-training, the strange mental association of places and persons, and the physical aversions or likings to what seem to the boy symbols of good or evil ideas, and the unconscious inferences drawn therefrom. Only a heavenly tact, not mere human prudence, can guide the heaven-destined heart—the tact that is the fruit of prayer, the light of the Holy Ghost.

## THE NEW WINE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A PALE white moon above an opal haze
  Of sunset's ruddy gold, light violet veiled;
Below, the sea—and ships that have not sailed
At anchor in the quiet harbor ways.
It sings of peace and silent gracious days;
  Of souls at rest, where evil long bewailed
  Hath won forgiveness and its pain hath trailed
Off into moonlit calm and silvery praise.

Grave moon of whiteness, rising high above
  Our earthly turbulence, have we no grace,
    No spirit-psalm, in unison with thine?
No yearning for that Paradise of Love
  Where glows our Master's full veilèd Face
    And ours, His rubied outpour of new wine?

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# THEORIES OF COMPENSATION.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

THERE is no inherent reason why we should ask or receive compensation for anything that we do. The reasons for compensation are usually extrinsic to the action to which it is attached. Nature does not trifle nor does she forget the harmonies which mark her laws. We are endowed with faculties in order that we may use them. If nature has a purpose in endowing us with faculties, the purpose is revealed in the exercise of them. Hence, as far as nature is concerned, a faculty should lead to action without thought of compensation extrinsic to it. It is true that we are led on to exercise faculties by some form of pleasure attached to action. This is, if you will, a form of compensation, but it is a by-product rather than purpose in nature. Nevertheless, there has never been a civilization into which some form of systematic compensation was not organized. Our normal social experience tends to divert us from the consideration of action for its own sake to action for the sake of something extrinsic to it. This extrinsic something is compensation.

Compensation is a fundamental social institution. It is organized into the deepest consciousness of the race. It is associated with every type of culture and with every degree of power. It accounts for the creation of honors, symbols of distinction and excellence, the quality and tone of fundamental institutions of civilization. The philosophy and forms of compensation, therefore, are essential parts of thought and social organization. Not only that, the forms and appeal of compensation reveal the deepest heart of culture just as they furnish to us the most searching commentary on human nature. As compensations are coarse or refined, civilization is coarse or refined. As men are selfish or unselfish, forms of compensations are ignoble or noble. Humanity is governed by the compensations which obtain in a social system.

The functions of compensation may be described in simple terms. Man is within obvious limits free to act or not to act. His desires

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are more or less wayward, even lawless. He is supposedly lazy, opposed to exertion except when his immediate interest is concerned. He takes short outlooks, living in the present. He is governed largely by emotion, feeling, passion. He begins life with latent ability which must be brought to full development. The world has imperative need for its progress, of the utmost that individuals can do for the common good. Social progress is periled upon the willingness of individuals to develop themselves and place their varied powers at the service of society. It is the function of organized stable compensation to correct these tendencies in men, to develop their powers and correlate their activity in a way to serve the purposes of the race.

The system of compensation, therefore, tends to determine the lines of our activity. It overcomes laziness and insinuates self-control. It induces men to make effort to develop themselves and to place their ability at the service of civilization, whatever be the motive hidden in their hearts. Men are disciplined and made orderly by prospect of compensation. Disinclination from any effort is converted into enthusiasm for it. Individuals are stimulated to supreme exertion. They are led to do the things which the common welfare demands even at the sacrifice of personal preference. Thus, society must organize the theory and forms of compensation into the very texture of social life, in order that human progress may be safeguarded. Nevertheless, essential as are the functions of compensation, it never ceases to be extrinsic to action itself. We are so accustomed to associate compensation with action and to relate motives to the former, that we are astounded when exceptional men and women rise above the average and perform service for the joy of it without any thought of usual compensation. These exceptional souls light up the world for us and give us example which exercises a blessed tyranny over the good men. Education, religion and other culture agencies endeavor so to purify motive and exalt purpose that individuals will lift themselves voluntarily from the plane of low to that of higher compensation or to the surrender of the thought of compensation altogether. He alone is an ideal man, an exalted social type, who lifts himself to the level of the noblest form of compensation in his time.

It is well to distinguish between the philosophy and forms of compensation which are organized into thought and life on the whole, and the personal attitude toward motive and compensation which may be found in individuals. There are always those in

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human society who are morally and spiritually far ahead of the social system which forms them, and of the current aspirations which energize a civilization. There are likewise those who are coarser than the basest form of compensation which a civilization permits. It is not too much to say that the refinement of any civilization is indicated with exactness by the number of those who rise above all-selfish forms of compensation, and through the influence of religion, social ideals, and even personal heroism, mark the pathway along which motives should flow. Such set the standards for those intangible forms of compensation which are symbols of the highest nobility to which humanity can attain. No life is understood until its compensations are known. No heart is read until its deeper motives and valuations are analyzed: until effort, aspiration and judgment yield their final secrets by telling us of the compensations which bring peace to the soul. "Tell me your compensations and I'll tell you what you are."

One should not forget that there are many philosophies and forms of compensation current in human society at all times. At present, for instance, political and industrial societies are based on one philosophy of compensation while our secular culture is based upon another. Religion sets forth its own distinctive philosophy and forms of compensation which touch eternity. Now, in proportion as men are genuinely subjected to the influence of one or another of these forms of thought and action, its philosophy of compensation will be uppermost.

Compensations are relative. This is the case because man has much control over motives and imagination. Ordinarily, a man can be compensated only in the direction of his needs, ambitions or taste. Needs may be real or imaginary. Ambition may be serious and approved or merely the creation of ungoverned fancy or aspiration. Since we live in our needs, ambitions and taste, it is impossible to imagine compensations effective except as they bear on one of these three. It was said of a public leader on one occasion that no one could control him because he did not want anything. In proportion as others control compensation that arouse us, they control us. In proportion as compensations under the control of others do not appeal, we are free. This makes clear the extent to which the individual can escape the domination of current compensations, and in fact control those which will ultimately become supreme in his life.

To a marked extent, needs, ambitions, and taste are controlled

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by social valuations, by the valuations placed on things and relations in the social circles that make our world. No history of recent France may fail to take account of the social valuation placed upon the French Academy and of the supreme rôle of its appeal in leading French genius to the achievements from which it has derived such splendor. There is no theory of compensation which is not a theory of human nature. There is no form of compensation which does not show forth the psychology of the race or does not indicate the quality of its social morality or make known the motives which are most effective in everyday life. When a civilization is intellectual and æsthetic, its typical compensations are of the same kind. When a civilization is fundamentally economic, its primary compensations are economic. When a civilization is fundamentally religious, its effective compensations derive quality and power from religious ideals. This occurs because organization tends to control social valuations and social valuations draw the world in their train.

The word "compensation" suggests a comparison of two or more objects by weighing them over against one another. The social purposes of compensation have been already indicated. They are to organize the activity of free men in a way to serve social purposes, to assist in developing the social sense and insure wholesome social behavior, to stimulate individuals to develop all latent ability for the service of the common good. Now, these purposes can be accomplished and are accomplished substantially either by the prospect of reward or the threat of punishment. The power of the state over any one of us depends absolutely on the intensity with which we desire life, liberty, property or honor. Sovereign as is the state, it has little power of coercion except through the threat to take from us one or more of the four. If we were to treat the theme fully, it would be necessary to study the philosophy and forms of punishment no less than those of compensation. This study is confined, however, to the latter. The serious reader will find no difficulty in applying the thought to the process of punishment as well. The extent to which threats are needed in a social system, the forms and quality of them, may reveal as much of the heart of civilization as the forms and theory of compensation. But it will be simpler to confine this study to the latter. The thought will be carried over a review of compensation under individualism, under Socialism, in the Old and in the New Testaments.

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## Compensation Under Individualism.

The present social order is organized on the assumption that the most effective basic form of compensation is money. Society recognizes that as the world now stands, the most far-reaching and sustained appeal to man is money. The background of life for each of us is economic fear, the prospect of wanting food, and clothing and shelter, and of seeing those whom we love similarly dependent. The first pressure, therefore, exerted upon mind and affection is derived from fear. As fear is removed by the possession of sufficient income, we change our mental outlook and seek sufficient money to widen life, to be free, to be permitted a range of choice in human enjoyment, to be effectively thoughtful toward those whom we love. After this stage has been made secure, we change again our outlook, our motives and ambitions. We then seek power, dominion over persons and things, the distinction that is associated with the possession of power, the ecstatic effigy of individual sovereignty which comes with unlimited wealth.

On everyone of these levels, money operates as a stimulus, symbol, compensation. Attitudes toward it are different on each level. One might say that we have four distinct social philosophies, ranges of motive, planes of effective appeal. Money as compensation is not adequate of itself. It does not explain each life on each level. But it does explain the temper of life, the direction of effort, the force of appeal on each of them. Our property system with its selfish security and implications does explain the collective intellect, and gives us the terminology by which alone we may explain and understand life.

The wage system secures for human society the labor necessary to feed and clothe the world. The prospect of wages and of gradual increase in wages compensates men for overcoming disorderly inclinations and laziness, and leads them to do those things of which the world has need. The fee system secures for human society the services of the professional classes in exactly the same way. The salary system performs the same function in bringing the highest types of intellect to the surface, in promoting their development and in placing them at the service of society. In this sense and in this sense alone may it be said that money is the fundamental institutional form of compensation on which civilization depends. Now, there is no intrinsic reason why any physician should be compensated for curing a patient if he is able to

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do so. But there are a hundred extrinsic reasons why we should give to the physician good fees if thereby we can secure for the world many good physicians and have their services when we need them.

Culture imposes upon us certain reticences in speaking about money. It is unusual for men to admit that money is their motive, but we cannot hide under evasions or polite circumlocution the fact that our civilization is organized on that basis. I wish not to overlook the sense of duty, of loyalty, the love of workmanship and of joy in action that relieve the barbaric selfishness symbolized by money, but the facts of life have a compulsion of their own which pays little attention to the conventional indirection of culture when we cover selfishness under polished phrases.

Our attitudes toward money vary. When we are in need, money means food and clothing and shelter. When our needs are satisfied money means widened life, leisure and the touch of culture. After these happy experiences have been our portion, increasing supplies of money awaken ambitions, stir the desire for mastery and become the depository of power. These processes involve a complete revolution in our attitudes, but money remains in every case an essential condition, if not an exclusive motive. There are none of us who welcome the supremacy of money in life. Everyone of our cultural forces does its best to hold money in the background, and to set forth higher motives, more elevated compensations, but the triumph of these latter is neither certain nor universal. We teach the young not to work for money but to serve their ideals. We attempt to make powerful in their lives the appeal of honor and self-respect and duty. We aim to set the baser compensation that money is, in the background. Power, distinction, reputation, stimulate action and offer compensation for conduct of the very highest order. Yet money as a condition, if not a motive, is so identified with these, and our indifference to interior attitudes toward all of them is so marked, that money is not ousted from its supremacy even by these relieving factors.

Our attitude toward money is conditioned largely by the fact that we compete with others for it. Ours is a competitive civilization frankly organized to call forth the power of selfishness. Selfishness is called into action through the influence of competition. It had been hoped that the cultural forces of life would have been sufficient to tone down our selfish struggle and to place money permanently in the background among our motives and com-

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pensations. If we may believe the complaints from the pulpit, from social students, from radical movements, from every type of scholarship and statesmanship we have to admit that this benevolent hope has been disappointed and money has remained in fact, if not in profession, the most widely effective form of compensation in the present world. The nobler intangible compensations are never absent. Neither is the need of taking account of the ignoble money compensation in our average life. It is, of course, impossible to make a census of those who are able to rise above the appeal of money as a form of compensation. Let us hope that the number is larger than we fancy. Nothing could serve to show us the contrast between money as a compensation and service as an ideal than this moment in our history, when every typical American forgets self and governs behavior by the thought of serving the common welfare in a crisis. Unselfishness, not selfishness, should now be our law. Not profit but service should be our motive. The thought of duty done and of opportunity embraced to serve the nation, not the prospect of gain, should be our compensation.

## Compensation Under Socialism.

It is the main purpose of Socialism to overthrow the existing philosophy of compensation, to modify its methods and substitute for them an entirely different type. Socialism believes that the appeal of unselfish and exalted compensations which is now so weak, may be made universally effective; that practically every man can be made as noble and unselfish as the exceptional man now is. By primary intention, it aims to eliminate economic fear from the world, and to assure to every well-behaved individual the reasonable satisfaction of all normal wants through his own industry. If, as Socialism proposes, society takes over the control and direction of industrial capital and permits practically no private ownership in it, no man will have any motive or opportunity to exploit another. Men may take for granted the assurance of dignified livelihood, and money or its equivalent will cease to be a form of compensation, becoming an index of service rendered to society and a claim for goods that are needed in living. We look now at the individual in the background of organized selfishness. Under Socialism, we would see him in the background of organized unselfishness. Having eliminated economic fear and having achieved an established assurance of all that is needed to live

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well, we should be in position to see in operation the intangible forms of compensation which spring out of pure social ideals. Joy in service, self-expression through personal refinement, eagerness to contribute to everything that would purify and sweeten life, will make the social atmosphere of the proposed world and transform the philosophy and forms of compensation. The free will of individuals will lead them to act for social ends without reluctance. The laziness of which we have heretofore suspected man, will be replaced by an alert good will and joy in useful labor. The latent abilities which must be brought to full development in order that genius may serve society will respond to the subtle touch of great ideals, and the world will see such progress as it has never dreamed of.

If I understand Socialism rightly, it does not promise to destroy the passion for distinction, but it does hope to discipline it by orderly, thoughtful emulation. It will not aim to establish a monotonous equality in life, but rather so to refine each that he will rejoice in the superiority of his fellowmen. Distinction, honor, station, may still retain their compensatory nature, but neither distinction nor power nor opportunity for either will attach in any way to the possession of money. Hence, it will be eliminated as a fundamental compensation, retaining at best an altogether secondary rôle. Set before us as a dream, as proof that the race can think nobly and aspire greatly, Socialism is supremely attractive. It finds no little support for itself in our poetry, art, oratory, and in the aspirations of great lovers of our kind. Set before us as a working philosophy and a practical view of motive and endeavor, it can but discourage us by its very nobility. An eminent architect once remarked that he found his happiness in rendering to the race service for which he could not in any way be compensated. He wished that his best work, made best by a noble motive, might be offered to his age as an unrequited gift. Only when all of us can rise to that level may we believe that the compensations of Socialism will be effective. Who can resist the appeal in Kipling's lines:

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame.
But each for the joy of working and each in his separate Star.

* * * * *

As the thought develops, one discovers many fields of human

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endeavor that have been held undefiled by the money motive in our actual civilization. These give us a hint as to the aspiration of Socialism whether or not they give us confidence in its promise. There is no doubt that religion and the professions of law, medicine, art, literature, architecture, teaching, do hold forth high ideals and the inherent worth of duty, service, personal idealism, and do endeavor to lead their members to find compensation in these. However inconspicuous the success of the effort may be, one would be false to facts and unjust to these great professions, were one to fail to keep this in mind. The devotion of parents to their children is not only free from the coarsening touch of money, but eloquent as well in declaring the force of intangible compensations and pure affection in the world about us. A parent who had done full duty to a large family, once remarked: "It is a mistake for parents to expect gratitude as a form of compensation from their children. Compensation must be found by parents in the consciousness of having served the race. Whatever of gratitude and devotion may come back to parents from children will be the good fortune and happiness of the former, but it will not be compensation. There can be none." There are vast numbers of men and women in this selfish world working silently and unknown and finding genuine happiness in doing work that is good, without a thought of compensation for it. But not even these vast numbers can redeem the present world from the tyranny of money as a fundamental form of compensation or permit us to believe that the race can be so refined as to find in the intangible compensations of life, adequate stimulation for effort, self-denial and devotion to the common welfare. There are none of us who have not many times been willing to find adequate compensation for painstaking and unselfish labor in a simple "Thank you." Who has not known the power of praise to stimulate us? We read in *The Winter's Tale:* "Our praises are our wages. You may ride's with one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs ere with spur we heat an acre." There are none of us who have not been filled with resentment, who have not found all baser motives aroused when that simple form of appreciation has been denied us.

It is not easy to speak accurately when one attempts to describe the operation of the collective emotions and purposes of society. As we know humanity, it is in the thralldom of economic fear. We have conditioned the possession of food and clothing and shelter no less than culture, leisure and power on the exclusive

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selfish possession of money. One should scarcely wonder, then, if money tends constantly to become an end instead of a means, and then after security has been won, if it becomes a symbol of nearly everything that one can desire. This has happened under our competitive individualistic civilization. Nor is it to be wondered at that the majority of us are unable to believe that Socialism can succeed in eliminating ecomonic fear without paying an excessive price, whether or not it can make unselfish ideals so intimate to each of us, so enduring in charm as to accomplish in every life what is now the privilege of relatively few. At any rate, the difference between individualism and Socialism is immediately a difference in the judgment of the capacity of human nature to be noble; remotely, it is a difference in the philosophy and forms of compensation.

## Compensation in the Old Testament.

As already stated, the function of organized compensation in social life is to overcome waywardness of desire, aversions, laziness, and to stimulate the individual to develop latent ability for the advantage of society as a whole. The world is supremely concerned in the willingness of individuals to socialize their behavior and to promote the thought, movements, inventions, efforts and renunciations upon which progress is conditioned. It is to be noted, furthermore, that compensation takes on color from social background and social valuations. Men's needs, tastes, ambitions are not determined exclusively by themselves, but in relation to the organized life of which they are part. Social organization and valuations drew the giant intellects of the thirteenth and following centuries into religion and theology just as they draw the twentieth century intellect into industry and statesmanship. Read in the light of these truths, the Old Testament reveals many interesting features of the philosophy and forms of compensation.

The ideals of the Jewish race were supreme in the thinking and aspiration of the individual Jew. Jehovah dealt with the Jews as the chosen people. This race was His favorite. The consciousness of the solidarity of all Jews was uppermost at all times. The individual thought of himself, measured himself, governed himself in the terms of vivid race consciousness. His joys and his sorrows were related to the race. They were not even predominantly matters of immediate personal concern. A stable compulsion acted upon desire, ambition, imagination and

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outlook as these were shaped by race organization, race mission, the position of the race in the plans of Jehovah.

God had entered into a covenant, into intimate relationship with this chosen people. Family, clan and tribe were widening concentric unities held together in the harmony of one over-ruling purpose. Institutions operated, standards found their established proportions, the precepts of morality found their meaning here. Vivid realization of intimate relationship with God, vivid realization of race solidarity, the conviction that the individual Jew was the representative of Jehovah on earth, holding communion with Him, governed every detail of life. Property served a two-fold purpose. It prevented the extinction of the family and preserved family integrity. Any attempt to accumulate and hold property for purely individual purposes, was condemned as almost treason to the race itself. Property in land and houses was a trust from Jehovah for the service of the family and it was inalienable. The family was the basis of social life; hence the reversion of property in the jubilee year. Clan and nation were coördinated. The Jew lived under the dominion of balanced claims of family affection on the one hand, and loyalty to the theocratic national principle on the other. The giving of tithes, first fruits and first born to Jehovah was an impressive and constant reminder of the valuations and relations which governed life. Separation from other peoples, preservation of faith and customs in the family, regular industry in the land, guided the people in quiet and retirement toward their divine destiny. Although in the time of the prophets, individualism had begun to appear in the psychology of the Jew, race appeal, race imagination remained dominant.

All of this must be kept in mind in judging the function and forms of compensation in the organized life of the Jew. The blessings that were promised and punishments that were threatened, performed the functions of compensation. They were stated almost exclusively in the terms of life upon earth. Allusion to eternity and the intangible compensations that anticipate it are extremely rare. Piety brings good fortune. Godlessness brings evil fortune. Long life, numerous progeny, flocks and herds, triumph over adversaries, victory in battle, the possession of the land, stand forth as the forms of compensation which stimulate the individual to discipline desire, to arouse ambition and hold him to the faithful service of his race. Shortened days, childlessness, famine, slavery, are penalties for unfaithfulness, fear of which should operate to

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make the Jew faithful to his law. The sum of all compensations to the race was to be the possession of the promised land. The sum of all punishments was to be the dispersion of Israel, which would thereby become timid, maltreated and despised among the nations of the world.

Thus the motives and compensations that operated in the life of the Jew were controlled in both number and force by the supremacy of the race ideal. Jewish imagination associated good fortune with loyalty to Jehovah, and misfortune with sin, to such an extent that affliction could not be understood when visited upon a good Jew. The friends of Job, therefore, could not understand his sufferings. One recalls the incident in the New Testament when the disciples asked: "Rabbi, who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind? Jesus answered: Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

The organized compensations of social life related to the Jewish race rather than to the individual. It is necessary to keep this in mind in any effort that is made to understand the function and forms of compensation in the Old Testament. It gives us an interesting background in which to interpret the revelations made by our Divine Lord when He came as the Promised Redeemer.

## Compensation in the New Testament.

Our Lord startled the world by tearing away the intangible confusions among which the individual was lost, and by setting him forth in the full personal majesty of his nature, responsible and immortal. Race is a fiction; society is a fiction; nation is a fiction except in as far as these act upon the individual, modifying his relations, indicating his duties, multiplying his resources. All of these are for the individual. The individual is for God. Family, race, tribe, institution, ideal must be tested, must be judged as they serve the orderly spiritual development of human persons. Each man, each woman, each child must live in relation to eternity. Eternity is of the person, of the individual soul destined to the Beatific Vision. Everything that could hurt the soul was swept aside. Everything that could diminish the consciousness of personal dignity and the fullness of personal responsibility before God for thought and word and act, was made secondary, accidental, unimportant except when measured in relation to the

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spiritual welfare of men. Although the Gospel was to the Jew first and to the Greek, it was in fact the message of God to all men for all time.

The individual was thus emancipated from all social confusion and set forth as a responsible person, an individual. Revelation corrected all mistakes in his self-estimate, for it declared him to be the child of God, full brother of his fellowmen, spiritual not carnal, of heaven, not of earth, of eternity, not of time.

Under this astounding teaching of Our Lord, the individual remained still free, wayward in desire, reluctant in self-discipline, temperamentally lazy or energetic and capable of development as he had been and as he has remained. But Christ set Himself forth as the Way, the Truth and the Life. God alone is compensation. Union with Him is the single inclusive destiny of life. All compensations find their form and meaning as they lead toward Him. No compensation whatsoever, let it be in money or in self-satisfaction or in the service of others or in culture, is worthy or effective except as it is acceptable to God, serving to clarify our vision of Him and strengthen the impulse to duty. Eternity is set forth with appealing grandeur. Heaven is compensation. The beautiful story told of St. Thomas conveys the lesson with a striking force. The narrative states that Our Lord said, "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas. What reward shall I give thee?" The saint answered, "Nothing, Lord, save Thee."

Although Our Lord emancipated the individual from all confusing race relations and social standards, the latter remains, nevertheless, social. His life is lived in organized relation with fellowmen. Natural desires, tastes, needs, ambitions were not modified except in as far as spiritual ideals and supernatural strength gave to the individual new motive and power. It still remains necessary for organized society to build up systematic forms of compensation. It is still necessary to coördinate activity, to arouse ambition, to develop latent ability and to foster the interest of social progress. At no time in the Christian era has it been possible to dispense with the forms of compensation which indicate concession to our lower nature. Throughout Christian history the individualism that found its beginning in the teaching of Christ has operated until it has penetrated through political, industrial and social institutions. Throughout these centuries, we have had many forms and philosophies of compensation. They have been cultural, economic, religious. The drift of the world has been away from



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spiritual truth and the spiritual estimate of the individual; away from the spiritual compensations that are part and parcel of the spiritual individualism taught by Christ. Civilization has set in the remote background this spiritual philosophy and its compensations. It has set back also, although in a less marked way, the political and cultural compensations. It has assumed, quite in antithesis with Christ, that selfishness and a form of materialism mean more to civilization than the unselfishness and spirituality which Our Lord clothed in incomparable charm. Thus, money has become the fundamental form of organized compensation much to the detriment of the spiritual compensations established by Our Lord to govern human life.

## The Christian Dilemma.

All systems of compensation are coexistent. One may today organize life according to the coarse compensations of individualism, or in harmony with the unselfish compensations of Socialism. The Jewish dispensation has passed away, but Christ's law endures forever. It is contemporary in every century. We are called to test our attachments to money and to race or nation by the spiritual standards of Christ. He must make our selfishness pure and our spiritual idealism practical. We must fight against social appreciation of money which all but overwhelms us, and remain undisturbed by the social depreciation of the Christian compensations that we hold in reverence. It is no easy task for the natural man to believe with practical trust that "all these things" will be added when we "seek first the Kingdom of God and His Justice." Yet God alone is compensation. Happy they who know this and find in Him their enduring peace.

The law of Christ remains supreme for the believer. God is the supreme compensation. Duty is law, regardless of consequences. No compensation in either distinction, honor, power or wealth is worthy or approved except in as far as it leaves the soul unstained, the spiritual vision unclouded, the spiritual impulses unimpaired. All compensations in wealth, honor, distinction, power, praise are wholesome and acceptable in as far as they leave undisturbed the harmony of the individual's relation to God and to his fellowmen.

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# HOW DRYDEN BECAME A CATHOLIC.

BY BROTHER LEO, F.S.C.

IN the year 1686, John Dryden, then fifty-seven years of age, withdrew from the Church of England and entered the Roman Catholic Communion. In his young manhood he had been sufficiently attached to the Puritan position to write a poem on the death of Oliver Cromwell; and subsequently he was attracted to the fashionable skepticism of the Restoration period. After middle age, however, Dryden turned seriously to religion, as we see from his *Religio Laici,* which is a layman's defence of the Church of England, and from his metrical fable of *The Hind and the Panther,* which, written after his conversion to Catholicism, is a tribute to the excellence of his new-found Faith. He lived a Catholic during the troublous days of the Catholic King James II. as well as during the reign of the Protestant monarchs, William and Mary; and a Catholic he died in the last year of the seventeenth century.

Such, in brief, are the essential facts concerning the religious history of John Dryden. He was not the only Englishman of his day who, brought up a Protestant, became a Catholic; but Dryden, partly by reason of his prominence as a man of letters and partly because of the enthusiasm with which he rushed to the defence of the Church of St. Peter, has been singled out for harsh and ill-tempered criticism. Writers ranging in scholarship, scope and viewpoint from Macaulay to Professor Christie, have represented him as insincere and worldly-wise, as a time-server and an opportunist; and Dr. Johnson and Scott have come but reluctantly and half-heartedly to his defence. Professor Saintsbury, after a careful and judicious investigation of the facts in the case, declares Dryden's conversion to Catholicism to have been "thoroughly sincere as far as conscious sincerity went;" but, he hastens to add, "of a certain amount of unconscious insincerity I am by no means disposed to acquit him." The upshot of it all is that Dryden was a good Puritan when the Cromwells were dominant, that Dryden was a loyal Episcopalian under Charles II., and that Dryden became an ardent Catholic when the Catholic Duke of York ascended the throne. An overwhelming majority of the

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writers on English history and literature would have us believe that, in no very complimentary sense, John Dryden was all things to all kings.

Is there justification for such an estimate of his character and motives? Are not practically all his critics, inheritors by blood and breeding of the "anti-Popish" tradition, victims of the "unconscious insincerity" with which Dryden has been charged? Has not the violent and ingrained hostility to the Catholic Church which brought about such splenetic national epidemics as the Gordon Riots been a sub-conscious factor in their decision that Dryden acted dishonestly in adopting what Scott calls "the more corrupted form of our religion?" An investigation of Dryden's religious mutations will show that the poet laureate's conversion to Catholicism was not only sincere and consistent, but, when his type of mind is taken into account, almost inevitable; and that the steps which led him from Puritanism to Catholicism constitute an interesting contribution to the psychology of religious belief.

## I.

Dryden's youthful adherence to the more extreme or austere form of Protestantism known as Puritanism was the most natural thing in the world. The Pickerings, his mother's family, were Puritans; and his uncle, Sir John Dryden, was among the most enthusiastic supporters of Cromwell. The poet's grandfather, Sir Erasmus Dryden, was regarded as a martyr to the Puritan cause, having been sent to prison a few years before his death in 1632 for refusing to pay loan money to King Charles I. The poet's family traditions were Puritan traditions, and his early environment was a Puritan environment.

The Puritan influence on Dryden was doubtless considerably modified during his school days at Westminster under that stanch royalist, Dr. Richard Busby, whom the poet held in lifelong regard; and when he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650, the Puritan atmosphere there, as we learn from Pepys, had appreciably thinned. But as a political party, Puritanism was still dominant, so it is not surprising that, when Cromwell died in 1658, Dryden, then in his later twenties, should write his heroic stanzas in commemoration of the Lord Protector.

Dryden's temperament and cast of mind had anything but a natural slant in the direction of Puritan ideals; but even had

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we no evidence but the poem itself, we should be justified in concluding that, despite his family heritage and his early environment, Dryden did not share the fervid devotion to Puritanism possessed by his uncle and his grandfather. The heroic stanzas are emphatically pedestrian stanzas, and they lack the vigor and the bounding enthusiasm which distinguish most of Dryden's poetry. This may be accounted for in part on the hypothesis that the poet had not as yet mastered the art of writing; but in matter no less than in manner the poem is conventional, perfunctory. It is a tribute to Cromwell; but by no stretch of appreciation can it be characterized as a glowing tribute.

Dryden, in short, was a Puritan by virtue of family and training, but not through conviction. Puritanism was the garment in which his infant body had been swathed, but it failed signally to grow with its wearer. As a form of religion it never appealed to him. As a political faction it was in the ascendency during his young manhood, its leading figure had assumed the proportions of a national hero, so expediency, if nothing else, would lead Dryden to respect the power of Puritanism and to entertain a dutiful regard toward the Lord Protector. If the heroic stanzas demonstrate one thing more than another it is that Dryden's veneration of Cromwell was elicited by the politician rather than by the religionist. At the time the poem was written and for some years afterward, Dryden had no definite religious views at all. He was a man who developed slowly. While many of his contemporaries were out of college before they were out of their teens, Dryden was twenty-three before he received his bachelor's degree. He achieved prominence as a man of letters when in the thirties, and his best work was not done until two decades later. He required nearly a lifetime to formulate his theory of literature, the development of which may be traced in his essays dating from 1668 to 1699. And so he took a correspondingly long time to orientate himself in religious matters, especially as with him religion was a thing more of the head than of the heart.

## II.

My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.

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In these lines from *The Hind and the Panther,* Dryden summarizes the history of his religious experience from his youth to the time when, seeing the necessity of a visible Church and a body of definite dogma, he wrote a defence of the established form of religion in his *Religio Laici.* During his long London career as a dramatist and a writer of political satires, extending roughly from 1662 to 1682, Dryden was an exceedingly busy man; and the busy man has proverbially neither time nor inclination to puzzle himself over religious problems. But Dryden was no recluse poet living in an attic, and his interest in the theatre, his attendance at those interminable discussions at the coffee houses and his connection with the court of Charles II., where from 1670 he occupied the posts of poet laureate and royal historiographer, kept him thoroughly in touch with current thought. Now the Restoration drama—including Dryden's own contributions to it—was the most frankly immoral period of the English stage; the habitués of the coffee houses were chiefly literary workers of the perennial Bohemian stripe and wits who made great parade of their fashionable skepticism; and the king, whose shameless profligacy was equaled only by his utter lack of religious convictions, set an example to the court. It is not surprising that Dryden "followed false lights."

The thinkers of the day—and Dryden was nothing if not a thinker—burnt their incense before the shrine of John Hobbes. Hobbes' vogue was greatest during the decade preceding his death in 1679. His theory of the absolute nature of state rights, his doctrines of extreme materialism, his adaptation of many of the principles laid down by Descartes, his embodiment of that downright if shortsighted quality of common sense always so dear to the English mind, his occasional use of eminently quotable epigrams and his not less eminently convenient looseness of terminology, all tended to insure his popularity. He had his disciples, his imitators and his middlemen—"wandering fires" that left their charred and blackened spots on subsequent English philosophic thought.

It was inevitable that Dryden, who was not only in his age but of it, should fall under the influence of Hobbes; that he had read the English philosopher we know from a passage in his essay, *On Translating the Poets.* And it was furthermore inevitable, owing to the peculiar bent of his mind, that, having absorbed the current principles of polite skepticism, he should formulate

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some theories on his own account. That this is precisely what happened we have his own assurance:

> .....and when their glimpse was gone
> My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.

Should we desire more evidence that such was Dryden's normal mental process, we have it in the manner in which he developed his theory of poetry and the drama. His earlier essays concern themselves with a re-statement and comparison of the theories underlying representative writers, ancient and modern; his later essays, based upon his own work as poet and dramatist, are the embodiment of the theories of his art wrought out of its practice during many years. The famous essay, *Of Dramatic Poesy,* is a presentation of divergent views concerning the use of rhyme and allied topics; and though the author takes a part in the discussion as one of the four participants in the dialogue, he does not commit himself with any degree of definiteness. He is here what Hamalius styles him, the great compromiser. But he does not rest here. When we turn to the preface to his translation of Virgil or to his essay, *On Translating the Poets,* we see that after some twenty-five years he has secured a large measure of critical independence and sureness of touch, and has made a distinct selection from the store of poetical theory bequeathed him from the past. Here, like the prudent householder in the Gospel, he draws from his treasure both new things and old.

For another reason it is well that we should not forget Dryden's development as a critic of poetry and the drama, for that development had an indisputable effect on his religious status. His years of experimentation with literary forms taught him what in the last century years of literary analysis taught the novelist Bourget—the necessity of authority. A powerful motive in bringing the French novelist to his knees was his recognition of the fact that mere impressionism, either in art or in morals, makes for ultimate chaos. It was a somewhat similar chain of reasoning that led Brunetière to exclaim: "If you wish to know what I believe, go to Rome and find out!"

John Dryden had at least one thing in common with Ferdinand Brunetière. That is what Professor Saintsbury calls "a considerable touch of the scholastic." And Scott expresses the same thought in a slightly different form: "The distinguishing characteristic of

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Dryden's genius seems to have been the power of reasoning, and of expressing the result in appropriate language." Now when a man reasons concerning literary matters—and it is a process that not all who call themselves critics deign to employ—he is not long in reaching a point where he perceives the need of standards; and the existence of standards implies the necessity of authority. And such a man—if he meddle with religious matters at all—must be led, by even more cogent reasons, to recognize there, too, the necessity of dogmatic teaching.

That such, at all events, was the case with Dryden we have more than mere conjecture. His poem, *Religio Laici,* is his profession of belief in the existence of the spiritual sense in man, and of his recognition of a teaching Church which is the custodian of Divine revelation. In the preface—an invaluable document to one who would trace the evolution of the author's religious belief—while maintaining that he is "naturally inclined to skepticism in philosophy," he insists that religion is something infinitely above philosophy, and "that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our reason, but He has been pleased to descend to us."

Despite the fact that in the body of the poem as in the preface he misreads the bearing of the Athanasian Creed, scoffs—as only Dryden can scoff—at the claims of the Roman communion, expresses his fear of that eternal bugaboo, the Jesuit, and in other ways shows himself loyal to the tradition of English Protestantism, he nevertheless makes a powerful, if unwitting, argument in favor of the Catholic Church. He answers objections against the fact of a revealed religion; he insists upon the inspiration of Scripture; he emphasizes the authenticity of at least a portion of tradition, though he is not certain as to what principle should guide in discriminating between the true and the spurious; he is obviously impressed with the advantage of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, though he endeavors to disprove its possession by the Church of Rome.

Every open-minded reader of *Religio Laici* must agree, in essentials, with the following estimate of it by Scott:

> In considering Dryden's creed thus analyzed, I think it will appear that the author, though still holding the doctrines of the Church of England, has been biassed, in the course of his inquiry, by those of Rome. His wish for the possibility of an infallible guide, expressed with almost indecent ardor, the diffi-

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culty, nay, it would seem, in his estimation, almost the impossibility, of discriminating between corrupted and authentic traditions, while the necessity of the latter to the interpretation of Scripture is plainly admitted, appear, upon the whole, to have left the poet's mind in an unpleasing state of doubt, from which he rather escapes than is relieved. He who only acquiesces to the doctrine of his Church, because the exercise of his private judgment may disturb the tranquillity of the State, can hardly be said to be in a state to give a reason for the faith that is in him.

## III.

In 1686, four years after the appearance of his *Religio Laici*, Dryden was received into the Catholic Church. That the Catholic sovereign, James II., had ascended the throne of England early in the preceding year is often emphasized as a significant fact relative to the poet laureate's change of faith; but the truth appears to be that the accession of the former monarch's brother was not even a minor motive of Dryden's renunciation of Protestantism. Dryden needed no such play for favor to stand in the good graces of the new *régime*. He had really nothing to gain. Already, and prior to his conversion, he had been continued by James in his offices of poet laureate and royal historiographer. Long before he had given any manifestation of a leaning toward the Catholic Faith, he had indirectly lent his influence to the succession of the Duke of York by his *Absalom and Achitophel*, a bitter satire on the attempts of Shaftesbury to insure the crown to Charles' illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth. That performance had doubtless been prompted less by devotion to James Stuart than by opposition to certain prominent members of the Monmouth faction; but nevertheless, when James came to the throne, Dryden could say with Othello, "I have done the state some service, and they know it."

He had nothing to gain; and he had much to lose. Whatever else may be thought of Dryden, it can at least be confidently stated that he was no fool; and he was sufficiently conversant with both the character of James and the temperament of the English people to foresee the conflict that in a few short months was to become so sad a reality. That he did foresee the eventual discomfiture of the Catholics is sufficiently indicated in the episode of the swallows in the third part of *The Hind and the Panther*.

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Had he not lived in London in the days of Titus Oates and the frenzy of the alleged Popish Plot? In order to insure the continued enjoyment of his cakes and ale it was neither necessary nor desirable that he should adopt the religion of the man who had taken a palpably precarious seat on the throne of England. As a matter of fact—Macaulay to the contrary notwithstanding—his conversion brought him no advantage that he did not already possess. From the point of view of worldly wisdom his safest course would have been to sit tight and keep still and watch the way the winds blew.

In becoming a Catholic, even were he assured that the new king would be safe from deposition, Dryden exposed himself to serious inconveniences. He was a prominent man, and he had a sufficiency of personal and professional enemies who, he must have foreseen, would be ready enough to doubt the sincerity of his conversion. Dryden was no saint; but he had one thing in common with the most notable ornaments of sainthood—he suffered on account of his faith. The announcement of his conversion was the signal for a broadside of abuse and ridicule from the riff-raff of the rhyming tribe which continued not only to the time of his death, but even broke out with indecent violence on the occasion of his public funeral. And its spirit survives to this day in the treatment accorded Dryden by writers whom we might reasonably expect to exercise more discernment. Nowadays we hold, at least in theory, that a man's change of mind concerning a religious problem is that man's own business. A vastly different opinion prevailed in seventeenth century England, and this applied with especial force to the man who might announce his conversion to the Catholic Faith. So Dryden's conversion to Catholicism necessitated, to some extent, a readjustment of his whole life, a process which comes none too easily to a man well on in his fifties. Dryden reckoned with all these things, which he certainly would not have done were his conversion a mere change of face to suit the new and uncertain completion of the royal court.

An excellent specimen of the attitude of the present-day critic toward this important event in Dryden's career, is afforded in the following words from Professor Christie:

> It would be difficult in any case to give Dryden credit for perfect sincerity and disinterestedness in his adoption of the Roman Catholic religion, after James II. became king;

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> but his antecedents and general character make this altogether impossible. Dryden's temperament was by no means of that sort which engenders sudden conversions. He was not impulsive, and he had no enthusiasm. His clear sharp intellect, and his strong critical faculty, made it easy for him to see faults and flaws, and protected him against all fanaticism. His *Religio Laici* is the mature expression of a faith which is more of the head than of the heart: it is the religion of a calm and clear-sighted man, who has reasoned himself into accepting a quantum of theology, and desires as little dogma as possible.

It would be difficult to find a more complete misreading of the facts. We have seen that Dryden's "antecedents and general character" constitute a gradual and increasingly forceful development in the direction of Catholicism, and that his conversion was very far from being in any sense a sudden conversion. The *Religio Laici* is written from the viewpoint of a man who has indeed "reasoned himself into accepting a quantum of theology, and desires as little dogma as possible," but it is so written simply because a clear and consistent thinker with a scholastic trend of mind could find in the Established Church but a modicum of theology and dogma to accept. It is easy to see that at the back of Professor Christie's mind lies intrenched that stubborn Protestant tradition which identifies the Catholic Faith with fanaticism, and regards conversion to that faith as a step backward out of light into darkness. It is the Protestant tradition fostered by the annual observance of Guy Fawkes Day, the tradition that expressed itself in such diverting manifestations as the Popish Plot agitation and the Gordon Riots, and which to this day leads some of the otherwise clearest heads in England to look upon such men as Cardinal Newman as unfortunate reactionaries.

Dryden gave, in his own way, a reason for the faith that was in him by publishing, in April, 1687, his second religious poem, *The Hind and the Panther*. That he already felt and rightly appreciated the personal hostility which his conversion to Catholicism brought about is indicated in the opening paragraph of his preface. "All men," he tells us, "are engaged either on this side or that; and though conscience is the common word which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies and cannot give the marks of *their* conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons for his own are heard." In the poem itself he provides a reliable key

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to his conversion in his insistence on the necessity of an infallible Church:

> What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
> If private reason hold the public scale?
> But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
> For erring judgments an unerring guide!
> Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
> A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
> O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
> And search no farther than Thyself revealed;
> But her alone for my director take,
> Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
>
> * * * *
>
> Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
> Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
> When safely we may launch into the deep?
> In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
> Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
> And with a better guide a better world explore.

And so, in the course of his extended fable, wherein the Catholic Church is the "milk-white Hind" and the Established Church the "spotted Panther," Dryden reviews the religious situation in England in the days of James II., and sets forth for all who care to read with unprejudiced eyes the motives that led him to Rome. If any further proof of the sincerity of his conversion were needed, we have it in his attitude of kindly consideration toward those whom until recently he had called his brethren in the faith. He is harsh enough toward the "buffoon Ape," the Freethinker, the "bristled Baptist Boar," the Anabaptist, and the "insatiate Wolf," the Presbyterian; but the "Panther" is

> .....sure the noblest next the Hind,
> And fairest creature of the spotted kind.

In this Dryden recalls St. Augustine who, after his conversion to orthodox Christianity, was always more kindly disposed toward his former co-religionists, the Manicheans, than toward the Donatists and other heretics. We entertain a not entirely groundless suspicion of the neophyte who with indecent haste proceeds to throw stones at his erstwhile brethren.

But the ultimate and unanswerable proof of Dryden's good

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faith is his perseverence in Catholicism. Shortly after the accession of William and Mary, he lost his yearly pension of one hundred pounds, his place in the customs, his post as royal historiographer and his office of poet laureate; and, to make the cup the more bitter, he saw his old enemy Shadwell, whom he had excoriated in *MacFlecknoe*, garlanded with the laureateship. Thus Dryden, because he was guilty of the unpardonable crime of being a Catholic, was left destitute when almost sixty years of age. Why, if he had been a time-server and an opportunist all his life, did he not renounce his new-found faith and curry favor with William of Orange? The thing has been done many a time by men whose interest has ventured largely in the location of the flesh pots. But instead Dryden resumed his pen and eked out what existence he could by writing more plays and engaging in translations. When he died, a Catholic, in 1700, he left no will; there was practically nothing to leave.

We have seen that Dryden's conversion to Catholicism was the final link in a chain of religious experience which in its essentials is representative of a large number of men who have come by devious ways into the Catholic Church. The Puritanism in which he had been brought up never profoundly affected him, and he sloughed it in his young manhood. Next he adopted the fashionable skepticism of the times; but his cast of mind was such that he could not permanently content himself with a negative attitude toward religion, and the outcome was his mature adhesion to the Episcopal form of belief. This, with his earnestness and thoroughgoing powers of analysis, he sifted and weighed; and, finding it wanting in certain of the marks of the Church of Christ, he proceeded, as a last resort, to examine the claims of the Catholic Church, with the result that he could consistently exclaim: "Good life be now my task; my doubts are done!"

It may be urged that in that very line Dryden stands self-condemned; that Dryden, neither before nor after his conversion to Catholicism, was conspicuous for sanctity. Certainly, not even his most ardent admirers would have the hardihood to keep his canonization; but on the other hand we have no reason for supposing that his profession of aiming at a good life was a mere rhetorical effusion. The plays that he wrote in his first dramatic period are undeniably foul, and the fact that they are not more so than most contemporary dramas—dramas that have today fallen into an eminently deserved neglect—does not excuse them. It is true like-

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wise that much that he wrote subsequent to his conversion is decidedly strong meat for babes; but Dryden was a man of his times and he wrote for his times, and though his public acknowledgment of his breaches of good taste and decency does not condone his offences, it at least serves to remind us that he regretted his professional shortcomings. As to his private life, his enemies have gone through his career most thoroughly in their search for moral lapses, and the most they have been able to unearth is that he was once beaten by hired ruffians, that he generally knew a good thing when he wrote it, that he was not happily married and that, in the days of his youth, he was once discovered in the heinous act of discussing a tart with an actress, properly chaperoned. Verily, from such sins may we all be delivered!

The obverse of his character is given by his contemporary, the dramatist Congreve: "He was of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate; easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with them who had offended him .....His friendship, where he professed it, went much beyond his professions, and I have been told of strong and generous instances of it by the persons themselves who received them.....To the best of my knowledge and observation he was of all men that ever I knew one of the most modest, and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches to his superiors or his equals."

A supernatural element inheres in all conversions; God makes use often of natural means to bring men to a realization of right and truth, but His grace is the essential and ever-present moving power. It stands to the eternal credit of John Dryden, poet, dramatist, satirist and critic, that he did not turn aside when the Divine Hand stretched out to him and led him on.

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## THE STRATEGISTS.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

WHEN, on two previous occasions, Peter had strayed into the star-smitten realm of romance, he had found the historical rôles reversed and himself the pursued, whereupon he had instantly foregone his rights in the premises and fled incontinently. Now, however, at five and twenty, he flattered himself that he had discovered a plan to destroy utterly the advances of the acquisitive. And, if, by some miraculous connivance of circumstance, he could escape the fatal assistance of his Aunt Cornelia, he hadn't the shadow of a doubt that his present delectable adventure would end with the golden symbol of eternity. So keen were his feelings on this point that, without exactly cutting the lines of communication, he had purposely refrained from answering his aunt's last letter, now almost six weeks overdue! In the light of past performances, such neglect was little short of felonious. Peter, however, didn't feel at all like a felon. He felt, if anything, like a master strategist. And thereby runs a tale.

Peter drew in his chair to the breakfast table to find beside his plate two letters, each of which bore the Paris post-mark. The handwriting on one of the envelopes claimed attention, wherefore he hastily slit the cover to get at the heart of the matter. It was a message from his still loyal but somewhat complaining conspirator, the estimable James Spencer Barton. An unraveling of the chirographic tangle resulted in the following:

> FRIEND PETER:
>
> Do you know that *she* is in Paris? Fact. Met her last evening. Had dinner together. Don't be alarmed. I lived up to my part in your fictitious scheme of things. Fine rôle you picked for me in your personally conducted comedy, "Loved For Himself Alone!"
>
> Don't suppose you've had a look at her mightiness, the Duchess of San Bernardino? From what I gathered last evening, she's about as freezingly precise as she is coldly beautiful. And yet—she seems to be alive to the humor of things. What American ever did forfeit that blessed birthright!

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Miss L—— was under the impression that I'd given you a month's leave of absence. I told her that you'd abandoned your sinecure with me under the perfectly original delusion that the world owed your literary genius immediate recognition. I'm surprised at your lack of invention.

Do you know, I can't reconcile myself to the thought of a girl like Miss Loring having to earn bread and butter as a governess. And I don't think you're helping matters by not playing fair. Personally, I'm through with this deception. There's a limit to my imagination. Besides I've developed a conscience. Moreover, she's in love with you—you scoundrel.

Peter, smiling superiorly, picked up the remaining missive and, a few seconds later, was in full cry after the following:

DEAR PETER:

At a peremptory summons from the duchess, I left London ahead of time. I've been spending a few days in Paris, but shall be at San Bernardino tomorrow.

Why didn't you tell me you were writing a novel? You can guess the source of that information. He and I had dinner together last night. Are you sure there's no misunderstanding about your being on a leave of absence? Mr. Spencer thinks you've left him for good.

You don't expect to get rich writing silly tales for idlers, I hope! How many times must I tell you not to worry about money. I'm glad that you are poor. I could be perfectly happy with water and a crust, as long as my husband's heart was all mine, as mine would be all his. Money seeds the heart with suspicions.

I can't say just how soon I'll be able to see you. The duchess is very strict. Under no circumstance, remember, are you to send me letters by post. And *don't* prowl about the grounds.

I shall be within a stone's throw of you tomorrow, won't I? And I haven't seen you in almost three weeks. Are you famished? RUTH.

"Famished!" he echoed, and forthwith made a dash for the garden. He was diligently scrutinizing the neighboring landscape of San Bernardino, when his hostess, Marianna Morello, hove to in the offing. Whereupon he launched a pertinent inquiry.

"Suppose," he submitted, "suppose I were caught trespassing on those lovely lawns over there, would the duke set the dogs on me, do you think?"

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"*Machè!*" exclaimed Marianna scornfully, "the duke is a gentleman."

"Ah," murmured Peter as one reassured.

"If you care to visit the castle," suggested Marianna, "you may do so any Thursday, from one to three, by appointment."

"I may!" he cried.

"Certainly," she threw out briskly. "It is well worth a visit. There are beautiful pictures and tapestries and—"

"Ladies?" he suggested hopefully.

"Not of the family," returned Marianna decisively. "Two men servants will conduct the visitors. It is a concession. Many travelers are interested in works of art. You could write for permission to see the galleries next Thursday."

"I haven't the faintest desire," remarked Peter dreamingly. And, as his audience stood frowning incomprehension, he explained: "There's only one object over there that really claims my interest, but it isn't on exhibition. And as long as I can't see that one, I won't see the others. They'd annoy me."

"I never heard of that one," mused Marianna, frowning.

"Of course not," agreed Peter. "It arrived only yesterday from Paris. But it's worth all the rest of the ducal collection put together. I wish I could give you even a faint notion of its exquisite charm, its rare desirability. But I can't. Some day, however, I'll let you have a glimpse. Until then you must exercise patience, and I'm not to prowl around the ducal domain."

Marianna regarded him suspiciously, but without comment. Whereupon Peter conjectured: "We should know the worst in a week at latest."

But he didn't have to wait that long, since the afternoon post brought him a letter charged with alarming news, but comforting in certain of its declarations. It informed him:

> DEAR PETER:
>
> I'm here at last—a little Miss Nobody among a lot of Somebodies. The lords and ladies of the realm aren't wasting time over *me*. Aren't you glad? Of course, there's the usual exception, but I've already crushed him with a look. Aren't you flattered!
>
> I intended coming over to take tea with you tomorrow, but it's out of the question now. Something disagreeable has happened. The duchess is up in arms. We've had a row. She and I quarreled about you. I can't imagine where she learned



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of our affair. But you mustn't blame her. She feels responsible for me, as indeed she is.

Just now discretion is everything. I may not be able to see you for some time. But when I do, you shall have your answer. The quarrel has helped me understand myself. It's an ill wind, isn't it? But there are ever so many important things I want to talk over with you. I dread to do so, because, perhaps, you won't be able to see some matters in just the light that I do. And if you don't? But, of course, you will.

RUTH.

Peter read the revelation again, literally and between the lines, but with no appreciable effect upon his mounting apprehensions.

A sharp summons from the doorway brought him back to the grosser realities of the moment.

"A visitor wishes to see you," announced Marianna.

"A visitor?" he wondered, jumping to his feet.

"Here is the card," said Marianna. "The lady is sitting under the trees in the garden."

"Why—er—good heavens," said Peter, glancing at the card, "it's my aunt. Did you tell her I was at home?"

"Certainly," replied Marianna.

"Hm—m," said Peter, "in that case, I'll be down presently. And you'd better draw some fresh tea."

Five minutes later he was undergoing the scrutiny of a somewhat oldish lady, who was saying: "I dare say you *are* surprised to see me."

"Frankly speaking," he returned, "I am. I didn't dream of meeting you here. If you'll share some—"

"A cup of tea, nothing more," she stipulated. "I've just come from Siena, having a call to make in the neighborhood. I thought it well to look you up. I never knew you were fond of the country."

"W—e—l—l," he offered amusingly, "I felt the need of a change. I was tired of the boulevards, the butterflies, the gadflies and the noise."

"Indeed," said she, examining his countenance, "nothing more serious, I hope?"

"Would that drive me to the country, do you think?" he countered.

"It has driven men to stranger places," she declared. "Besides, I can't exactly imagine you as a lover of desert places."

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"I don't catch the point," admitted Peter, frowning.

"Well," she enlightened him, "ours was always a marrying family. Its men folk, especially, stepped off early and lived to green old ages. There was never a shirker among them."

"Oh—o," murmured Peter, and then: "Their reward shall be exceeding great."

"It shall, indeed," she affirmed. "And when, pray, are you going to settle down? You're not willfully blind, I hope?"

"On the contrary," he hastened to assure her, "but I prefer a woman that will have a thought for me and not for my purse."

"Faith in womankind has always been a bright tradition in the family," was the accusing reminder.

"Exactly," he conceded, "and our women have never cared for money, but for their children, husbands and homes. That's the sort of a woman I've been waiting for."

"And have you found her?" asked his aunt with a wondering smile.

And suddenly Peter's position dawned upon him. He was on thin ice. Nevertheless, he sensed an opportunity, wherefore he inquired: "What would you give to know?"

"A bit of advice that you'd find as priceless as it is important," said she, tapping his arm with her fan.

"Hm—m," he returned, wondering, "and what may that be?"

"Marry her," was the prompt reply. "Who is she?"

But just then their tea arrived. And it was not until Marianna had taken her departure that Mrs. Farrington reminded her nephew of the unanswered question with a little peremptory "Well?" Whereupon, with purpose aforethought, he broke the news:

"A poor, little, brow-beaten governess, innocent as a babe, bright as the sun, beautiful as a dream."

"A likely story," threw out his aunt dryly.

"It's the virgin truth," asserted Peter solemnly.

"Love is, indeed, blind," murmured the other, lending herself to the business of the tea things.

"I don't exactly get—" began Peter.

"You will when she has captured you—and your money," laughed his aunt cynically.

"Ah," said Peter, jubilant, "you're all astray. She thinks I'm more poverty-stricken than herself."

"You!" exclaimed his aunt.

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"I've been next door to a pauper for almost six months," announced Peter. "And, up until a few weeks ago, I have been the ill-paid, much abused hireling of that chronic invalid, Mr. James Spencer, more creditably known as Jimmie Barton."

"Hm—m," said his aunt with a flash of accusation in her glance.

"But," went on Peter, undismayed in his search for certain exact information, "the need of bettering my fortune, not to mention the wisdom of giving fair play to my obvious talents, has led me into the more lucrative and genteel world of letters. As Peter Danforth she would have despised me for an idler. In Peter Vaughn's poverty she has already recognized a badge of honor. It becomes me to have her discern in his industry a pledge of faith. Her name is Ruth Loring. She's an American. And just at present she's the recipient of a lot of superfluous advice in that fortress of the high and mighty—over there."

Peter waved a scornful hand in the direction of San Bernardino.

"Ruth—Loring," murmured his aunt, regarding him askance. "A—governess—San Bernardino." Peter met her glance firmly.

"Your friends will indeed be surprised," she remarked.

"And you?" sought Peter, arriving at the objective point.

"To be perfectly candid with you," she replied, "the revelation is a shock. Still, you're the one to be suited. Have you the time?"

"It's—er—just half after three," said Peter, "must you be going?"

"I'm expected at four," was the rejoinder, "promptness and the duchess are synonymous—"

"The duchess!" exclaimed Peter, drawing back, incredulous.

"An old school friend," was the disconcerting rejoinder. "You may see me to the carriage."

"But," began Peter, following after.

"Not another word," she returned, "I'll write at the first opportunity."

And before he could gather his wits, she had called out an unusually firm "good-bye," and was on her way to the exclusive kingdom of the somebodies.

Peter, gazing at the swirling dust of her exodus, frowned apprehensively and muttered: "It was just as well to learn what she thought of it anyway."

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Forty-eight hours later he was further enlightened from the same source by means of a letter. This is what his aunt wrote:

> My Dear Nephew:
>
> The duchess and I had a heart to heart talk the other evening. Since she's the last person in the world upon whom one would dare play tricks, I told her everything. Don't attempt to argue the implied charge. You and your friend Jimmie Barton are culpable to a degree.
>
> There has been some very plain talk going forward at San Bernardino the past few days. You can guess its import. The duchess was thoroughly justified. She has an indisputable right in the premises. Her duty was, and still is, obvious.
>
> I needn't remind you that it required a deal of explanation to set you aright. Your predicament, however, is not quite hopeless. Certain of your fences need mending. I've left material scattered along the line.
>
> If you have that priceless treasure of the times—a moment to spare—you might do worse than keep in touch with me.

"Heart to heart talk, eh," said Peter musingly, "I don't like the sound of that. Something's in the wind."

It was. And twenty-four hours later he received indisputable evidence. It arrived by way of a letter, the envelope of which bore in part the alarming legend: "Mr. Peter Vaughn (Danforth)." Frowning doubt, and gripped with startling fears, Peter slit the cover and drew forth the message. It was clear as crystal, cold as ice, relentless as time, and announced:

> My Dear Mr. Danforth:
>
> The truth of your identity has just been made clear to me. The motive behind such duplicity is, of course, best known to yourself. I decline, however, to be the victim of it.
>
> Miss L——.

Three, five, ten minutes passed, and he still sat staring wide-eyed at the fatal missive. He suffered a temporary spasm of consciousness, wherein he shook a fist at the unoffending heavens and exclaimed: "I knew it! I could have taken an oath on it!"

A minute later he disappeared under a tidal wave of desolating conjectures. He was rescued late that evening by the irresistible clutch of an aching appetite. Peter was young. Twenty-four hours thence his nemesis sent this reminder of her presence:

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DEAR PETER:

At the earliest solicitation of the duchess, I have decided to remain at San Bernardino for awhile. An epidemic of sudden leave-takings seems to have fallen on the place. The duke has been called to Milan. The butler left for London last night. And this morning there's a governess missing, bag and baggage. It never rains but pours in such affairs.

There's a mystery surrounding the departure of your mouse-like governess. Still, don't take her decision to heart. There's nothing perfect in a world so interesting as this. And don't do anything rash.

The duchess is taking me with her to Paris for a few days. She's to meet a friend and visit the shops. Since she has consented to take a significant interest in you, let me urge you to cultivate the opportunity. It isn't everyone that has the entrée to San Bernardino. Did you know that she has a very lovely sister?

AUNT CORNELIA.

"Hm—m," said Peter, "you couldn't miss the inference if you tried. Afternoon tea with the high and mighty, in order to introduce *their* ideal. And they've the unplumbed confidence to think I can't see it!"

Under the influence of that invigorating thought, Peter devoted his entire evening to the patient building of the following structure. The achievement cost him several brisk passages with memory, yet proved, on the whole, a secretly pleasing labor. Here is the edifice of his thoughts:

DEAR RUTH:

I deserved every word that you wrote—and much more. I shall never cease to regret my folly in not telling you the truth from the beginning. And yet my motive in acting as I did was not altogether unfair and not at all dishonorable.

I was tempted to tell you the whole story the night I left you in London, but was afraid of the very thing that has happened. My keenest wish had always been to meet a girl that would care only for myself. Until six months ago, I had not met her. And then you came. No need to remind you of the occasion that first brought us together, nor of our many subsequent meetings. I was happy for the first time in years. You can't conceive how happy I was. It was too beautiful and true to last. But I never dreamt it would end in just this way.

Won't you please write and tell me that you will see me, and when and where? And I do want to see you—more than

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you can imagine. Because of you I had come to taste a happiness I didn't think existed. I'll do anything you wish. You may put me to any test you choose, even to the abdication of friends and riches. Can't you see that I love you better than all else in the world? *Won't* you see that I am suffering?

PETER.

P. S.—Am addressing you at former hotel at Paris with instructions to forward.

Peter regarded his handiwork at some length, but eventually decided to let well enough alone. He personally saw to its posting the following morning, then settled down to the heart-wrenching business of hopeful waiting. Forty-eight hours later, catching sight of two letters lying beside his luncheon things, he suffered a variety of emotions. A reading of the superscriptions crushed his last flickering expectancy. One of the missives formally requested the pleasure of his presence at San Bernardino the following afternoon at four o'clock. The other was from his aunt, and informed him:

MY DEAR PETER:

The duchess with a friend and myself returned to San Bernardino yesterday. I understand that you are to take tea here tomorrow afternoon. In spite of your recent error of discretion (to put it mildly) you are a lucky man.

The duchess is a charming woman. She'll put you at your ease in a moment. She has thoughtfully arranged to send one of her carriages to fetch you over. I'm specially anxious to have you meet her sister.

I hope you realize your good fortune and are prepared to make the most of it. AUNT CORNELIA.

"Good heavens!" muttered Peter, a scornful curl to his lips, "you can actually see her hand at work. Talk about errors of discretion!"

Nevertheless, he dispatched a note of acceptance. The following afternoon found him in the shadow of the castle walls. Excepting the silent obsequiousness of the servants, there seemed nothing to occasion the slightest alarm. The duchess, charming of person, affable of eye, and accompanied by Mrs. Cornelia Farrington, came forward to greet him. A word or two and he was escorted out upon a terrace, where introductions to other guests were achieved. Eventually, the duchess left him to the care of four young persons seated at the edge of the terrace. Peter had scarcely

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entered into the spirit of the occasion, when his aunt somewhat hurriedly drew near. She handed him a telegram with the announcement, "The girl from your villa brought it a moment ago."

"Oh—er—thank you," murmured Peter. And with an apologetic nod, which his audience returned, he hastily drew forth the message. "Sorry," said Peter, scanning the line, "I must leave for Paris immediately."

"Paris!" echoed his aunt, frowning.

Wherewith, conventionally withdrawing, Peter drew his aunt aside and whispered: "Read it."

Whereupon, a picture of incredulity, Mrs. Cornelia Farrington trained her glass upon the missive and read:

DEAR PETER: Come at once. RUTH.

She said nothing, but shrugged her shoulder. It was an eloquent shrug, and under its influence Peter straightened perceptibly.

"I know you're disappointed," he murmured, "but my mind is made up. My heart is in Paris. I'll tell you all about it later. Please find the duchess."

"Well," sighed his aunt, as if fingering the fragments of a shattered dream, "what is to be will be. You're taking the step with wide-open eyes."

She then led him indoors and down a corridor to one of the reception rooms. To the functionary that glided into the scene she announced: "You will please find the duchess."

And as the man set out upon his mission, she returned to Peter with: "You will pardon me for not lingering; but I'm sufficiently embarrassed as it is."

And before he could gather his wits she was gone: gone with an inclination of the head that was at once a regret and an indictment.

"Great heavens!" gasped Peter, staring at the vacant doorway, "she has taken it to heart."

And then a figure filled the doorway. It was that of the duchess. She came forward rather slowly, an intangible something about her, a dignity, a polite patience. She came to a halt with a half wondering, half willing: "You wished to see me?"

"I—er—that is I've been suddenly called to Paris," said Peter, instantly scorning himself for his apparent trepidation.

"Oh," she murmured with a lazy, an exasperating, uplift of her brows.

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"I wished to tender you an apology for my somewhat abrupt leave-taking," he announced, "and to thank you for your great kindness."

"Ah," said the duchess sympathetically, "I'm truly disappointed. Of course, I shan't urge you to stay, though you have the better part of three hours till train time. I had hoped that you would meet my sister. She has just arrived."

And as the duchess stood graciously smiling an inquiry, Peter magnanimously informed her: "I should feel greatly honored, I assure you."

And the next moment, with a slight inclination of her head and a murmured: "If you will pardon me," the duchess was gone.

Peter, looking toward the vacant doorway, delivered an oration of exactly four words: "Tenacious—to—the—last!"

A few moments later, as his glance roved lazily about, he was aware of a movement of the portières at the other end of the room. Expectant, he summoned his most diplomatic smile, and waited. Suddenly the curtains were parted and a girl stood before him. Peter, diplomacy to the winds, stood staring at her, incredulous.

"You're determined to start at once for Paris, I hear?" she challenged him.

"Hm," returned Peter, his wits recovered, "it doesn't do to believe everything you hear."

"But," she insisted, "you received a telegram."

"On the contrary," corrected Peter, drawing nearer, insatiable hunger in his eyes, "I received an imperative summons."

"Oh—o," she demurred, instantly receding a defensive inch or two.

"Which," he announced, striding boldly forward, "I intend to answer forthwith."

And immediately—but, perhaps, you've been through an equally heart-gasping moment yourself.

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# ANOTHER DOOR FOR ALASKA.

BY M. R. RYAN.

AS a whole, the aspect of war is repelling and hideous. While "the red rebellion of the guns" is in progress it is difficult to discern in the chaotic outlook even one touch of softening color. Yet the ameliorating note is always present, though it may need a prolonged scrutiny to glimpse it. At the present moment, we of the United States are engaged in the conflict that already has taken its toll of millions of lives. With the hour of sacrifice upon us the situation would seem to offer nothing in the way of alleviation. There exists one circumstance that makes for encouragement, however.

When, on April 6th, we declared war upon Germany, we became, in effect, if not in fact, an ally of the Entente Powers; and in a particular degree we became the ally of our neighbor to the north. Now Canada lies between us and our colossal possession, Alaska. On that account, our communication with Alaska is via the sea only; and it, and its resources, consequently, are none too accessible to us. The railroad that might have been built between this country and Alaska across Canadian territory, thus permitting Alaskan commerce a new exit, has never materialized. Will it materialize now? Possibly. Knit by closer bonds of friendship with Canada than ever before, and possessing her unqualified faith in our good intentions, we may be able to induce her to allow us to open up another door in our northern empire, for in the event of her consenting, benefit would accrue to her as well as to ourselves. Thus would the war accomplish a most valuable result—a result, it must be added, that would not be generally appreciated.

"Alaska," wrote Major-General Greely, in 1909, "has contributed to our public wealth products worth more than three hundred millions of dollars, yet to this day it is a *terra incognita* to the American public. Not only is the ordinary man of affairs ignorant of the general features of Alaska, but this is also true of the usually well-informed."

It would not be stretching the truth unduly to say that at the present time this observation is still applicable. Since Seward in 1867 negotiated the purchase from Russia of what was facetiously

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known as his ice-box, Alaska has been visualized by the majority of Americans as a barren land, with perpetual snow and icebergs very much in evidence. As a matter of geographical record, however, it is only in the extreme Arctic region that such conditions are to be found. Most of the Territory is within the north-temperate zone. Southeastern Alaska, indeed, is comparatively mild, while the Alaskan Peninsula is pleasant in summer, though rather severely frigid in the winter seasons. In the vicinity of St. Michael, about a hundred miles south of Nome, the winter temperature reaches to two and three-tenths degrees.

The climate being what it is, it is not surprising that there are fifty million acres of agricultural land in the Territory. Some of this land is under cultivation, but its output is not sufficient to supply the home markets. At the Jesuit Mission, Holy Cross, on the lower Yukon, some exceptional results in farming have been obtained, and even up at the garrisons near the Arctic Circle successful vegetable crops have been produced. However, agriculture in Alaska does not offer an unduly tempting field to workers. It is from her copper, gold and silver mines, her practically untouched coal deposits, and her fisheries that Alaska derives her wealth. Through these, and lesser industries, nine hundred per cent per annum is being realized nowadays on the original purchase price of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. Seward's wild scheme has justified itself—and at that only in a conservative fashion!

It is singular that the real worth of Alaska should have been so completely ignored by administration after administration until recent years. After having been organized as a non-contiguous territory in 1866, it was not supplied with a form of government until seventeen years thereafter, when the laws of Oregon were extended to it. Upon the discovery of gold in the Nome district in 1899, Congressional attention was directed towards the Territory, and in 1900 actual civil government was granted it. Six years later it obtained representation in Congress. And five years ago a territorial assembly—with limited powers—was authorized by our legislators. In this tardy manner was Alaska (whose residents consider her the red-headed step child of the United States) finally propitiated.

But not only has Alaska suffered from Congressional apathy; from the consequent lack of a criminal code (so much so that some of the inhabitants, in dire need, were once forced to request protection from the English navy!); from the absence of proper legal,

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medical and educational facilities; she has also been the victim of political conditions as her importance grew; of an unnecessary Forest Service; of the belated opening of her coal fields; of a scarcity of good highways, and meagre transportation facilities.

Wherever new policies are projected, for instance, there is bound to be pessimistic opposition. The far-seeing but untried plans for Alaska's welfare that were proposed by certain Government officials met with much blunt opposition, therefore. Thus advance in the affairs of the Territory was negligible, while discussions regarding them were rife in political quarters.

Then, the Forest Service, which was inaugurated as a conservation measure, proved somewhat of a detriment. Some of its regulations, well suited to the needs of the States, were unsatisfactory as applied to Alaska. To illustrate—before the Service took charge there was a territorial law in force with forbade the shipment of lumber to the United States. Under the new *régime,* lumber might be exported if stumpage were paid to cover the Service's expenses. Now, in a specific case (that of the Alexander Archipelago reserve) the forest was withdrawn, it was said, in order that the timber kings could not rifle it for export purposes. Yet would not the old territorial law have furnished ample protection in this instance? Was it not a better measure of conservation than the one introduced by the Forest Reserve? One need have no quarrel with the conservation enthusiasts to take exception to a system that imposed irritating restrictions (as this system undoubtedly did) on people in a territory so sparsely settled. It worked hardship to more than one. This phase of the question, too, should be noted. Under the new order, railroads buying Alaskan lumber for construction purposes were obliged to pay for the same at the Forest Reserve stumpage rates, and this at a time when Alaska was crying for transportation! If this means improvement, it is difficult to see it.

The belated opening of the coal fields was another cause of annoyance to the Alaskans. Every day of delay in so doing put them at a disadvantage. Eastern coal operators were shipping more or less of their product to the Pacific seaboard. The Alaskans were convinced that once the Panama Canal was opened these operators would strongly intrench themselves on the coast, confident of the fact that they would be able to compete with such operators as Alaska would produce as soon as the coal fields were released; and, it was also figured, the last men on the scene would, therefore, have an unequal business struggle before them.

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The troublesome situation was relieved in 1914, when a bill authorizing the leasing of the coal fields was passed by Congress. By this bill, a lessee was permitted to rent two thousand five hundred and sixty acres, for which he was to pay the Government a yearly rental of from twenty-five cents to a dollar an acre, this to be applicable on the royalty demanded, which was two cents a ton.

In the constructing of highways Alaska has proceeded none too rapidly. Since wheeled traffic there is, to all intents and purposes, out of the question until roads are built, and since railroads that cannot touch the interior have little reason for existence, it becomes apparent that highways are of paramount importance to the development of the Territory. The Board of Road Commissioners for Alaska was organized in 1905. Since then the building of routes has materially increased.

One of the most serious problems that has confronted the Territory has been that of the railroads. These paths of steel are the means to unlocking the treasure of an empire. Whether to leave those already in Alaska to private interests, such as the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate, thereby risking a possible unfair monopoly at some future date, or whether the Government should own and control them, were questions that were long argued. The matter was definitely decided when Congress on March 12, 1914, voted in favor of the Government, the President being then directed "to locate, build, or purchase and operate" a system of railroads at a cost not to exceed thirty-five million dollars.

The Railroad Commission, with William C. Edes as Chairman, commenced construction in 1915, with Anchorage on Cook Inlet for a base. As a part of the new system the Alaska Northern Railway was purchased. The Government road then stood on the engineer's blueprints as from Seward, on the southern coast through the Susitna Valley and Broad Pass to the Tanana River with a terminal at Fairbanks. Its length, including a short branch to the Mantanuska coal fields, totaled five hundred and four miles. In eight months' time a right-of-way was cleared for forty miles, and thirteen miles or more of track were laid. Shortly afterwards the inevitable labor difficulties ensued. These being presently adjusted, the construction went on apace. It is hoped that by the fall of this year the Nenana coal fields, about a hundred miles south of Fairbanks, will be reached. This Government railroad gives an outlet to Alaska's resources through the ocean port at Seward. Its construction has meant much to the Territory.

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But a railroad to the United States would mean even more to Alaska. With its possibilities (some of which have not even been sounded, for but two-fifths of the Territory is mapped) an inland route to this country would be of untold value. And not alone from a commercial point of view would this be so. Alaska is an empire worth the having. It is entirely within the range of conception that Japan may one day cover it. Under such a contingency, provided conditions are not altered, there is a probability that Alaska will be lost to us. Soldiers—the implements of defence—now reach Alaska from the sea. But have we any assurance that in time of war our transports would ever reach Alaskan ports?

True, we possess an important strategical point and a point of defence in Dutch Harbor of the Aleutian Islands that stretch chain-like from Alaska to Asia. Dutch Harbor is the same distance from San Francisco as from Honolulu. In a naval problem, Dutch Harbor becomes one point of a triangle. Therefore, an enemy admiral would scarcely chance an attack on our coast with the knowledge before him that once within the line stretching between Honolulu and Dutch Harbor he might trap himself, with our battle-ship squadrons converging upon him from the points of the triangle. But all the foregoing is based upon the assumption that Dutch Harbor is properly fortified and guarded. It is not—though it might be put in shape without an excessive expenditure.

Alaska, then, is without the protection that a good naval station and an adequate fleet could afford. Practically her one defence is the army, and that army, en route, is at the mercy of a naval enemy. If our Government were able to transport its military forces to Alaska, both in war and peace, over a Canadian-American railroad, the gravity of existing conditions would be somewhat lessened. The time is ripe for action in the matter.

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## STODDARD, PSALMIST OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY FRANCIS O'NEILL, O.P.

THE life of Charles Warren Stoddard, the Psalmist of the South Seas, has a particular and strangely fascinating interest for students of American Catholic literature. Although reared outside the Church, with the influences of religious prejudices on every side, he found, when grown to manhood, a simple, childlike faith awaiting him at the baptismal font. He rose from the steps of the altar a new man. He had shattered the chrysalis that the wings of his soul might expand in the radiant light of faith.

Born in Rochester, New York, in 1843, he spent his boyhood days until twelve in New York City, then journeyed to California with his father. A trip in the old skipper *Flying Cloud* back to New York by way of Cape Horn made of him a passionate lover of the sea. After a two-year's stay in New York, the Sunset Land called to him again and he returned to California.

> Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
> Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
> Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
> Out where friendship's a little truer.

When his furtive verses appearing in the *California* won notice, the literary critics were surprised to find the identity of the new author disclosed in the person of a diffident young clerk in Beach's bookshop. Mr. King, who made the discovery, bestowed praise and criticism so judiciously that he was able to introduce his youthful poet to Roman, *The Overland Monthly* publisher. Stoddard's packet of poems were gone over by Bret Harte and in 1867 came from the press. These were the wisdom-finding days of Stoddard's life, for from that brilliant coterie—Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Noah Brooks, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller—he drew the inspiration of his literary art. Had Stoddard continued to gaze upon the beauty of California, he might have pen-pictured the tints that crowd her landscape with such baffling changes of color. He chose rather to wander in distant lands, leaving, as a parting

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gift, a new interpretation of the fogs that settle over the Golden Gate—to his fancy's eye, they had become the Ghosts of Avalanches.

Before setting out to visit his sister, who had married a wealthy planter of Hawaii, he went on the stage for a couple of months, but the rapid change in bills was too strenuous for a lazy man who could neither sing nor dance. He found the Sandwich Islands an untouched garden of Alcinous. The luscious fruit of his musings dropped into his hands unbidden and he spread them before delighted friends in *South Sea Idyls*—"the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean" in the judgment of Howells.

The *Idyls* are filled with a boundless sympathy, a tender, reverential awe, with sufficient fantastic humor to bring out a telling contrast. Stoddard had an abiding trust in all things. The *Petrel* tossed on the waves for five weeks, but Stoddard remembered that her cargo was edible; bad weather made the sea as unpoetical as an eternity of cold suds and bluing; but Stoddard looked into the blossoming sky to see the stars that hung like fruits in sun-fed orchards. He pictures his blessed islands; reefs baptized with silver spray; tropical night following purple twilight —all these as he lay dreaming sea dreams in the cradle of the deep.

The Hawaiians recognized in him a brother without guile. Kana-ana took to him by instinct. Stoddard kidnapped his dear, little velvet-skinned, coffee-colored chum, but failed to make him conventional, either by speech or dress, nor could he prevent him from worshipping before every wooden Indian they met on their walks. So Stoddard sent his savage home, convinced that the little cannibal was not quite so good as when he got him.

The *Idyls* will remain the most popular of Stoddard's books, for in them is blended tranquil, yet enthusiastic joys, soul stirring pathos and a spiritual vision that counts the trappings of artificial living not worth striving for. Theodore Bentzon who gave thirty pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to a study of Stoddard, says: "They have the flavor of the pomegranate in its native place, the fire of the oleander, the softness and languor of summer seas, with a dash too of the surf with its curving foam; the whole pervaded by the subtle spirit of the South."

Stoddard became a Catholic in 1867. He tells the story of his religious development in *A Troubled Heart*—a simple, reverent

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recital of his soul's awakening. The change, with a few exceptions, made no difference of feeling among his friends. They had always thought him a gentle Prince Charlie, a pathfinder in the realms of the spiritual, as is shown by the remarkable tribute of Joaquin Miller, written shortly after Stoddard's death:

Say Charlie, our Charlie, say—
What of the night? Aloha! Hail!
What roomful sea? What restful sail?
Where tent you, Bedouin, today?

Oh, generous green leaves of our tree,
What fruitful first young buoyant year?
But bleak winds blow, the leaves are sere,
And listless rustle—two or three.

Say, Charlie, where is Bret, and Twain?
Shy Prentice, and the former few?
You spoke, and spake as one who knew—,
Now Charlie, speak us once again.

The night wolf prowls, we guess, we grope,
But day is night and night despair,
And doubt seems some unuttered prayer,
And hope seems hoping against hope.

But Charlie, you had faith and you—
Gentlest of all God's gentlemen—
You said you knew and surely knew,
Now speak and speak as spake you then.

'Twas a happy thought for the editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* when he hit upon the plan of turning the young writer loose as a literary honey-bee, to wing his way over far fields of foreign clover, as his fancy led him. For Stoddard was fond of the unusual. He who could praise with just meed the fighting lions of Egyptian art, or weave for hours a garland of impassioned song to place upon the brow of the Ludovisian Juno, could stand the live-long day rummaging through a musty antique shop in search of a gaudy trinket that had once adorned the dusky ankle of some South Sea Islander.



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His wanderings through the Orient are sketched in *Marshallah, A Flight into Egypt,* and *A Cruise Under the Crescent*—the first published in 1881; the second in 1898. Joe of Lahaina, who called him to walk when vespers had just begun, whom he left sitting in the dark door of death, clothed in the gray garments of leprosy, was a memory that never passed from his mind; so he lingers upon the scenes that attract him, as if fearful they may not greet his eyes again.

Since many believed that one who could so skillfully fashion should be able to teach others the secret of his art, Stoddard was induced to lecture on English literature at Notre Dame, where he spent two years; then at the Catholic University, where he spent thirteen. These years rested heavily upon him, for though his lectures were entertaining and stimulating to others, the mere sight of them threw their author into a panic. When the hour was up, he hastened to his study to regale himself in the fragrance of his evening mail. Everybody wrote him letters of affection, which he read over and over, comfortably propped up in bed. The friends he had made in the world of letters sent him their books with appropriate messages.

At last the gypsy blood in his veins had its way. He broke the shackles of his professorship forever and journeyed back to old Monterey. He settled himself in a cosy corner of the Noon home, which he christened "El Casa Verde." Here he lived over again the days when friends gathered with him in Simoneau's Inn of the Padres, or walked together to the foam-fringed border of the Montereyan bay. He wrote for a few favorite editors the new visions that came to him in the afterglow of evening, through his open bay-window. "Oh, these afterglows! How much they are to me! I drink my fill of them nightly and that lasts me until daybreak, which is their only rival. If I am a worm of the dust, I think I must be an afterglow worm. Last evening in the twilight, I felt for a few minutes as if I were in the hollow of a great pink pearl."

In this way were spent the last years of his life. It was to him a blissful thing that he could meet those old friends—Miller, the Soul of the Sierras, and Ina Coolbrith, Poet Laureate of the West—and recount with them the trials and triumphs of the old Bohemian days. Today, Miss Coolbrith alone remains, treasuring in her great soul the dulcet voices of her dead. She has just paid the debt of friendship in a new and complete edition

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of Stoddard's poems, with an introduction by Charles Phillips.[1] The work is a tribute of admiration and love from hearts that knew the measure of the poet's worth.

As his life drew near its setting, there came to him a testimonial not meant for his eyes to read. It was penned by Mr. Beringer, then editor of *The Overland Monthly,* who had heard a report that Stoddard had passed away. When the magazine reached Stoddard, he read the appreciation, remarking that it was worth dying for; and under the impulse of the exceptional occasion wrote the following characteristic letter to the editor:

> DEAR FRIEND:
>
> In the Easter number of *The Overland Monthly,* you have strewn the flowers of rhetoric upon my not unpremeditated grave. How can I thank you for a kindness—a loving kindness—the breath of which is as fragrant as the odor of sanctity? I was indeed dead, but am alive again! In a spirit of tranquillity, the memory of which shall sweeten every hour of the new life I have entered upon, I received the Last Sacraments of the Church. Do you know how one feels under such circumstances? I feel as if I had been the unworthy recipient of some order of celestial merit.
>
> The perspective of my past is glorified, I had almost said sanctified; but I am painfully conscious of the conspicuous anticlimax in the foreground. Anticlimaxes are fateful and hateful, yet this anticlimax I must wrestle with even to the end. It may be—it must be—that being spared I am spared for a purpose. In this hope I seek consolation, for I have unwittingly undone what was so prettily done for me. My anticipated taking-off was heralded to slow music; and had I not missed my cue, my exit should have been the neatest act in all my life's drama.
>
> I know not what use you can make of this letter, unless you make it public in order that my readers may know that I am I—and not another posing as the ghost of my old self, and that I am yours, faithfully, affectionately and gratefully,
>
> CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

No one who called him friend can doubt that when the call came, April 23, 1909, death found him ready, even anxious to respond, that his gentle soul went forth richly ladened with golden deeds well done.

[1] New York: John Lane Co.

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His contribution to literature must meet a fuller appreciation as time goes on. For forty years he stood among the chosen ones, bringing into the foreground, with gentle insistence, the spiritual aspects of life. Stevenson yielded to his charm; was persuaded to seek renewed health in the lotus lands of the South Seas, and rewarded him by a noble defence of the dead Damien of Molokai, the friend of the outcast leper.

The scoffer who talked with Stoddard soon felt himself in harmony with unseen truths. His host was so colloquial, so much at ease, so casual, even, it would not have been too surprising had a shift in the scenes revealed the blessed St. Anthony feeding the poor of Christ with bread that multiplied with the needs of the hungry.

It is this nearness to the realms of the spiritual, though not often expressly dwelt upon, that marks the man; since all his books are confessedly a revelation of his inner life. The homing of his heart is set within that well-loved orchard. His readers meet him there in the afterglow of evening, to follow the hymettian flow of his musings and catch what they may of a spirit that loved and trusted all save self.

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# ORGANIZING THE COUNTRY FOR WAR.

BY FRANK O'HARA, PH.D.

FOR some three or four centuries it has been the concern of the nations to see that no one of their number should become so powerful as to endanger the integrity of the others. From time to time the necessity has arisen of readjusting or reaffirming this balance of power. The present war has come upon us because the nations were in danger once more of getting out of balance. We have gone into the war to guarantee the restoration of the equilibrium, so that our country or any country may continue to develop under institutions of its own selection. In the words of the President, we are waging war to make the world safe for democracy. But, says the pacifist, as soon as we have organized the country for war, we have already destroyed democracy, since war can be waged successfully only under a military autocracy.

The pacifist, however, is mistaken in assuming that a democracy cannot wage war successfully. A democracy which has been devoting its attention solely to the pursuit of the arts of peace will of course find itself placed at a disadvantage when it must undertake the prosecution of the arts of war. But after it has been reorganized on a war basis there is no essential reason why it may not compete successfully with a government of a more autocratic form. There is much experience in the present war to support this point of view.

In the early days of the war when the German troops burst into France and threatened Paris, the republican institutions of France were unable to support the stress thus suddenly thrust upon them. They broke down and in their place was built up an autocratic government, the members of which were responsible only to themselves. But it became necessary for the autocrats to delegate power to inferior officials, and it was not always possible to find such inferiors who could exercise the delegated autocratic power wisely. Soon there was a revolt against the autocracy, and democratic government was reëstablished.

In England, too, democracy was organized for peace. But England found the time for making the necessary readjustment

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from a peace organization to a war organization that was denied to France. As the existing form of government showed itself inadequate to handle the situation, changes were made. The number of persons responsible for the conduct of the government became smaller and smaller, but they continued to be responsible to the representatives of the people. Democracy was maintained.

On the other hand, Russia had the most autocratic of governments. There was, it is true, the Duma, but it was not in session, and it had no right to demand to be called in consultation. The autocracy floundered and stumbled, and as the situation began to appear hopeless the government found itself under the necessity of summoning the Duma for advice and assistance. As the war went on the autocracy became utterly discredited, and a democracy is now rising from its ruins.

Germany is often cited as an example of the greater military efficiency of governments which have approximated less nearly to the democratic type. But Germany's efficiency in war is due to the fact, not that its government is undemocratic, but that it is organized for war. But even in Germany as the war progressed it became increasingly patent that there were many deficiencies in the governmental machinery from the standpoint of efficiency. Moreover, there have been many proposals in the direction of the greater democratization of Germany in recent months, even the Imperial Chancellor himself proposing reforms in that direction which are to take place as soon as the war is over, if not sooner.

The United States, although strong in resources, was poorly organized for war at the outbreak of hostilities. The trouble was not that the United States was democratic, but rather that it was organized for peace instead of for war. Fortunately its geographical position is such that the country can take its time in going from a policy of peace to a policy of war.

Every friend of the United States desires that the Government be strengthened in time of war. But all are not agreed as to the manner in which the strengthening is to be accomplished. In the beginning there was some difference of opinion between the President and Congress, the President holding that the Executive Department should develop the necessary organs and receive the necessary powers for effective action, while Congress was disposed to take the attitude that it should be consulted in very large measure as to the conduct of the war. In the trial of strength the President came out victorious. Congress granted him most of the things for

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which he asked, but not without some grumbling on the part of many members of Congress. As the war goes on renewed attempts will undoubtedly be made to secure for Congress a larger share in the determining of the policies of the Government, but these attempts are not likely to prove successful in any large sense.

Granted that the necessary powers for prosecuting the war were to be given to the Executive Department of the Government, the next question was to determine what organs of government should exercise those powers. For example, new problems of the organization of transportation, and of the production of munitions and of the administration of the food supply arose. It was urged in some quarters that new Cabinet positions be created to handle these matters, thus giving us a Secretary of Munitions, a Secretary of Transportation, and a Secretary of Food Control. In the place of this plan of adding to the President's Cabinet, however, the policy was adopted of exercising the new powers through a system of advisory committees and independent boards.

Several months before the outbreak of the war, in anticipation of the emergency, Congress had constituted the Secretaries of War, Navy, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor a Council of National Defence "for the coördination of industries and resources for the national security and welfare," as it was stated in the Act. It was felt that in the eventuality of war it was especially important that the functions of these departments be coördinated.

At the same time that the Council of National Defence was established, an Advisory Commission was created to assist the Council in the coördination of the country's resources. The members of this commission serve without pay. Each member is a specialist in some line of work which has a particular bearing upon the needs of the Council of National Defence. Each of the seven members of the Commission has built up around him a committee interested in his specialty. Thus, one member of the Commission is Chairman of the Committee on Medicine, including general sanitation; another is Chairman of the Committee on Science and Research, including engineering and education; a third is Chairman of the Committee on Munitions Manufacturing, including standardization and industrial relations, etc.

Each of the committees of the Advisory Commission has under it a variety of sub-committees. For example, Mr. Gompers, who is a member of the Advisory Commission, is Chairman of the Committee on Labor, including conservation of health and welfare of

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workers. This Committee on Labor is made up of some three hundred volunteers, who are divided into a number of sub-committees dealing with various phases of the labor problem. There is, for example, the sub-committee on wages and hours of the Committee on Labor; the sub-committee on arbitration, etc. In addition to these sub-committees there is an executive committee on the labor committee of the Advisory Commission. This executive committee consists of thirteen members, and is thus more suitable for the consideration of the larger questions of policy than the total membership of the Labor Committee would be.

The committees and sub-committees mentioned above exercise their influence upon the Council of National Defence through the Advisory Commission. But there are other committees which are attached directly to the Council without the intermediation of the Advisory Commission. Thus, shortly after the outbreak of the war, the Council of National Defence appointed a committee of women of national prominence "to consider and advise how the assistance of the women of America may be made available in the prosecution of the war." Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was made chairman of the committee. This committee which reports directly to the Council of National Defence must not be confused with the women's sub-committee of the Labor Committee, of which Mrs. Borden Harriman is Chairman. Mrs. Harriman's sub-committee reports to the Council of National Defence through the Labor Committee and the Advisory Commission, whereas Mrs. Shaw's committee reports directly to the Council of National Defence.

Another committee which is attached directly to the Council of National Defence and not to the Advisory Commission, is the Committee on Coal Production. This committee, according to a statement issued by the Council, "is designed to increase the output of coal at the mines and to coöperate with the Committee on Raw Materials of the Advisory Commission and with the Transportation Committee, also of the Advisory Commission, in accelerating the movement of coal to points where the need is greatest." The members of the Committee on Coal Production are for the most part selected from the managers of coal companies. This circumstance has recently led organized labor to enter an objection to the composition of the committee. In a letter to President Wilson and the Council of National Defence, the United Mine Workers of America protest that "not a single representative of the mine workers"

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has been appointed to membership on the Committee on Coal Production, and they add, " we are willing to fight for the Government of the United States to establish world democracy, but we must insist as a matter of sincerity that we be allowed to retain some measure of democracy of which we proudly boast in the mining regions of our nation."

Over against this protest of the Mine Workers in regard to the Committee on Coal Production, may be set the fact that the Labor Committee of the Advisory Commission is controlled by organized labor. Since both are simply advisory committees no great amount of harm is likely to be caused by their partisan character; and yet the protest of the Mine Workers may be taken to presage a struggle between capital and labor that is certain to arise if the war is long continued and if the profits of manufacturers are not curtailed. Canadian labor has already taken the position that the wage workers ought not to submit to a lowering of wage standards since the employers are reaping increased profits.

A very important task in the preparation of the nation for war is that of coördinating the transportation facilities of the country. Mr. Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, who is Chairman of the Advisory Commission and also of the Committee on Transportation Communication of the Advisory Commission, early in April issued a call for a meeting of the representatives of the railroads of the country. The call was responded to by than fifty executives of railroads, who met in Washington and resolved " that the railroads of the United States, acting through their chief executive officers here and now assembled, and stirred by a high sense of their opportunity to be of the greatest service to their country in the present national crisis, do hereby pledge themselves, with the Government of the United States, with the Governments of the several States, and with one another, that during the present war they will coördinate their operations in a continental railway system, merging during such period all their merely individual and competitive activities in the effort to produce a maximum of national transportation efficiency. To this end they hereby agree to create an organization which shall have general authority to formulate in detail and from time to time a policy of operation of all or any of the railways, which policy, when and as announced by such temporary organization, shall be accepted and earnestly made effective by the several managements of the individual railroad companies here represented."

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In accordance with this resolution an executive committee of five members has been created, which has already performed much effective work in the direction of coördinating the activities of the various roads in the interest of better service. While this committee was formed at the instance of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defence, it is not of course a committee of that Commission. Its powers come from the railroads which have created it. As an example of what is being accomplished by this committee, may be cited the "pooling" of coal which is being shipped on the Great Lakes. In the past the custom has been for each individual shipper to send his coal to a Lake Erie port and gradually to accumulate enough for a complete shipload, keeping the coal on the cars until enough had arrived to make up the load. Under the new plan coal owned by different producers will be loaded into the same steamer as fast as the steamers arrive to take it. It is estimated that the pooling arrangement will save one and one-half days in the time of each car that carries coal to Lake Erie ports. This saving in the time that each car is kept at the terminus before unloading, will be equivalent to adding fifty-two thousand cars to the freight equipment of the roads.

For the purpose of increasing our facilities for ocean transportation an independent Federal Shipping Board has been created by Congress. A Government controlled ship-building corporation under the direction of the Shipping Board is undertaking to supply ships to take the places of those destroyed by the submarine warfare. The corporation is under the management of General Goethals of Panama Canal fame, who has recently gone on record in favor of building large, practically unsinkable vessels of steel in preference to the wooden vessels favored earlier by the Federal Shipping Board. The construction of wooden vessels is to be continued, but the emphasis is placed upon the steel vessels.

Another large war problem which we have to face is the producing and conserving of food products not only for our own use, but for the use of our European Allies as well. There are two important bills before Congress at the present time dealing with this matter. One of the bills is known as the food survey bill and the other as the food control bill. The food survey bill authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate and ascertain the conditions of demand for, and supply, and prices of, and other basic facts relating to food materials, feeds, seeds, fertilizers, and agricultural implements.

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In addition to providing for a food survey, the food survey measure makes large appropriations for increasing food production and eliminating the waste of food by means of an educational campaign. The Department of Agriculture has for some time been carrying on such a campaign, and the present appropriations will give impetus to its efforts. These efforts include the gathering and publishing of telegraphic market news of food materials, the campaign for a wider use of parcel post and express marketing, the working with the railroad companies for an improvement in the food containers and refrigerators used in making shipments, and teaching the public more economical methods of canning and preserving. At present the Department is attempting to educate the public to economize in the use of skim milk by making it into cheese. The Department makes the claim that as a result of its agitation for an increased potato production, there has been an increase of twenty-five per cent in the early potato crop this year in the States from Florida to Delaware.

The survey bill further provides for the regulating of grain exchanges by giving the President the power, if he finds that dealing in wheat or other food cereals for future delivery and not for present and immediate delivery unduly raises the price of such wheat or other food cereals, to prohibit the practice of dealing in these cereals for future delivery. In justification of this feature of the bill the recent "corner" in May wheat in the Chicago market is cited. A large amount of wheat has been sold for May delivery, and although there was plenty of wheat in the Northwest to fill the contracts, the sellers were unable to get the wheat to Chicago because of the shortage of freight cars. Those who had sold wheat to be delivered in May were therefore driven to bid against one another to buy up such wheat as was to be had in Chicago, so that they might fulfill their contracts. As there was not enough wheat to be had for this purpose within the fixed time limit, a panic seized those who had "sold short" and prices rose rapidly. An adjustment was finally made by which settlements were made without the actual delivery of the wheat and the crisis was passed. There had been no conscious effort to create a "corner" in wheat, but the situation had simply grown out of the freight congestion due to abnormal transportation conditions and liberal purchasing for the European governments. It is to prevent or to remedy such situations in the future that the bill grants power to the President to regulate grain exchanges.

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The food control bill is meeting with much more opposition in its legislative career than the food survey bill has experienced. The food control bill empowers the President to establish a license system regulating the importation, exportation, manufacture, storage or distribution of any food, feeds or fuel; to limit or prohibit the use of food or feeds in the manufacture of liquors; to guarantee minimum prices for foodstuffs; to operate factories, mines and other plants; to regulate all exchanges dealing in foodstuffs; and to create an agency for the control of food production and distribution. It is under the terms of this bill that Mr. Hoover is to be made "food dictator," although of course Mr. Hoover is not mentioned in the bill. As this article is being written the bill has just been reported to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Agriculture. It will probably be modified considerably before it leaves the House, and it will meet with very serious opposition in its passage through the Senate.

The food control bill originally contained a provision for the fixing of maximum prices as well as minimum prices, but the former provision was modified in the committee. The opposition in the committee to maximum price legislation was not so much because of a feeling of tender sympathy for dealers in food materials as because of the hopelessness of enforcing such legislation. The warring countries of Europe have had a great deal of experience with maximum price fixing, but the prices refuse to stay fixed even where the penalties are most drastic. The present bill undertakes to overcome this difficulty by making use of the licensing feature. It provides that whenever the President finds it necessary to do so, he may require the licensing of all persons engaged in the importation, exportation, manufacture, storage, or distribution of foods, feeds, fuel, and articles required for their production. The President is then authorized to prescribe such regulations governing the conduct of the business of licensees as may be essential to prevent uneconomical manufacture and inequitable distribution of these necessaries. Whenever the President finds that any licensee is charging an unfair or unreasonable price, he may order the discontinuance of the practice. Or the President may find what is a reasonable and fair charge and require the licensee to adhere to it. The licensing feature of the bill does not apply, however, "to any farmer, gardener, or other person with respect to the products of any farm, garden or other land owned, leased, or cultivated by him, nor to any retailer with respect to

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the retail business actually conducted by him, nor to any common carrier." It will readily be seen that while these provisions avoid the fixing of a flat maximum price as was attempted in some of the European enactments, and although the exemption of farmers and retailers tends to give it greater elasticity, it still goes pretty far in the matter of price regulation.

The minimum price feature will be much easier to administer. Its purpose is to assure the farmer such a profit as will encourage him to increase the production of food materials. It authorizes the President "to determine and fix and to give public notice of what, under specified conditions, is a reasonable guaranteed price for any such products, in order to assure such producers a reasonable profit." The Government of the United States guarantees the farmer that he will receive for products for which a price has been fixed by the President, at least the amount of the prescribed price upon his compliance with the regulations prescribed by the President. Where there is danger that the importation of products from outside the United States threatens to interfere with the practical operation of the plan of guaranteeing the minimum price, a duty may be levied upon such important products sufficient to remove any benefit that the importer might otherwise get from the price guarantee. In order to make it possible for the farmers to plan their crop rotation sufficiently far in advance, the President is authorized to guarantee the fixed price for any period not exceeding three years.

There has been a great deal of debate concerning the desirability of prohibiting the use of food cereals in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages during the war. The prohibitionists call attention to the waste in food value while the liquor interests minimize the amount of grain used, and call attention to use that is made of by-products in the feeding of cattle. The discussion practically raises the whole question of prohibition, and the liquor interests fear that after the war there will be no return to the *status quo ante*. The food control bill, in its present form, provides "that whenever the President shall find that limitation, regulation, or prohibition of the use of foods, food materials, or feeds, in the production of alcohol or alcoholic or non-alcoholic beverages, or that reduction of the alcoholic content of any beverage, is essential, in order to assure an adequate and continuous supply of food, he is authorized, from time to time, to prescribe, and give notice of, the extent of the limitation, regulation, prohibition, or reduction

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so necessitated." And after such notice is given producers of alcohol or of alcoholic or non-alcoholic beverages are bound under penalty of fine and imprisonment to respect the regulations.

Although it is likely that many of the provisions in the proposed legislation will undergo important modification before the legislation is finally enacted, there is no doubt that Congress will give the President power to prosecute the war vigorously. The rapidity with which the legislation for conscription was adopted indicates the ability of the American Government to act quickly in the face of an emergency even in the presence of a considerable amount of opposing sentiment. It is this ability to adapt itself to new conditions, to turn from the cultivation of the arts of peace to the prosecution of the arts of war, that is our best guarantee for the future of democracy in this country.

## BONDAGE.

BY S. M. M.

"AND I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to Me;"
Wherefore, O heart! know that thou art not free
Save from sin's malices.
Thou art my captive for eternity,
The cross thy prison-palace is,
The bands of My strong arms encircle thee,
My Heart a chalice is;
Thy sentence hear, love's penalty:
Drink of this God-filled Cup thy death, thy Life to be!

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# IRELAND AGAIN.

BY SHANE LESLIE.

IKE a beautiful but haunting wraith the shadow of Ireland crosses the straining view of the nations at war and soon to be at war. Imperial politics, American foreign relations and German secret service are all set agog by this unexpected appearance. What does it mean? How will it affect the war? How can Ireland be best used? What in any case does Ireland stand for in the world, whose standards had long decried her as inefficient and measured her to the mediæval scrapheap?

The New York *World* as a type of modern efficiency has been recently stirred by the spectre or spectacle, and after recruiting the leading opinion of America on the subject, including views from Cardinal Gibbons, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, has dispatched that last resource of civilization to the spot—the special correspondent! The opinion of America is to be tempered with information from Ireland herself.

Mr. John Kirby's correspondences are accordingly laid before the American public and very interesting they are, especially because they are the views of a phonograph, that is to say they reproduce exactly what Mr. Kirby hears. If we quarrel with some of the views, we are not quarreling with Mr. Kirby, who has "spent three weeks investigating conditions." The British Government has spent three centuries often with far less result.

There are some curious slips. Mr. Kirby speaks of "the Nationalist Party which represents the South." But it also represents or represented the East and the West and a good half of the North. Mr. Kirby says: "In May, 1913, Carson was appointed Attorney General." This was not till two years later and the Nationalist gun running preceded not followed that inexplicable event.

It is a good thing to know really what honest and educated men can still persuade themselves to believe in the miasmas of Belfast. Sir William Crawford believes that under Home Rule his house will be ballotted for, and he will become "a subject of the Vatican." He believes that "in all of the religious wars the Catholics had been the aggressors," forgetful that the very fact of

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an Ulster plantation proves the reverse. He recites a doleful tale, which we remember doing yeoman service in the General Elections eight years ago, about some children of a Protestant husband and Catholic wife being "taken away to America or somewhere so that the father never saw them again. Mr. Kirby was not shown the Birdsnests at Kingstown, where children of purely Catholic parents are brought up in a different sect and shipped to Canada and elsewhere. The time has come for religion to be left out of any Irish polemic. Neither side need have the slightest chance to proselytize or persecute each other.

We are told: "Politics are the national pastime of the South. It is the nightmare of the North." But Mr. Kirby can never have seen an Ulster election. However, his contrast between Clark of the Belfast Yards and the Bishop of Ross is his most vivid paper, contrasting the apostolic poverty of the latter with the well-meaning materialism of the former.

It would be difficult to put the idealistic spiritual contentment of the Irish Celt better than in the words of Bishop Kelly: "It is not food that we are asking for. We want no bribes of money or help. All Ireland asks is to be left alone to work out her own salvation.....England is a hog's paradise. I sometimes fear that America is becoming one.....In America you have taken the classics down to the shops. You have put the body above the mind. That cannot last.....Germany is the logical result of such materialism. You see what she has become.....We would rather suffer some physical discomforts and maintain our racial instincts than go down into the depths of materialism."

As a contrast Mr. Clark of Belfast expresses his views. We are told "he thinks like an American, acts like an American," but "he loves Ulster and hates the rest of Ireland," which does not quite correspond with American processes of thought in fact or in theory. Mr. Clark glories in the pseudo-rebellion which brought German arms into Ulster, and he declines to give up Belfast to a gang of lazy politicians. He has made a success of ship building, and no sane Nationalist wishes him to be excluded or persecuted or taxed out of his corner of Ireland. But he is intolerant of such Catholic ability as there is. He refuses to allow that it exists in the South, and by a prodigious blunder asserts that most of the successful Irish in America came from Ulster. Well, Mr. Ford did not. Mr. Clark is opposed to workmen who want to hear Mass in the morning lest it interfere with their work.

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As a matter of fact the contrast in Ireland is not always or necessarily so clean cut. The South is full of business men who do thriving business and build churches out of their profits. Many industrials in the North understand the meaning of an ideal.

Nor need Ireland prove the despair of the economist. All is not a jumble of erratic and inscrutable sentiments. Ireland is subject to historical laws like any other country, and the present situation, so far from bewildering the scientific mind, is perfectly deducible from given causes. The Law of Causation more than any "double dose of original sin," according to Lord Salisbury's phrase, is responsible for matters as they stand. It is an *impasse,* but where there is a will there is a way, and the better the will the better the way. The Convention is an appeal to good will over bad judgment, both in Ireland and Irish-America.

All is not blind chance or improbable destiny in Irish politics. The Law of Causation frankly and consideringly applied to the present situation would produce results from which a second and even a third generation might continue to draw benefit. Ireland is changeable when there are reasons for a change. Bad management has changed her whole attitude in the past year. Good management would achieve the reverse. It would be madness not to admit that everything which ought not to have been done, has been done during this past year.

In the last thirty years Ireland has responded to certain causes much as a barometer answers to cold or hot temperature. The causes have been political or economical or sentimental or sometimes a mixture of all three. Emigration, famine, disaffection, landlordism, Nationalism or militarism, these applied or misapplied have mathematically affected any decade or half decade an inquirer may care to investigate.

The years 1877 to 1882, marked by famine, the coming of Parnell and evictions, spelt a period of "rising hostility." The next ten years, marked by the Land war and coercion, stood for "organized hostility." From 1890 to 1894, the period of the Parnellite split and Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill, there was a period of "divided and slackening hostility," followed by one of "slumbering hostility," during which local government was successfully applied. The first decade of the new century was marked by the beneficent Land Act of Mr. Wyndham, the Gælic Literary Revival and Sir Horace Plunkett's schemes of improved agriculture, and could be described as one of "rising conciliation," to be



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checked fitfully during the next four years by the Carson crusade, and finally by the blind folly of the War Office and the madness of the militarist to be thrown back in twelve short months at least one hundred years. We are where we were at the close of the Rebellion of Ninety-eight, except that the best minds in Ireland instead of plotting the destruction of an Irish Parliament are engaged in planning its reconstruction at the earliest possible date. The Convention is Ireland's spoil from the war. It is more than any other small nation is getting.

The present condition of Ireland is one which can be often explained but never apologized for. The clear results of historical laws, like those of chemistry, cannot be evaded or minimized by excuse or exigency or entreaty. Only the possible can be expected of the Irish in the harrowing and cruel circumstances of this war. The impossible was asked of their temperament, and there was an explosion, which was as inevitable from the day the War Office tried to take the reins out of Redmond's hands as when a lighted match is thrown into a gas escape. Even the cold calculations of the German mind could foresee cause and effect in Ireland better than the foolish and feverish insistencies of the Dublin bureaucracy. The mistake of the English politicians was to imagine that a few phrases could bring about the direct changes in a set way of national thinking. Phrases do their work in any community for the period time of an election but seldom for longer. Had the war been a three months' affair, England and Ireland would have mutually seen each other through their difficulties, and Mr. Redmond would now be guiding the destinies of an autonomous and externally united Ireland. But the war has lasted for three years. Phrases have collapsed like ministries. The atavistic memory of the Irish people has asserted itself, and the two countries are today more estranged than at any time since the Union. It is sorrowful but not wonderful in our eyes. In destroying Redmond's influence in Ireland the British Government has destroyed its own forever.

That matters have become topsy turvy in Ireland there is no need to state. What strange deviltry of chance decrees that Mr. Ginnell, the fighting irreconcilable, shall retain his salaried berth in the House of Commons, while Count Plunkett, who has been a talented and honored placeman all his life, remains out of Parliament, the leader of the party that denounces placemen and all their works. Those who are vaguely in favor of German victory show their feelings by wearing a republican badge, as though Germany were not the antithesis

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of all republicanism. On the other hand, the Unionist party who are in vocal favor of redeeming the small nations, take every occasion to urge the repression of the only one at their own gates. Even the Irish clocks we hear are in variance since the order to adopt English time. Catholic timepieces resent this modernism while Protestant horology is now in communion with Greenwich. For a while some Catholic Nationalists compromised for a partition of the country, while some Protestant bishops—*mirabile dictu*—have signed the strongest anti-partition declaration that was ever framed, and that in Catholic company. It is difficult to measure the extraordinary advance towards Irish unity that underlies Archbishop Walsh's exulting and pulverizing phrase: "Us Irish Bishops, Catholic and Protestant!" United Irishmen at last! The fact remains that the sterling Protestant Bishop of Killaloe and the warrior Primate of Catholic Ireland have signed the same scrap of paper. May they never regret it!

Under these conditions a Convention comes together in Dublin with their back on England and their eyes on the United States. There is no use pretending that the Convention is not the result of irresistible pressure from America. America has brought about a unique result in war time, and it is for America to foster and further the constructive results of the Convention in every way possible, whether by endorsing the Irish Parliament it will undoubtedly create or by hinting financial and shipping connections with Ireland after the war. At the same time there can be no necessity for America to complicate her foreign affairs by having to do a deal with England over a purely Irish matter, or by being carried away by the extreme Irish opinion on this side of the Atlantic. There is no doubt America is being called in to smooth out a number of political tangles for which she is not responsible in the first instance. Russia, Mexico and Ireland seem to hang on her hands, for there is no other power left in the world with her unimpaired resources and influence.

Whether the Sinn Feiners accept the invitation to be present in their due proportion or not, the Convention will certainly be held. Even if they are not represented as they should be, their ideas will be discussed, and as much of their programme as is practical will be drafted into any decisions of the whole Convention. There are a number of points in the purely industrial side of Sinn Fein which should have the greatest attraction for the business minds of Ulster, such as the protection and encourage-

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ment of home industries. As Sinn Fein can now fairly claim a third of Irish public opinion, it would be perfectly fair to adopt a third of their programme.

A historic point which should not be allowed to be forgotten is that at heart the Ulsterman is a Radical and not a Tory. Belfast celebrated the fall of the Bastile with greater rapture than any other Irish city. This is not recorded in history books, but a tell-tale print seldom seen in Ulster homes shows the parades and tricolor flying with which Belfast hailed the blow which hit Toryism hard the whole world over. When Ireland rose in hapless rebellion under sympathetic influences from France, Ulster supplied her quota. Protestant ministers died on the gallows. Radicalism in Belfast was not averse to Catholic emancipation or even to Repeal. It was only gradually that Toryism won over the Orangemen to a subservient and religious dependence. There is no doubt but that the Ulstermen can exert an enormous influence in any Dublin Parliament by coming between the official Nationalists and the Sinn Fein wing. What Ireland hopes is that they will find leadership among themselves instead of borrowing it from the London Carlton Club. The late Joseph Biggar, who forged Parnell's weapon of obstruction for him, was a Belfast Radical. Joseph Devlin, the present member for West Belfast, has a Radical Protestant leaven in his Nationalist support. Once withdrawn from malevolent English influences, the Ulstermen are liable to play as great a part in the fashioning of the future Ireland as they have in Canada. The only English influences still desirable in Ireland are the benevolent views of men like Gilbert Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Wilfrid Blunt, Massingham, Wilfrid Meynell. With Englishmen of this calibre, it will be safe to say that Ireland will use her new measure of independence to effect a true union based on mutual defence and freedom of action.

The new Irish Parliament will be Catholic in majority. Those who have expressed the fear that the new order of affairs will produce a great anti-clerical reaction may reassure themselves. There will be no legislation against the Catholic Church, but at the same time there will be none in its favor. The problems of reconstruction are so colossal that the Catholic versus Protestant feud will become unreal and politics at least will know it no more. The Church of Ireland is severely Protestant, but is no longer aggressive. In the South of Ireland it has long settled down at peace with its neighbors. The Act

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which disestablished it fifty years ago, gave it Home Rule within its own walls. The creation of a governing Synod, free from the sacerdotal control of the Crown or Canterbury, made it an Irish institution. The type of clergy became less aristocratic and more racy of the soil. Instead of the haughty children of landlords, the home-spun sons of farmers and professional men entered the remnants of the Glebes. The chilliness between the Churches of England and Ireland is very noticeable. In fact their members have the greatest dislike of attending each other's services owing to the ritual of the former. The Irish Protestant feels far friendlier towards his Catholic fellow-countryman than towards the Anglican hybrid. Under the new order of affairs the Protestant Church in Ireland is assured a far smoother course than under the English influences, which have always snubbed and when necessary sacrificed her.

The material objections to Home Rule are still likely to appear. The main sentimental one must continue as long as there are people living in Ireland who still refuse to admit Irish Nationality. But spiritual reasons are far more lasting than material ones. Ireland is a dream, and dreams will be the chief survivals of this present catastrophe. Cities and ships disappear over night. Thrones and empires totter and perish. Only the dreams of mankind survive and "Ireland a nation" is one of them.

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# New Books.

**THE DEAD MUSICIAN AND OTHER POEMS.** By Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00.

Readers are ruefully, and for the most part perhaps rightly, shy of the "new poet." But one feels like promising at the outset that those to whom Father O'Donnell *is* "new," will find no disappointment in this slender volume with its coat of springy green. They are far more likely to find the book more or less of a revelation, for it harbors poetry of a really high order: poetry varied in theme and rich in expression and breathing throughout that hunger for beauty, that "nostalgia for sweet, impossible things," which is as the stigmata of the authentic muse.

*The Dead Musician* is an occasional poem—a memorial ode—of real power and beauty; of power and beauty so real, in fact, that by calling it Thompsonian one does not merely imply that it is reminiscent of Francis Thompson. Another ode of large sweep and many fine passages was written in commemoration of the Panama Pacific Exposition—although the little postlude addressed to James Whitcomb Riley is rather a questionable addition. Over against these poems it is interesting to set the really exquisite quatrains—*Reception, Raiment,* etc., which have already won for Father O'Donnell the inevitable comparison with Father Tabb. Then there is the charming lyric simplicity of *Saint Joseph*—and the concentrated lyric passion of *Partus Virginius.* Of poignant beauty are the nature poems: and even more poignant is the wistful human reticence of such lines as *Forgiveness.*

The busiest summer traveler, if only he—or she—be a lover of beauty, of poetry, will be richly repaid for shipping this little book into the summer suit-case or packing-box. For it is doubly wise these troublous days to go supplied with what Charles O'Donnell calls "The Poet's Bread:"

Morn offers him her flask'd light
That he may slake his thirst of soul,
And for his hungry heart will Night
Her wonder-cloth of stars outroll.

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However, fortune goes or comes
He has his daily certain bread,
Taking the heaven's starry crumbs,
And with a crust of sunset fed!

**THE MIDDLE YEARS.** By Katharine Tynan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

*The Middle Years* adds one more to a constantly growing series of reminiscences from the pens of women whose full lives in the social, the literary, the artistic, even the political field, are rich in experiences which they not unjustly believe will interest the reading public. Mrs. Tynan Hinkson has seen much and has known many people both in Dublin and in London; she has already to her credit one volume of reminiscences, *Twenty-five Years,* and *The Middle Years* is its quasi-sequel.

She has selected from her diary for the twenty years between 1891 and 1911 much entertaining and diverting information about the books she has read or has composed, about the letters she has written or received, about the people she has met, or has visited or has entertained. The impression which remains after a reading has something of the moving picture effect; a vast number of more or less eminent personages appear upon the screen, play a brief part, and disappear, usually for good and for all.

The publishers' notice presents the book as "of unusual vivacity and charm, presenting an intimate picture of English social, literary and political life, and of such diverse personalities as King Edward VII., Mr. Balfour, Hilaire Belloc, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, William Dean Howells, Fiona MacLeod, and a hundred other well-known characters." The choice of names is rather inept, though doubtless guided by a desire to make the greatest impression upon the greatest number. But, truth to tell, most of those honored by particular mention play a very small part indeed, while among "the hundred others" are many of at least comparative respectability who figure much more prominently. Thus, for example, Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland in 1900 occupies three pages, and is a personal account of what Mrs. Hinkson herself saw and heard, whereas the only reference to Edward VII. is an indirect quotation of three lines. Again, there are three pages devoted to a visit to Christina Rosetti when she was practically on her deathbed, whereas the only reference to Hardy is the statement that Mrs. Hinkson met him once at a party where he was

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sharing lionship with Gertrude Atherton. The "intimate picture" of Mr. Balfour lies in two references to the good his light railways have brought to Ireland.

The neo-Celtic movement, in which Mrs. Hinkson is a charter member, figures largely in the first part of the volume, with W. B. Yeats the prominent name in several chapters, and A. E. (George Russell) scarcely behind him. Sir J. M. Barrie, York Powell, Lady Aberdeen, the Wyndhams, Fiona MacLeod and his (or her?) mystery of identity, the Bellocs, though Marie Belloc Lowndes, rather than Hilaire, are charmingly presented; but the real centres of interest are about the Meynells, Francis Thompson, and Lionel Johnson. Thompson, the unconscionable sleeper, Alice Meynell, hatted and cloaked, just as she entered from the street, writing an essay in a drawing-room which was bedlam with the noise of romping children, Johnson, begging over and over again for Paudeen, the Hinkson's pet dog—these are indeed intimate pictures, peeks behind the screen; and those to whom these names already mean much as the names of leaders in modern letters, will find that their affection deepens in proportion to their more intimate, familiar acquaintance with the objects of that affection.

**RUSSIA IN 1916.** By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Mr. Graham's latest work amply fulfills the expectations aroused by the publication of another book about the country whose fascinations he has so ably depicted in earlier writings. He has been in Russia a considerable part of the time of the war and now, by request, publishes this little volume of personal impressions, believing that it is by such means, rather than by reading newspapers, that the Allied nations are kept in touch with one another. The book is short only because of the extraordinary conciseness with which it is written. It covers many subjects and is exceedingly interesting. We are shown Archangel transformed by the war's grim magic from the port where fifty vessels entered in 1913 to the haven of five thousand in 1916. He gives us pictures of the war's reactions upon life public and private, from the nobility to the peasantry, in the great social centres, in towns and in villages; and he touches upon the large, vital questions of wide, immediate interest. Of the notorious Rasputin he briefly states that he was neither monk nor priest, and adds: "He never had any influence with the Tsar." The information contained is of precisely the

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sort that the average reader is most eager for. "My little book of the hour," the author calls it, and so it is, even to the point of exclusions by the British Censor here and there; but when he says, in speaking of enforced temperance in Russia, that be believes it will be permanent, "at least as far as the Tsar's reign is concerned," we realize afresh how swiftly the hour passes. What is said about prohibition in Russia is illuminating and might be pondered with advantage in this country. Intoxication has disappeared, Mr. Graham insists; but though the removal of drink has probably been an unmixed blessing in the villages, it is not so in the towns. "The roving eye of man has roved further," says the author; and the conditions at which he hints are more than grave. He also depicts Kislovodsk, the watering-place, where is concentrated the insensate gayety of the commercial parvenus who have made money out of the war.

Nevertheless, it is with undimmed enthusiasm that Mr. Graham reiterates his love for, and faith in, the mystical Russia that is above and beyond all that he feels compelled to say in her dispraise. "Poor Russia, she has not many faults, she has only many misfortunes." Dishonesty, untruthfulness, cruelty and indolence are charged against the Russian peasant; but these faults are not his exclusively, nor are they the greater part of him. Granting them all, and subtracting them from the sum total of the national character, there still remains "Holy Russia, the beautiful, spiritual individuality of the nation."

**THE RUSSIANS: AN APPRECIATION.** By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

A sympathetic treatment of many phases of Russian life, this book, though written before the recent revolution, will do much towards furnishing the average American with the facts essential for a correct estimate of the present situation. Mr. Wright hits off the typical American admirably in the very first lines of his opening chapter. "Russia is a region of extreme cold, where people are jailed for speaking their own minds; it is governed by a bureaucracy that grinds down the people; its population is composed largely of anarchists and Jews." Would you know who it is whose ideas on Russia are so meagre and so vague? Throw a stone on any street in any town or city of America, and you will hit him. And to say that we Americans don't know much of Russia anyhow, may be an apology but it is no excuse.

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The abysmal ignorance to which most of us must confess may be pleasantly corrected by this present volume. Though his scope is too wide to permit of a very thorough handling of any part, Mr. Wright considers the much discussed though little understood Russ in his ethnology, history and religion, his literature, art and commerce. His information is all first hand, his judgments are all personal, for he spent seven years in Russia in constant study of Russian affairs as the correspondent for the New York *World,* and the London *Daily Express.* The pages on Siberia are especially enlightening; he says and proves that what was once a pariah land, a prison land, is now Russia's land of promise, a vast region one and one-half times as large as the United States. In the last chapters, "Russia's Manifest Destinies," and "Russia and America," Mr. Wright, while expressly disclaiming the hazardous rôle of political prophet, seems to see an *entente cordiale* existing between the two vast republics of the East and of the West, and does not hesitate to say that the profit resulting will be mutual.

**MY SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR.** By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

Frederick Palmer, the famous American war correspondent, has written a vivid account of the fighting in the campaign of 1916 in the Battles of the Somme, where he was one of the very few correspondents, and the only American, allowed the freedom of the field. The book, which is a sequel to *My Year of the Great War,* is an intense and stirring picture, drawn by a master hand, of the Allied offensive in the tremendous Somme campaigns, and gives an unforgettable, accurate and singularly clear picture of modern warfare. The author pays a high tribute to the valor and daring of England's Colonial troops, both "Anzacs" and Canadians. The War has given Canada, the land of great distances, a feeling of unity that nothing else could have brought about. Thus has the Kaiser made the men from Ontario, New Brunswick, Quebec and Vancouver realize their brotherhood.

The author calls Verdun, "German valor at its best and German gunnery at its mightiest, the effort of Colossus shut in a ring of steel to force a decision." With the failure of their offensive, he feels that the German soldiers must have had a revelation of the campaign's failure to crush France which no censorship could style. It was to combat this feeling after Verdun that the Kaiser

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dismissed Von Falkenhayn, and gave them Von Hindenburg who still had the military glamour of victory about him. Verdun was the Gettysburg of the war in its moral effect on the rank and file of German soldiers; for although they went from Verdun to crush Rumania, their superb confidence of final victory was shaken.

**STRANDED IN ARCADIA.** By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. $1.35 net.

If fairly large demands are made upon the reader's imagination in this story of the northern woods, they are not unpleasant demands; and the rather improbable course of the tale leads one into novel situations that are always described without offence. Marooned in most mysterious fashion, but happily within sight of each other, Donald and Lucetta learn to live the life of the woods, to tramp and paddle and make portage and shoot rapids and go hungry and sleep in the open, and all the other things that conventional people find it hard at first to do. They get off very luckily and live serenely ever after.

**ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.** By Julian S. Corbet. 2 vols. New York: Longmans Green and Co. $5.00 net.

Julian S. Corbet has made a study of the rise and influence of British power in the Mediterranean between the years 1603 and 1713. The substance of this work was given in lectures in 1916, chiefly in the Senior and Flag Officers' War Courses at Greenwich, and the author's aim has been to present an intensive study of England's struggle for maritime power on the "Keyboard of Europe," the Mediterranean.

The seventeenth century has been a neglected chapter in naval history, as the author says, "a period which seems marked with little but confused and half-seen battles in the Narrow Seas with French and Dutch." While lacking the picturesque fascination of the age of great sailors just preceding, it is a far more significant century for England, since it brought her undreamed-of power with the control of the Mediterranean. For centuries its control had been a dominating factor in history; each power that had governed the main line of history had been a maritime power, and its fortunes had climbed or fallen with its force upon these historic waters. The treaty of Utrecht in 1713 which confirmed British possession of Gibraltar was of unmeasured importance to the future growth of England as a naval power, and with the

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progress of time the control of the Mediterranean had added advantages when England, by her expansion in Asia, took her place as an imperialistic power. Today the Mediterranean is more than ever the "Keyboard of Europe," and the history of the seventeenth century strategists who secured it for England must always be of deep historic interest.

Some of the episodes discussed in the book are "Sir Walter Raleigh," "England and the Venice Conspiracy," "The Navy under James I," "The Spanish Succession," "Marlborough and the Navy," and "The Congress of Utrecht."

**A THOUSAND-MILE WALK TO THE GULF.** By John Muir. Edited by William Frederic Bade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

It was in 1867, before he had become the famous explorer, that John Muir undertook his great walk from Indianapolis to the Gulf of Mexico. The notes of his experiences on the road have now been gathered into a volume which for biographical purposes fills in the gap between his account of his own youth and the story of his first summer in the Sierra. Less than thirty years of age at the time, filled with the enthusiasm that goes with a youth's venture into unknown territory, making his way among a population at that time anything but friendly to the advent of a stranger from the North, botanizing and carefully recording his observations every stage of the way, the traveler made notes which are of unusual interest and importance to the botanist or the pedestrian. The book is well edited, handsomely printed and well illustrated.

**HIS FAMILY.** By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

We have here another of the sectional studies of New York life that are so abundant today. It is the story of Roger Gale, a widower of sixty, living downtown in his old-fashioned house whose windows look out upon the high buildings that mark the alteration of the city of his youth. He is the father of three grown daughters, for whom he feels a growing sense of parental responsibility, as he realizes increasingly that the change is within the home as well as without. Their three lives differ widely from one another, and all are departures from the parents' ideals; but Gale is a kindly and tolerant observer, and as

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circumstances in his daughters' lives make demands upon his love and energies, there deepens within him a conviction of family feeling beyond the ties of blood; he feels himself immortal not only because "we live on in our children," but because he is an inseparable part of the great human stream.

The theme is better than its execution, for although Mr. Poole gives evidence of considerable insight into the difficulties and exactions of family life, as well as of extensive knowledge of the city's social conditions, yet there is a lack of force in the presentation of what should be the centre of interest, the character of Roger. He is not a sufficiently vivid personality to carry the burden of the book, and this defect will prevent it from making a permanent impression.

**PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.** By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

The writer of these pages tells us that he was tempted to substitute the word "psychographs" for "portraits" in his title, but he feared both publisher and purchaser. Psychography, according to Mr. Bradford, aims at precisely the opposite of photography. He writes: "It seeks to extricate from the fleeting, shifting, many-colored tissues of a man's long life those habits of action usually known as qualities of character which are the slow product of inheritance and training, and which, once formed at a comparatively early age, usually alter little and that only by imperceptible degrees. The art of psychography is to disentangle these habits from the inessential matter of biography, to illustrate them by touches of speech and action that are significant and by those only, and thus to burn them into the attention of the reader."

The nine portraits or psychographs in the present volume are of English and French women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: Lady Montague, Lady Holland, Jane Austen, Madame d'Arblay, Mrs. Pepys, Madame de Sévigné, Madame du Deffand, and Madame de Choiseul, Eugénie de Guérin, the one woman of the nineteenth century that figures in these pages, is the most worthy of all.

**MICHAEL.** By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Michael's father, Lord Ashbridge, is a heartless and arrogant member of the English aristocracy with a vague notion

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that all Americans are snobs, and all Englishmen, not "one of us," his devoted admirers and slaves. His mother is a vapid creature without real affection or strength of character. Her chief occupation seems to be feeding her pet dogs, and uttering irrelevant commonplaces at dinner. Michael is despised by his father for his ungainliness, his utter disregard of rank and title, and his inordinate love of music which might possibly be condoned in one of the lower middle class. His Aunt Barbara finally gives him this most excellent advice: "Get away from people who don't understand you; try to see how ridiculous you and everybody else always are; don't think about yourself."

Michael finally leaves his father's house, studies music seriously enough to become a composer, lives with congenial artist and musician friends, and finds true happiness in the home of a German family living in London. The son, Hermann, becomes his best friend, the daughter, Sylvia, becomes his affianced bride, and they are on the eve of marrying when the Great War comes to bring unhappiness. Michael joins a regiment about to cross over into France, Hermann goes to fight for the Kaiser, and Sylvia is divided in her love for her sweetheart and her German fatherland and brother. The dramatic climax comes when Michael kills his friend in a night attack in the trenches, and goes home invalided to break the news to Sylvia.

The story is well told, the interest sustained; we are all pleased to find love triumph over war and death.

**THE HISTORY OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.** By Edward R. Pease. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

There are not many persons in America to whom the Fabian Society is much more than a name. That small number which knows that the name describes a certain sect of English Socialists will find considerable interest in the present volume. Inasmuch as the author has been for more than twenty-five years the secretary of the Society, he is exceptionally competent to write its history. Most of the chapters are written around the prominent personalities of the Society: Shaw, Wallas, the Webbs, Wells, and others. Hence the book is very readable. Perhaps the two most significant facts in the volume are recounted respectively in the first two chapters and the last. They are the peculiar and varied combination of views that were represented by the founders of the Society, Positivism, Henry Georgeism, Socialism, Christian Socialism,

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Psychical Research, and the New Life; and the achievement of the Fabians in breaking the spell of Marxism before that result was accomplished anywhere else. That a very small group of writers should have been able to produce this result, in addition to many others that are noteworthy, is sufficient reason for a systematic account of their methods and efforts.

**THE SPIRITUAL JOURNAL OF LUCIE CHRISTINE.** Edited by Rev. A. Poulain, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

This journal, a translation from the French, records the spiritual life of a devoted wife and mother from 1870 until her death in 1908. A pseudonym is used in the title, and the thoughts and experiences transcribed, much against the writer's will at the instance of her confessor, were not given to the world until some years after she had left it.

The editor has selected salient points from several volumes, and made a connected account of mosaic-like fragments that tells of high and unusual spiritual experiences. The intimacy with God, the devotion to Holy Communion and prayer, the self-examination are all told with that simplicity with which we are familiar in the lives of the saints. Lucie Christine, the preface tells us, although the recipient for years of unusual spiritual favors, appeared to those about her no different from any other pious, charitable person, and many of her experiences can well serve as example and instruction for others who long for a closer union with heaven while engaged in the daily duties of earth.

**SONNETS AND OTHER VERSES.** By Rev. Francis A. Gaffney, O.P. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00 net.

These verses, which have reached a second edition in a few months, are mainly religious in subject and tone. However, there are personal and commemorative poems scattered throughout the volume which give a pleasant effect of many and warm friendships. The verse is not always even in quality, but such poems as *A Soggarth's Prayer* and *The Sleepless One* make a distinct impression.

**ORDEAL BY FIRE.** By Marcel Berger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Mrs. Cecil Curtis has given us, in this volume, a vivid translation of a story that throbs with life. Marcel Berger, a sergeant in the French army, tells a remarkably fine tale of the days stretch-

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ing from August 1, 1914, to September 9th. He brings us close to the lives of the intrepid French soldiers, and makes us live with them during the time when the shock of war was strongest. But most vivid of all is the sense impression he gives us as he leads a small detachment of his soldiers to an attack in early September. He analyzes his feelings as he plunged forward and then fell wounded in the leg, makes the whole story pulsate with reality. Then comes the awakening, and he must go on in life a cripple. But he takes up his burden heroically, cheerful in the love of his Jeanine.

The *Ordeal By Fire* comes after a surfeit of war books, but it is, nevertheless, fresh and invigorating.

**OUR FIRST WAR WITH MEXICO.** By Farnham Bishop. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. $1.25 net.

This popular history of our first war with Mexico is based for the most part upon the scholarly work of George L. Rives, *The Relations Between the United States and Mexico,* 1821-1848, which we reviewed in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD some years ago. It sketches in brief the campaigns of Taylor, Scott, and Kearny, and mentions briefly the causes and results of the war. The book is fair and objective in treatment, although occasionally the writer goes out of his way to calumniate what he calls the "unpatriotic, clerical oligarchy."

**A STUDENT IN ARMS.** By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

These are the thoughts of a man in the trenches who saw life as it was and yet was not overwhelmed by its grossness. At all times he sought to look beyond the enternals and to find the deep causes back of all the misery, the heroism, and the suffering he witnessed. And his interpretation, limited to some slight degree by its immaturity, is so sweet with the highest spiritual idealism that the reader pauses and marvels. Clothed in a fine simplicity of language it speaks of the quiet nobility of the officers and the fighting men of Britain, and gives a keen analysis of their relation to one another, to Church and to country. It is free from the smallness of smug conventional life, and finds that breadth of vision that comes only from a vivid realization of death.

The author has seen life stripped of all its hypocritical trappings, and having witnessed the real, warns against the false, empty

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cant of our society that rests satisfied with the mere forms of religion and its kindred obligations.

The deep sincerity of his words is strikingly accentuated by the publisher's note that precedes the sketches: "Mr. Donald Hankey was killed in action on the Western Front on October 26, 1916."

**THE LIFE OF THE CATERPILLAR.** By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

It is hard to conceive of the greatness of that genius that can tell the story of such a seemingly uninteresting insect as the caterpillar and give the recital all the charm, all the vivid interest and the movement of a novel. Yet that is exactly what the noted French savant has accomplished in this, the sixth volume of his entomological works in English.

The author, who died in October, 1915, at a very advanced age, brings to his subject such delicate imagery that the most abstract notion takes on a resistless charm and lives in quaint reality. He speaks of the arbutus caterpillar and the little insect becomes a real person, building his extravagant house with shutters filled with pipings of silk velvet. He talks with us about the pine processionary, and we see before us the wonderful communistic life these cenobites lead in their silken weavings. Every story—whether of the psyches, or the great peacock or the banded monk—takes on a new meaning in its telling, because of the intimate, interesting details that he gives out of the great wealth of his knowledge.

Nor is this interest gained at the sacrifice of scientific truth or treatment. As in his work on the fly, the bee and the wasp, Fabre shows in this study of the caterpillar marvelous patience in experimentation, a keen perception and a wonderful power to interpret his observations in terms of the humanly real. So attractively does he clothe his ideas that there is a tendency to forget that all his conclusions are the deductions of a master scientist, who knew too much to be ever unscientific.

But Fabre is more than a mere interpreter of nature as seen in her insects. He is a philosopher who sees in his entomological studies reaffirmation of the great principles of all life. His close application has not limited his vision: rather has it broadened it, and kept it free from those vanities and idle reasonings of many of our so-called philosophers and political economists.



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"Yes, caterpillars and friends," he says, in one of the chapters, "we must all work. *Laboremus.*" And that must have been the secret of his great life, for no one could have risen to such mastery of his subject or attained such eminence in his field of endeavor as did Fabre without great labor. But from his writings we can see that his labor was the labor of love. And, loving his work, he was able to talk of it in words that charm by their friendly intimacy.

*The Life of the Caterpillar* is as interesting as a novel and more instructive.

**INTOLERANCE IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.** By Arthur J. Klein. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00 net.

In his introduction the writer declares: "The purpose of this essay is to estimate and to call attention not only to the intolerance of the government and the Established Church, but also to the rising Protestant groups of dissent, and to indicate the way they conditioned and influenced the attitude of both the government and the Church and intrenched themselves for the future conflict."

Professor Klein admits the Erastian character of the Establishment, and the absolute supremacy of Elizabeth in matters spiritual. She was legislature, supreme court, and pope for the English Church, and hers is the responsibility for every penal law passed by her packed Parliaments. It is true that during the first decade of her reign Catholics were treated with comparative lenity, the severest penalties being fines, confiscations and imprisonment. Still the Professor is wrong in asserting that no religious principle was involved in the demand for attendance at Protestant heretical worship. His words are: "The imprisonment of Catholics who refused to submit to the formal requirements of the law in regard to church attendance and outward conformity was not persecution inspired by religious principle.....it was little more than a pledge of political loyalty to the Crown." It was just this "little more" that meant persecution for conscience' sake.

The increased severity of the penal laws that followed the Bull *Regnans in excelsis* of Pius V. in 1570, and the defeat of the Armada in 1588 is admitted by our author, although he tries to show that the one hundred and eighty-nine Catholics who suffered the death penalty in Elizabeth's reign were either traitors, or suffered as innocent victims of the treasonable activities of their fellow-

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Catholics. He unfairly takes the public proclamations of Elizabeth at their face value, and gives credence to the made-to-order volume of Lord Burghley, entitled *The Execution of Justice in England not for Religion but for Treason.* He does not seem to have heard of Cardinal Allen's answer at the time (1584): *A True, Sincere and Modest Defence of English Catholics that suffer for their faith both at home and abroad: against a false, seditious and slanderous Libel entitled the Execution of Justice in England.* A summary of this work may be found in Haile's *An Elizabethan Cardinal, William Allen.*

Catholics were legally traitors if they refused to acknowledge the Queen's supremacy, if they withdrew anyone from the religion stablished, if they pretended to have power to absolve or reconcile anyone to the See of Rome, if they imported Catholic books of controversy into England, etc., Green's words in his *Short History* are worth quoting: "There is something even more revolting than open persecution in the policy which brands every Catholic priest as a traitor, and all Catholic worship as disloyalty."

In discussing Protestant dissent, Professor Klein proves the intolerance of Presbyterianism, and shows that it cannot in any sense claim to be the champion of liberty or democracy. His picture of the Elizabethan bishops and clergy is fair enough. The bishops are time servers, subservient to the State, and "not unreasonably pious;" the clergy are in great part ignorant, illiterate, immoral men, recruited from the ranks of shoemakers, barbers, tailors, waterbearers, shepherds and horsekeepers. "Perhaps," he adds, "there was as much moral earnestness and truly religious propaganda as exists in any Church where men are busy with concerns more immediate and practical than the salvation of their souls!"

The early English reformers and divines—Barlow, Cranmer, Cooper, Whitgift, Bancroft—denied the divine origin of episcopacy as do their Low Church descendants today, but the ideal of apostolic succession developed during the controversies with the Presbyterians under Elizabeth.

There are many statements throughout these pages that strike a Catholic as ridiculous, but the writer borrows them from some of the prejudiced rationalists of our day. For instance he writes: "Its (the Catholic Church's) supernatural elements were emphasized at the expense of human progress." Or again: "It (Catholicism) was anti-social in so far as it made its ideal one of otherworldliness."

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The bibliography is not critical, and evidences the author's anti-Catholic prejudice. He warns his readers against accepting the statements of Catholic writers, but says nothing against unfair books like Bury's *A History of Freedom of Thought.* Again he is not aware of the utter unreliability of Sarpi's history of Trent, nor does he apparently know that a new critical history of the Council is in course of publication.

**CANONICAL ELECTIONS.** By Daniel M. Galliher, O.P. Washington, D. C.: The Catholic University of America.

This scholarly dissertation on canonical elections was submitted by Father Galliher for the doctorate in canon law at the Catholic University of America during the past year. The subject is a most important chapter in the Church's canon law, because of the necessity of safeguarding the choice of her Popes, bishops, and superiors of religious houses of men and women. The enactments, decrees and constitutions published on this question for centuries before and after the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215 are legion.

Father Galliher has given a thorough treatment of the many questions involved, special attention being paid to the elections of the Order of Friars Preachers, in which not only generals and provincials, but even local prelates are canonically elected. After a brief historical sketch of the laws of various countries, he defines the notion of election in canon law, clearly setting it apart from collation, postulation and nomination. In succeeding chapters he describes the qualifications of electors, the legal method of calling them together, the persons eligible, the act of election, defects in election, subsequent acts, and postulation. He concludes with a few words on the present manner of electing the Pope, and of selecting bishops in the United States to the ruling of July 25, 1916.

We know of no treatise in canon law that brings out so clearly the wisdom, common sense, fairness and democratic spirit of the Church's legal system.

**CRIMINAL SOCIOLOGY.** By Enrico Ferri. Translated by Jos. I. Kelly and John Lisle. Edited by Wm. M. Smithers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.00 net.

This is the ninth volume of the Modern Criminal Science Series published under the auspices of the American Institute of

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Criminal Law and Criminology. The writer, Enrico Ferri, is a positivist of the Italian school, who holds that crime is a biologic and social abnormality, produced in part at least by extra-social forces. His great heroes are Spencer, Darwin, Marx and Lombroso, so that naturally he emphasizes on every page the denial of free will, and stresses the physical, biological and economic factors of crime.

The colossal conceit of unbelievers of the Ferri type is evidenced on every page of this work, especially when he boasts of his power to pick out in every instance the criminal type murderer. It is evident again in his constant sneering at the men of the classical school who think religion to be more than mere sentiment, and dare question his unproved assertions of fact and theory. When he asserts that "positive psychology has demonstrated that the pretended free will is a purely subjective illusion," we are not at all convinced, and when we read his arguments we wonder at the sublime faith of his followers. His definition of crime is itself inaccurate and incomplete, his methods of collecting criminal statistics vitiated by a false *a priori* philosophy, his theory of the criminal type false and out of date, his indictment of the jury system unjust and exaggerated.

His hatred of religion breathes on every page, and like many a renegade he speaks falsely of the corrupt Rome of the Middle Ages with its "apostolic tariffs for the absolution of sins." And this is the man who is always taunting the classical school for fighting shy of facts. We regret very much that the American Institute cannot find American scholars to write on these topics objectively, instead of translating works nearly forty years old of anti-Christian bigots.

**HISTORY OF THE SINN FEIN MOVEMENT AND THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1916.** By Francis P. Jones. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00 net.

The latest attempt at the solution of the Irish problem and the decided stand taken in the matter by the Sinn Feiners gives an added value to any volume dealing with Ireland, and especially so if it treats of Ireland's newest political organization.

Not widely known outside of Irish circles, previous to the Easter of 1916, the Sinn Fein movement has grown in strength since the Dublin insurrection, and is now exerting a decided influence in Irish affairs.

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A clear insight into the inception, growth and ideals of the movement is found in Mr. Jones' recent book. He analyzes the English influences that have been at work in Ireland for many years. He shows the pernicious attempts to strengthen Ireland commercially and politically. In contrast to these influences he explains the Sinn Fein ideals, and traces out the gradual unification of discontent that culminated in the revolt of 1916. Of that unfortunate insurrection and its leaders, he gives a most intimate account, having gathered his material from personal contact with Pearce, Connolly, MacDonald and the other Sinn Fein leaders.

His presentation of the Irish problem is the most conclusive written in recent years, and contains a complete review of a period in Irish history that will grow in importance with the passing of time. No one who would know Ireland's present position can afford to miss reading this scholarly work. In writing it Mr. Jones has done a great service for Ireland and her people.

**SIXTY YEARS OF THE THEATRE.** By John Ranken Towse. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Towse, dramatic critic for the New York *Evening Post* for over forty years, has written a delightful volume of reminiscences. He is firmly convinced of the degeneracy of the modern theatre in all matters of sheer artistry and histrionism, and declares that the present-day stage cannot claim even one great actor. Throughout the volume he points out the causes of this generally acknowledged decadence, viz., the doing away with the old, carefully trained and artistic stock companies, the prevailing system of purely commercial management, and the bought-up press lavishing unmerited praise upon poor plays and incompetent performers.

These fascinating pages are valuable chiefly for the writer's critical estimates of plays and players for the past sixty years. With impartial pen he bestows praise and blame, sets forth the comparative merits of various actors in well-known rôles, and frankly expresses his judgment as to their talent or genius. For example, he considers Salvini the greatest actor and artist of them all; asserts that Booth was a great but not a very great actor; places Fechter's Hamlet first, with Booth a good second and Forbes-Robertson third. He regards John Gilbert unique in his interpretation of Sir Anthony in *The Rivals;* and grants Bernhardt's genius in the modern social emotional drama, but styles her Hamlet a presumptuous, ignorant and abominable travesty. He calls Modjeska

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one of the really great actresses of her time, admits the genius of Clara Morris, and has high words of praise for Irving both as actor and manager. He speaks rather disparagingly of Mary Anderson, Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske, Sothern, Mantell and other popular idols of today.

The reader may not always agree with the opinions of this rather exacting critic, but everyone will admit he writes out of honest conviction, and a full knowledge of his subject.

**GRAPES OF WRATH.** By Boyd Cable: New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Without doubt this is one of the most fascinating books the war has produced. So vivid is its presentation of life at the front, so startingly real is its delineation of fearful charge and bloody attack that the recital grips the reader and holds him spellbound to its close. And when he lays down the book, all he can do is to shake his head in wonder and sorrow.

In *Action Front* the author gave us a remarkable picture of trench life and warfare, but in this new book he reaches even a higher degree of perfection. He has attained a greater mastery of his tools. He moulds together all the pathos, the joy, the cruelty, the sublimity of the fearful struggle, and so rebuilds the scenes until they live again before us in their naked reality. The story that he tells is tremendous in its pull upon the emotions, for it is life itself.

*Grapes of Wrath* is based upon Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and tells the story of twenty-four hours in the lives of three private soldiers, "Kentucky," "Larry," and "Pug." Coming up from the rear, the three men advance with their regiment to the attack on a German trench. Then comes the conflict, fierce, pitiless, lethal. And through it all stands out the careless bravery of the three men. How they live, how they fight, how one dies forms a story that only the man who lived it could write.

*Grapes of Wrath* is as big as its theme and as moving.

**ST. PAUL THE HERO.** By Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

As an introduction to the life of the first and greatest of the missionary saints, this little volume will serve a useful purpose, especially with youthful readers. Beginning with Paul's boyhood,

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it runs through the various stages of his growth, at school, in Gamaliel's college, during his violent anti-Christian days, as a Christian neophyte, and finally as an Apostle. The thrilling story of the wonderful journeys is happily told, and leaves one eager for better acquaintance with the hero of the tale. St. Paul's life is so full of incident and so fascinating in detail that to write a long book about him would be far easier than a satisfactory short one; but Professor Jones, with the exactness of a scholar and with the quiet reverence of a Quaker, has produced a series of brief chapters that will convey to young people a very clear outline of the main story, while not exceeding the compass of their patience. The little volume, therefore, is a welcome addition to our library of useful books.

**WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE BY CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.**

By H. St. George Tucker. New York: Yale University Press. $1.35 net.

The five lectures in this volume were delivered by the author in the Storrs Lecture Course in the Yale University Law School in February, 1916. They set forth clearly the real distinction between the powers of the Federal and State Governments under the Constitution of the United States, and insist upon the necessity of maintaining those powers in a just equilibrium for the preservation of American liberties.

The author does not in any way treat of the merits of woman's suffrage, but discusses the proposed amendment to the Constitution with regard to woman's suffrage as one of the attempts to confound State and Federal Governmental powers.

The author proves his thesis in scholarly fashion.

**WHERE THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH STANDS.**

By Rev. Edward McCrady. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

The Rev. Edward McCrady writes this volume to prove the ultra Protestant character of the Church of England and its American daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church. He has no patience with the High Churchmen who in convention after convention have tried to change the name of their Church. He thus declares his aim: "We have merely set out to prove that it is absolute impossible for anyone to assume that the theological position taken by the Anglican Reformers and incorporated into

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the Articles and other formularies of the Church of England is not the present official position of that communion as well as of this Protestant Episcopal Church, that the doctrinal position of the Catholic party is not absolutely incompatible therewith, and that the present proposition to change the name of this Church to the American Catholic Church does not necessarily mean the entire abandonment of the official and historic position of this Church."

He proves conclusively the Protestant mind of the English reformers, the Protestant character of the Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles, and devotes most of the three hundred pages of his book to the Presbyterian contention that episcopacy is not a divine institution.

The writing of the book is not carefully done, and is marked by many repetitions, and an annoying use of capitals and italics.

**MORE TALES BY POLISH AUTHORS.** Translated by Elsie C. M. Benecke and Marie Busch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

The most striking story of the six dramatic tales of the present volume is *The Returning Wave,* by Boleslaw Prus. It describes a German millionaire manufacturer living in Poland who acknowledges no God but money and worldly success. He treats his workingmen with the greatest cruelty and injustice, reducing their wages in order to give his spendthrift son money to squander on riotous living. His cruelty results in the death of one of his best workmen. Nemesis follows in the death of his beloved son in a duel, whereupon the old man goes violently insane, burns down his cotton mill, and dies in the flames.

Another well-told story is *Maciej,* the Mazur, by Adam Szymanski. It is a tale of murder, brother killing brother for revealing the plans of the Polish revolutionists.

**BREACHES OF ANGLO-AMERICAN TREATIES.** By John Bigelow. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.50 net.

During the Taft Administration when the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was under discussion, a number of British journals charged the United States with bad faith in respect to its treaty obligations. These statements led Major Bigelow to examine the records of the diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the United States to determine the relative trustworthiness of the two nations.

He reviewed and analyzed the more important Anglo-Ameri-

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can treaties, and found that the United States has more than a safe balance of good faith to its credit in its regard for treaty rights, and is far above the level of British diplomacy.

This book, which embodies this study of diplomatic *bona fides,* is marked by fairness of treatment and broad scholarly effort.

**UNDERTOW.** By Kathleen Norris. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Mrs. Norris, the novelist of the American home, has written a new story on the theme of extravagance. Bert and Nancy Bradley are the happiest of couples on twelve hundred a year, but once they are caught in the undertow of living beyond their means, they drift apart, become discontended and envious of others, and lose all affection for simple home pleasures. A fire which destroys their expensive surburban home brings them to their senses, and they determine again to live the happy, simple life. The story is worth while and wholesome.

**THE REST HOUSE.** By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

In *The Rest House* Miss Clarke tells us how the frail, pampered, but resolute Peggy Metcalfe found her way to the Catholic church despite the most bitter opposition of friends and kinsfolk. Her conversion is due to a direct call from the Christ of the Eucharist, which is more frequent than some Catholics realize. The contrast between the worldliness, prejudice and narrowness of the English Protestant home with the other-worldliness, devotion and spiritual outlook of the Catholic home is well drawn. It is a good book to put into the hands of inquirers who must face bitter opposition at home, if they are to be true to the call of God and conscience.

**THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING.** By Irving Bacheller. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50 net.

This is a story of northwestern New York in the forties. It is remarkable chiefly for its clear cut, attractive character sketches of the simple and sturdy country folk of the days of President Van Buren. Uncle Peabody and Aunt Deel are an unfailing delight, and the jovial schoolmaster and the honest Senator are excellent companions for an idle hour. The love story, according to rule, is a story of bitter opposition and glorious

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triumph. The villainous Grimshaw is punished in the execution of his only son, and the mysterious Silent Woman is restored to sanity and happiness.

**AURORA THE MAGNIFICENT.** By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Co. $1.40 net.

This wholesome and well-written novel describes the social set of the Anglo-American colony in Florence. Aurora, an ignorant, vulgar, but warm-hearted and generous widow from Cape Cod, invades the sacred precincts of this exclusive body, and despite her many handicaps wins everyone, including a most fastidious artist whom she marries. The characters are well drawn, the love story interestingly told, although we hope that foreigners will not deem Aurora a type of the average American young woman.

**THE HOLY HOUR IN GETHSEMANE.** By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

In this book of meditations and prayers for the devotion of the Holy Hour, the Passion forms the centre of thought. The *Anima Christi* is the text. The author tells us it was so chosen by request, and lent itself admirably to the purpose, an opinion from which none will dissent. Father Donnelly has arranged the meditations into three Hours; for Holiness; for Perfection and Strength; and for Perseverance, respectively. Each of these is so subdivided as to give three meditations for each quarter except the fourth, for which litanies, prayers and hymns are provided. The reflections are searching and inspiring, and the book cannot but fulfill the author's hope that it "may help to spread further this consoling devotion which appeals so touchingly to the faithful in these days when the Sacrament of the Altar is coming to occupy so prominent a place in Catholic life."

**THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE MARTYRS OF TYBURN.** By the Nuns of Tyburn Convent. London: Burns & Oates. 35 cents net.

This volume contains brief biographies of the one hundred and five martyrs who were executed at Tyburn from 1535-1681. In the number are included forty-four secular priests, twenty laymen, nineteen Jesuits, seven Benedictines, seven Carthusians, three Franciscans, two women, one Dominican, one Bridgettine, and one Archbishop. These brief lives refute the old Protestant

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calumny that these men suffered for treason, and not for their religion. On the contrary all could say with Father Powel, O.S.B.: "This is the happiest day and the greatest joy that ever befell me, for I am brought hither for no other cause or reason than that I am a Roman Catholic priest, and a monk of the Order of St. Benedict."

**THE PRINCESS OF LET'S PRETEND.** By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

An appealing little collection of stories for young folk—the type of stories beginning with "once upon a time," that wide-eyed children clamor to hear at the twilight or bedtime hour.

The illustrations are novel, being photographs chosen from moving picture films; but their realism will disappoint the childish imagination, which can far more aptly picture its own fairy world.

**LIFE OF ST. ADAMNAN.** By Very Rev. E. Canon Maguire, D.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Dr. Maguire writes a brief but scholarly life of St. Adamnan or St. Eunan, the biographer of St. Columba of Iona, and the first Bishop of Raphoe (697-705). He was the most illustrious of the successors of St. Columba, remarkable both for his scholarship and his sanctity. He did his utmost to convert the monks of Iona to the Roman tonsure and the Roman Easter, but he failed to win them over. He brought these customs with him to Ireland when he left Iona to be Bishop of Raphoe, and by his zeal and energy saved the Irish Church from possible schism.

IN the *Manuale Ordinandorum, or the Ordination Rite According to the Roman Pontifical,* Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B. (Beatty, Pa.: Archabbey Press. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents) publishes the text of the Roman Pontifical on the conferring of orders, adding appropriate notes and citing authentic decrees of the Holy See. The book should be much appreciated by students approaching ordination and by the laity. Much praise is due the Benedictines for their constant endeavor to extend the knowledge of the liturgical beauties by translations in the vernacular.

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# Recent Events.

**Progress of the War.**

The Hindenburg drive which the enemy threatened a few weeks ago has not been begun, nor so far are there any signs of its being undertaken, although he is said to have five million men under arms. During the period of Russian disorganization fears were entertained for Petrograd, but with the exception of a bridgehead on the Stokhod, the Russian line remains intact. So far from an advance, every step of the enemy has been backward, and his boast now is of his ability in making "victorious" retreats. After having succeeded in extricating his forces on the Somme front, the Allies were brought into a stand on the line St. Quentin-Cambrai. But the rest accorded to the enemy was not to last long. On Easter Monday the British launched a fresh attack east of Arras, and at once secured far greater advances than during the Somme battle. Vimy Ridge, one of the chief German strongholds, was captured within a few hours; eleven thousand prisoners, as well as more than one hundred field guns, were taken. To the right of the British line the French soon after made an advance toward the plateau of Craonne, and although the depth penetrated was not deep the positions secured were of great military value; the key-points, in fact, of the enemy's line. The capture of nineteen thousand prisoners shows the swiftness of the blow and the severity of the defeat inflicted on the enemy. Perhaps an even more important gain than these local successes was that by these attacks Hindenburg was foiled in his plans, and forced to draw upon the strategic reserves which he has been so laboriously accumulating, and to use them for a merely defensive purpose. It is said that he had created a reserve force of about a million men with which to make one last bid, if not for victory, at least for a draw. For this all Germany's resources during the past winter had been devoted. Every man in Germany had been placed at the disposal of the military authorities. On the other hand, the object of the Allies was obtained. Their attacks were made not to *break through*, as German writers assert, but to *break up* the armies in front of them. This, by the superiority of artillery which is now theirs, they have

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been able to do in a large degree and by inflicting enormous losses, so that at least ten of Hindenburg's reserve divisions have had to be drawn into the battle to supply these losses.

Hardly had the British consolidated the positions won east of Arras than a new attack was made farther north on the enemy's lines. The attack was preceded by an explosion of mines which had taken six months to prepare, and resulted in the capture of one of the strongest of the enemy's position and in a British advance of more than three miles. All this was accomplished after the German public had been repeatedly assured that the Allied offensive had broken down for this year.

Meanwhile Italy had begun to act. Too much cannot be said in praise of the part which the Italian army has taken in the war. Where others have had hills to attack, Italy has had mountains. So important an influence on the war has been exerted by Italy that not a few think that the Allies would have been defeated if Italy had remained neutral. It is worthy of note that General Cadorna is the only commander-in-chief who has retained his command from the beginning. His capture of Goritzia is considered a masterpiece of strategy. In the latter half of May, another offensive was opened on the front from the Isonzo to the Adriatic, a distance of more than fifty miles. By equally brilliant strategy Count Cadorna succeeded in capturing important positions on the way to Trieste, and in taking many prisoners. The Austrians, however, have brought up large reënforcements. The way to Trieste is still blocked.

Little has been done in the other scenes of warfare, Saloniki, Armenia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, East Africa. Although little has been said, a great deal has been done in Persia. German emissaries had succeeded in bringing about a state of anarchy and revolt throughout a large part even of Southern Persia, in preparation for the advance into India which once formed part of their dreams. After the taking of Kut by the Turks when British prestige had been brought very low, and there was a possibility of Persia being turned into a basis for this attack on India, a small British column started from the Persian Gulf in order to restore order and to clear out the enemy's agents. So great has been the success of this expedition that Sir Percy Sykes, its commander, is now at the head of eleven thousand highly-trained Persian police, and has brought the whole of Southern Persia under control.

While the submarine warfare of the "assassins of the sea,"

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as Mr. Lansing styles our enemies, is still serious, their hope of success is being ever more and more deferred. Three weeks, at the beginning of the unrestricted campaign of ruthlessness, were given to bring England to her knees. Five months have passed, and now the deceivers of the German people have extended the time to two months. Keen disappointment is, moreover, being expressed in Germany. The well-known military critic, Captain Persius, has declared his conviction that the submarine cannot determine the war; in this he is in full agreement with English authorities. For a time it will be necessary for the population of Great Britain to practise economy in the use of bread, and this it is doing by voluntary rationing. For the immediate future measures have been taken by which two millions of tons of wheat will be added to this year's production, while for 1918 so much additional land will be cultivated that, even without so much as a single ton of imported food-stuff, all danger of starvation will have disappeared. By shipping arrangements which have been made, even though the highest rate of submarine losses should be continued, more cargo tonnage will enter British ports in this month of July than came in during March. The working of British mines has been so much increased that four million more tons of minerals and ores will be available by August, while arrangements with France insure a full supply of timber

**Peace Talk.**

One of the things which contributed to the accomplishment of the Russian Revolution was the disgust felt by the nation with the inefficiency of the Tsar's government in the carrying on of the war, and the desire for greater military activity. And yet no sooner had its success been assured than a peace movement began which has its echoes in most of the belligerent States. This was due to the fact that the most influential of the agents in bringing about the Revolution was a body of Socialists whose ideals run counter to all purely national aspirations. In their view the world conflict is not between nations, but between the classes of each nation; the workingman is pitted against the capitalist; hence the Russian capitalist is the more immediate enemy of the workingman of the Empire than are the German working people. From this arises the obvious duty of bringing into alliance the working people of each country. Russian Socialists took advantage of

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their newly-won freedom to make an appeal to those of Germany for a common union on the basis of no annexation and no indemnities. They were strong enough to drive from office the Foreign Minister, M. Miliukoff, and to place in jeopardy the union of Russia with her Allies. To them the German Socialists were brothers, and this in spite of the fact that almost all of the party had from the beginning of the war proved false to the ideal of universal brotherhood, which had been the animating spirit of the movement, and had supported the war with an ardor equal to that of the most extreme of the Junkers. Nothing, in fact, more surprising has resulted from the war than the revelation of the hollowness of the Socialist movement. In every country it has played into the hands of the enemy of human freedom. Italy, France and England have suffered in various ways from Socialist activities, while in this country the party has favored a programme essentially Pro-German and therefore un-American. It supported the embargo on munitions, it called for the warning of Americans from going to sea, and offered nauseating apologies for the violation of Belgium. At the present time it is putting forth all its energies in promoting a peace which would give the enemy most of the things he desires, a peace which would render fruitless all the sacrifices which have been made.

In the dire straits in which Germany now finds itself it was willing to make use of the Socialists, although in the time of peace it had treated them as enemies of the State. It aided the return to Russia of the more influential advocates of the "Stop the War" propaganda, and did everything in its power to bring about a Congress at Stockholm at which peace by negotiation would be discussed, and allowed for the first time since the war began full reports of Socialist speeches. A Committee of the Reichstag has been appointed to consider the revision of the Constitution. The Kaiser himself has declared that the thing which is dearest to his heart is the reform of the Prussian Diet and the liberation of the entire inner political life of the country. This declaration was made after the Russian Revolution and after our President's condemnation of government without the consent of the governed, but it synchronized with the efforts of the Russian Socialists to enlist their fellow Socialists in Germany in a peace movement. Bismarck has revealed the fact that the consent which he gave to the granting of universal suffrage for the German Empire was in his view merely a temporary blackmail to the "liberty-mongers," to be revoked when a conven-

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ient opportunity offered. It is not difficult to arrive at the conclusion that it is from no love of wider political rights for the German people that the recent promises have been made, but with the view to win the support of the Socialists in their peace propaganda.

Coincident with the German efforts to coöperate with the peace movement in Russia, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister manifested his willingness to discuss peace terms, declaring that the Central Powers did not wish the destruction of their enemies. The proposal of a Peace Conference, made last December, was, he said, still open. Replying subsequently to the Manifesto issued by the Russian Provincial Government, which disclaimed any design to dominate foreign nations, to take from them their national heritage, or forcibly to occupy their territory, the Austro-Hungarian Government declared that those aims were identical with its own. No specific terms, however, were stated, and when some time after a clearer definition of these terms was given, it was found that once again deceit is wrapped up in generalities. It became clear that the whole purpose of the Austrian, as of the German, Government was to lure the Russian into the making of a separate peace. After no little hesitation the determination of Russia to continue the war has been made, but not in so clear a way as to preclude all the hopes of her enemies. The Austrian Emperor seems still to cherish the idea of a separate peace. In his speech at the opening of the Reichsrath he referred to the great neighboring people with whom Austria was united in old friendship, forgetting that the war was occasioned by the gross insult which had been offered by his predecessor to that people. The fall of Count Tisza, described by a member of the Hungarian Chamber as a blood-maniac who had plunged Hungary into the war, and is still resolute for its continuance, may be an indication that a desire for peace exists in Hungary, although the cause of his fall was the old question of the extension of the suffrage which has for so long a time been a subject of debate.

The Manifesto of the Russian Government which disclaimed all desire of annexation and indemnities excited considerable anxiety among her Allies, and forced the Governments of Great Britain and France to make clear to the world and to Russia in what sense they understood this disclaimer. If its meaning was that no restoration to France of Alsace-Lorraine was to be made and no payment by the Central Powers of the damages suffered at their hands by Belgium, Poland, Serbia and Rumania, the Russian terms would



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not be endorsed by them. President Wilson has since made it clear that this country is in full agreement with the Western Powers. What stand Russia will take is not yet quite certain. The latest accounts, however, seem to make it clear that the dominant parties accept her Allies' interpretation. But the state of confusion which unfortunately is not yet at an end, makes it impossible for outsiders to feel full assurance of Russia's reliability.

Among those in the enemy countries who are now talking about peace are certain of the German Catholics who, as Cardinal Mercier says in a recent pastoral, never found it in their hearts to utter a word of reprobation of the German armies when they massacred innocent inhabitants of Belgian cities and shot down priests, but have remained silent while the criminals were whitewashed. Today when the prospect for Germany is becoming dark, these Catholics are composing hymns to Christian fraternity, to forgetfulness of the past and to brotherly peace. The Cardinal recalls to their minds the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas, whom Pope Leo XIII. declared to be the great teacher not only of dogma, but also of morals. St. Thomas declares that there is a kind of vengeance that is a virtuous action, when, as in this case, it springs from a respect to the rules of order and justice. The desire that the authors of the wrongs done to Belgium should be punished is nothing less than fidelity to these rules. To wish physical evil to a wrongdoer who remains obdurate for the sake of his conversion—a conversion which includes restitution—is a reasonable love. "The collective crime of a nation which violates the right of another is incomparably more grievous than that of an individual whom society sends to the galleys or the guillotine." War is the means for the punishment of such a nation, and is therefore a righteous duty, and, in fact, a great act of love, to perform which Belgium has devoted all her strength, all her fortune, all her blood. That this task will be accomplished, the pledge just given by our President to the Belgian Envoys gives complete assurance: "The American people have been able to understand and glory in the unflinching heroism of the Belgian people and their sovereign, and there is not one among us who does not today welcome the opportunity of expressing to you our heartfelt sympathy and friendship, and our solemn determination that on the inevitable day of victory Belgium shall be restored to the place she has so richly won among the self-respecting and respected nations of the earth."

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**Russia.** The situation in Russia is still grave enough to cause anxiety, although within the last few days there are some signs of a stable settlement. The second Provincial Government remains unchanged, except that the Minister of Commerce has resigned. There seems to have arisen a master of the situation in the person of the Minister of War, M. Kerensky, who, as he is himself the leading Socialist of more moderate views, possesses great influence over the forces to whom the Revolution was chiefly due. M. Kerensky is a man of great decision of character, a man who sees things as they are, and therefore recognizes the supreme necessity of saving Russia from the foreign foe. As this cannot be done except by means of the army, he has proclaimed the intention of maintaining iron discipline within its ranks. There have been a few outbreaks of the extreme elements which were let loose by the Revolution. The garrison of Krondstadt revolted and proclaimed its independence, but this seems to be an isolated instance; its example instead of spreading having met with general condemnation. Regiments on the Rumanian border who mutinied on being disbanded, were at once brought under control by loyal troops. Discipline is being gradually restored by the efforts of the Minister of War. It is in fact rumored that the inactivity along the Russian front is coming to an end, and that the Germans are anticipating an attack.

As the excitement involved in the Revolution is dying down, other and more sober influences will make their weight felt. Among these the American Mission will not be the least impressive. There has long been between Russia and this country a real sympathy, although of a somewhat intangible character, based upon the conduct of Russia during the Civil War. This will now tell in favor of the Mission of which Mr. Root is the head.

The practical services which are being rendered by the Railway Commission in the all-important matter of transportation will give to this country a further influence in the establishment of stable government for new Russia. Above all President Wilson's Note harmonizes so well with the feelings of the party now dominant in Russia, that it cannot but establish a closer bond between the two countries, while at the same time it will make Russia more firm in her determination to prosecute the war for the attainment of the end which both are now seen to have in view, that is to say, that no territory shall be transferred without the consent of its

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people, a policy which safeguards the rights of Poland, Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro. "No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live." This principle of the President if fully applied would secure for the Bohemians, the Serbs, the Slovenes and the other races now under Austro-Hungarian domination that measure of freedom to which they aspire. It may, however, be doubted whether the Russian Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates will commit themselves to this wider extension of the principle, for they have disclaimed what they call "an imperialistic war in the name of the liberation of nations." This declaration was made before the publication of the President's Message to the Russian people; since its publication the Extreme Socialists represented by Lenine have shown openly that they were not in full agreement with the President's programme.

While the Duma represents what is called the *bourgeoisie*, to which those of the supporters of Tsardom who acquiesce in its fall have allied themselves; the soldiers and the workmen are more or less fully represented by the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. The great mass, however, of the Russian people are the peasants who do not seem to have had a prominent part in bringing about the Revolution, except in so far, and this is a fairly large exception, as the army is made up of peasants. A separate organization, however, has been formed of peasants' delegates of all Russia. These have been holding a Congress which has ranged itself on the side of the new democracy, has in fact declared in favor of a federal republic for Russia. As devotion to the Tsar was the deepest sentiment of this class, a sentiment thought so strong as to be incapable of being shaken, the last hold of Tsardom has been destroyed, if this Congress is a truly representative body. The reason is not far to seek. The revelation which has been made of the turpitude of the autocratic government of Russia has so shocked their moral instincts that it has changed reverence into contempt.

It is now established that in February of this year the Russian Ministry of the Tsar had already arranged terms of peace with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, and was secretly prepared, if France stood out for the return of all Alsace and Lorraine, to make a separate peace. This betrayal of the interests for which the peasants by the hundreds of thousands had shed their blood, resulted in that alienation which has come upon

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the world as so much of a surprise. The more thoughtful classes abandoned the cause of the Tsar when he took up a position of absolute intractability. *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint* became in his case, as in so many others, a ruinous motto. When it was a question of making even moderate concessions such as were desired not merely by the nobles, but by nearly all the members of his own family, he turned a deaf ear. This ruler of millions of his fellowmen was himself ruled, so far as internal policy was concerned, by a treacherous German woman who was hostile to the best interests of the country of which she was the Empress. She in her turn was under the domination of a dissolute monk, who was seeking merely his own private interests. It is not believed that the Tsar was personally in favor of the peace with Germany or even aware of the intrigue; he allowed himself in this respect to be misled by his wife and her creatures in the bureaucratic ministry. His attention was engrossed by the army, at the headquarters of which he chiefly passed his time. The Minister of the Interior, M. Protopopoff, not only did not try to serve the country, but did everything he could to serve the enemy. A plan was formed to cause serious disturbances by cutting off supplies of food, an artificial famine was engineered, and the disturbances consequent thereupon were to be the excuse for a call for peace with Germany. The internal confusion thus deliberately prepared would render a prosecution of the war impossible. The Tsar was to be confronted with this situation and his consent to be won. Such in brief was the conspiracy against the country of which its rulers made themselves either directly or indirectly the agents. No wonder is it that when these facts were disclosed, a revolution, which was looked upon as impossible a few days before, was brought about within a few hours.

**Austria-Hungary.** The young Emperor of Austria is striving to extricate his dominions from the thralldom by which they are threatened. Another step in this direction has been taken by the meeting of the Reichsrath, which has taken place after the lapse of three years, during which all power was assumed by the late Emperor Francis Joseph. This course was not very agreeable to the Kaiser, for it was much more easy for him to work his will with an old man in his dotage than with an Assembly of the representatives of the people, even though that Assembly unfairly places a preponderance of

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power on the Austro-Germans. The desire, however, to throw dust into the eyes of Russia and of the democracies of the West by an ostensible appeal to their principles, overcame the Kaiser's opposition. In his speech the Emperor made a solemn asservation of his "unalterable will to exercise his rights as a ruler at all times in a truly constitutional spirit, inviolably to respect constitutional liberties, and to preserve, unimpaired to the people that share in the formation of the will of the States which the existing Constitution provides." After making this profession for reasons given, strange to say, he announced his decision not to take the constitutional oath until such time as a new and strong Austria should have been formed. This new and strong Austria, of which he gave a vague outline, he has taken it into his own hands to form, promising to act as a just, affectionate and conscientious ruler, and in the spirit of true democracy.

The Germans within the German Empire and those in Austria are credited with the desire of extending still farther the control which they already wield over the various other races—Czechs, Slavs, Slovenes, Poles and others too numerous to mention. For this purpose, among other things, the Poles were to be ousted from the Reichsrath. The ruler's freedom from the oath to the Constitution as it stands will facilitate the carrying into effect of these schemes, not in the way in which the subject nationalities wish, but as it is well-pleasing to the German over-lords. Strenuous opposition is, however, already being offered.

While the minority of Germans rule in Austria the Hungarian part of the Dual Monarchy is ruled by a Magyar minority, and they are perhaps even more unjust to the Slav majority. Of this minority and its unjust exercise of the position given by the existing suffrage, Count Stephen Tisza, the Calvinist lay bishop, who recently placed the Crown of St. Stephen on the head of the new Emperor, has been for a long time the sturdiest supporter. He is convinced that the democratic reform of the suffrage promised several years ago, but not yet granted, would destroy the power of the Magyar oligarchy. When he fell on account of a half-hearted attempt made by him to deal with the question, it was expected that he would be succeeded by an equally stanch defender of the power of the Magyars, Count Andrássy. The opposition, however, has proved too strong: a Premier has been appointed who will attempt to bring in a genuine reform. Whether it will be carried is another question.

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**Greece.**

At last King Constantine has disappeared. On the demand of the Three Protecting Powers to whom Greece owes her Constitution and the King's father his crown, he was forced to abdicate in favor of his second son, Alexander. Since the beginning of the war Constantine has acted the part of a usurper, arrogating to himself powers reserved by the Constitution to the Ministry and defying the duly-elected representatives of the people. A section of the people—how large no one can say—and the army, at least its officers, supported him in a policy of cowardly submission to Germany, which resulted in the sacrificing of the best interests of the country. To him must, in a large measure, be attributed the inactivity of the Allied Army at Saloniki, as there was always the danger of an attack in the rear. Now that he has been removed, it is possible that an advance may be made in order to cut the railway which runs to Constantinople from Belgrade and Vienna.

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# With Our Readers.

RECENTLY the editors of a well-known collection of the best in English literature were persuaded, after considerable argument, that a new edition of their work ought to include such a poet as Francis Thompson. They had not intended to give him notice, nor to publish any extracts from his work, although they claimed that the new edition of their publication would be up-to-date and comprehensive. An appeal in favor of a lesser Catholic poet—but one much greater than many included—was less successful. His name and his work will remain unmentioned in this (as advertised) complete digest of the best in all English literature.

* * * *

A SIMILAR case of the neglect of Catholic poets by *The Cambridge History of English Literature* has been pointed out in the pages of *The Dublin Review*.

*The Cambridge History*, as is well known, is the work of different contributors, and in many ways is an invaluable publication to the student of English literature. In its treatment of Catholic poets and prose writers, and of religious questions, as they affect the literature of England, it cannot be termed fair and impartial. It does not always sail straight. Frequently it is lop-sided with Anglican and anti-Catholic prejudice. One need not ask, for example, if the editors, masters of the English tongue, know the opprobrium attached to the use of the word Romanist. They are well acquainted with it; and yet the volume is frequently stained by its use. And in a very subtle way it is attached to a Catholic author with the implication that it lessens his full claim to preëminence in the field of English literature.

* * * *

THE treatment of Newman in an earlier volume of the *History* is also an example of the bigotry of which we speak. From a literary point of view also it is lamentably deficient. To elevate Pusey "because of his solemnity, pathos and grandeur" above Newman will scarcely receive the approval of scholars. It is too late a day for even the prejudiced mind not to grant Newman a leading place in English letters. The most unwilling must yield him a large share of praise, and, if he be attacked, it must be done in at least an apparently fair way—in that "broad," large-minded manner characteristic of so much modern writing.

In *The Cambridge History*, Newman is indeed exalted, and highly exalted. Yet upon reading this estimate of him the reader, if he has had no other source of knowledge, will receive the impression that he was a skillful, rather than a great, writer; an artist rather than

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a genius. "Newman's *Apologia,*" says the *History,* "is wonderful: sincere, thorough, convincing." And then a few lines after we read: "It *seems* (italics ours) to represent without omission the whole mind of the writer. And yet it is a piece of finished art, not conscious but inevitable, because the writer had become half—perhaps altogether —unwittingly a supreme artist." "He could not write in any other way," we are told, "art had become to him a second nature."

Newman was sincere, yes; but his art was so much a part of himself that it made spontaneity impossible. His was the great power of persuading his readers that he was speaking to them, heart to heart. The reader remembers that one page back the same writer in this *History* has told him that "Keble's *Autobiography* is even more truthful than Newman's *Apologia,*" and—that his erudition might be increased, and the desired impression might be deepened—that Williams, Newman's curate at St. Mary's, said: "Newman is in the habit of looking for effect and for what was sensibly effective." Again we are informed with emphasis that Newman "was an artist, and an incomparable master of his art." His later sermons, after he became a Catholic, "more obviously aimed at effect."

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BESIDE these innuendos of *The Cambridge History of English Literature,* which is advertised as the last work of scholarship on the subject, it is worth while to set the estimate of Professor Lewis E. Gates of Harvard University in his *Selections from the Prose Writings of John Henry Cardinal Newman*—an estimate which, by the way, the late Wilfrid Ward told us was, in his opinion, the keenest insight into Newman ever written by an American. Professor Gates says: "In spite of Newman's ease and affability, you feel, throughout his writings, when you stop to consider, an underlying suggestion of uncompromising strength and unwavering conviction. You are sure that the author is really giving you himself frankly and unreservedly, notwithstanding his apparent self-effacement, and that he is imposing upon you his own conclusions, persuasively and constrainingly. Moreover, you are sure that, however adroitly he may be developing his thesis, with an eye to the skillful manipulation of your prejudices, he would at any moment give you a point-blank answer, if you put him a point-blank question. There is never any real doubt in your mind of his courage and manly English temper, or of his readiness to meet you fairly on the grounds of debate."

And referring to Mr. Abbot's charge that Newman doctored the truth, Professor Gates answers: "The ultimate cause of his attack on Newman seems once more to be temperamental hostility rather than anything else, an utter inability to comprehend, or, at any rate, to tolerate Newman's mental constitution and his resulting methods of conceiv-

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ing of life and relating himself to its facts. Truth is to Newman a much subtler matter, a much more elusive substance, than it is to the Positivist, to the mere intellectual dealer in facts and in figures; it cannot be packed into syllogisms as pills are packed into a box; it cannot be conveyed into the human system with the simple directness which the Laputa wiseacre aimed at who was for teaching his pupils geometry by feeding them on paper duly inscribed with geometrical figures. Moreover, language is an infinitely treacherous medium; words are so 'false,' so capable of endless change, that he is 'loath to prove reason with them.' And readers, too, are widely diverse, and are susceptible to countless other appeals than that of sheer logic. For all these reasons it is doubtless the case that Newman is constantly studious of effect in his writings; that he is intensely conscious of his audience and that he is always striving to win a way for his convictions, and aiming to insinuate them into the minds and hearts of his hearers by gently persuasive means.

"But all this by no means implies any real carelessness of truth on Newman's part, or any sacrifice of truth to expediency. Truth is difficult of attainment, and hard to transmit; all the more strenuously does Newman set himself to trace it out in its obscurity and remoteness, and to reveal it in all its intricacies. Moreover, subtle and elusive as it may be, it is nevertheless something tangible and describable and defensible; something, furthermore, of the acquisition of which Newman can give a very definite account; something as far as possible from mere misty sentiment, and something, furthermore, to be strenuously asserted and defended.

"Now a fair-minded reader of Newman is always conscious of the essential mental integrity of his author, of his courage and readiness to be frank, even in those passages or in those works where the search for the subtlest shades of truth or the desire to avoid clashing needlessly on prejudice, or the wish to win a favorable hearing, takes the author most indirectly and tortuously toward his end. It is this underlying manliness of mind and frank readiness to give an account of himself that prevent Newman's prevailing subtlety, adroitness, and suavity from leaving on the mind of an unprejudiced reader any impression of timorousness or disingenuousness."

The *History* has room to quote from Father Faber only these two lines from his *Magi:*

> No Pope, no blesséd Pope had they
> To guide them with his hand—

It was certainly not love of literature that led the *Cambridge History* to preserve them. We remember also that the *History* places the Anglican Traherne above Father Baker—not alone on literary grounds, but also because the *Meditations* of the former "have a wider outlook on things that affect the meditative soul" than *Sancta Sophia.*

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And speaking of Modernism this learned work tells us its object was to remain orthodox, yet at the same time to create "a Catholic atmosphere in which the modern mind may breathe more freely."

* * * *

WE were not surprised, therefore, to read the protest in the current *Dublin* on the injustices done to Catholic poets of the nineteenth century by *The Cambridge History of English Literature*. In its latest volume, Charles and Frederick Tennyson have a chapter to themselves; Patmore, Francis Thompson and Aubrey de Vere are hidden among the lesser poets. Thompson, as to space, has one page in a volume of six hundred. "We are left," says the *Dublin*, "to surmise uncomfortably that sectarian prejudice however subconscious can alone account for it. Everywhere is room and to spare for biographies of far inferior men who do not happen to be Catholics." Room is given to tell of James Thomson's acceptance of atheism; of Swinburne's denunciation of priests; space and print given to soften Samuel Butler's irreverences and blasphemies. Thompson's conversion is not noted, and his popularity has been worked up by a "coterie." As the *Dublin* answers, this last suggestion is as ungenerous as it is false. Thompson had no audience, no press waiting to advertise his worth. Tennyson had his Cambridge apostolate ready with drawn pens to herald his greatness; Rosetti himself speaks of prearranged reviews. Thompson came to be known simply by sending some verses to a magazine. His friends came singly, one, two, three, and it was years before they were, as they are now, unnumbered.

We know that the very *Dublin* that now protests against Saintsbury's untrue statement rejected Thompson's *Essay on Shelley*, which George Wyndham heralded as one of the greatest essays in the English language. Mr. Saintsbury will find it impossible to explain how the following coterie was designedly formed and held together: H. D. Traill, a North of Ireland Protestant; Le Gallienne, Arthur Symons; the Bishop of London; Mr. Garvin, G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Campbell, William Archer, George Meredith, John Davidson, A. Quiller Couch and Burne-Jones. All have tendered exceptionally high praise to Francis Thompson. The coterie is even more amazing than Saintsbury's statement.

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THE *Cambridge History* considers Adelaide Procter scarcely worth a mention. It gives no reference to Lionel Johnson's poetry or his critical work, nor to Robert Hugh Benson.

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THE reviewer in the *Dublin* challenges Mr. Saintsbury to a competitive examination on the purport and significance of Thompson's poetry with almost any one of the thousands of admirers of this

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poet. A useless challenge. Mr. Saintsbury would fail miserably, and for the simple reason that he is unable to judge such poetry as Thompson's or indeed judge the religious poets at all. To judge a writer one must know his soul, and it is safe to say that such a critic as Mr. Saintsbury often wonders what Thompson is driving at. A soul must be attuned to the truth he sings, ere he can appreciate Thompson's music.

* * * *

TO return to our Harvard writer on Newman. "Truth does not exist primarily as for the formalist in the formulas or the theorems of textbooks, but in the minds and hearts of living men. In these minds and hearts truth grows and spreads in countless subtle ways. Its appeal is through numberless other channels than those of the mind. . . Truth, then, to commend itself to such a being, must come not merely by way of the brain but also by that of the heart; it must not be a collection of abstract formulas, but must be concrete and vital. If it be religious truth, it must not take the form of logical demonstrations, but must be beautifully enshrined in the symbols of an elaborate ritual, illustrated in the lives of saints and doctors, authoritative and venerable in the creeds and liturgies of a hierarchical organization, irresistibly cogent as inculcated by the divinely appointed representatives of the Source of all Truth. In these forms religious truth may be able to impose itself upon individuals, to take complete possession of them, to master their minds and hearts, and to rule their lives."

*The Cambridge History of English Literature* is not entitled to the claim of an authoritative guide.

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INCREASING numbers of men and women who once thought that "ideas" were simply academic and that philosophy confines itself to the classroom, are beginning to see that it is out of ideas that practical conduct is born, and that nothing matters so much in life as one's philosophy. Fire and the sword and civilization shaken to its very foundations have had to come before they could be persuaded.

Perhaps the lesson sinking in deeper will arouse our people to give energetic support to those agencies that are combating one of the worst evils of the day, the vicious moving picture.

* * * *

MUCH has been done successfully to prevent the exhibition of pictures that are grossly indecent, but the film that portrays conduct between men and women, boys and girls that is unbecoming and improper; that tells graphically of crime and the methods of crime are still very common. Public sentiment is so tolerant of them that even the License Commissioner is powerless to act effectively. Only when a strong public sentiment of protest against this employment of crime

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and the ways of crime in order to make money makes itself heard, will the evil be lessened and eventually eradicated.

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NO boy or girl can sit before the moving film that pictures criminal acts and be unaffected. His mind will inevitably be impressed by ideas which, if not favorable to, are at least tolerant of what he views. The less mature, trained and stable the mind the more will it be effectively impressed, until these pictures secure an almost absolute dominion. The soul is meanwhile robbed of the good impressions which it would receive from healthy entertainment; its tastes, its standards are weakened, and into the very texture of the soul is woven a false, unreal view of life and its personal responsibilities.

* * * *

A FRENCH journal lately published an article by an experienced lawyer which exposed the demoralizing effects of certain films. His words seemed to many exaggerated, and would doubtless so appear to many of our readers were they given here. But they received abundant confirmation shortly afterwards in the trial of twelve boys in the Department of Tarn for robbery and attempt to murder several persons. Their personal possessions of revolvers, masks, stilettos, etc., were an exact duplicate of what had been shown by the films which they frequented; in fact they confessed that they had wished to enact in real life the scenes that had delighted them at the cinema exhibitions.

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RECENTLY in the city of New York the License Commissioner forbade the exhibition of a certain film. The proprietors of it secured from the courts an injunction against his action. But eventually the motion of injunction was denied, and the Justice stated that the Commissioner's disapproval of the play was not an abuse of his discretionary power. He continued: "As addressed to the senses of a general audience it offends public decency. The inquiring mind of youth.....is quick to seize upon what is novel.....the majority, particularly the younger element, would find in the portrayal only what is portrayed—a pruriency attributed as typical of youth—to which type, happily, many do not conform. Such a play has no proper place upon the stage of a public theatre and does infinitely more harm than good."

Everyone of us can do much to support publicly such a healthy and encouraging attitude.

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THE distribution of Catholic literature is always a fruitful means of preserving and increasing the faith of Catholics; of doing away with non-Catholic prejudice and frequently of leading non-Catholics to a knowledge and acceptance of the Church's teachings.

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Father La Farge in a recent issue of *America* pointed out how much good work may be done by circulating among those who do not speak English, Catholic periodicals in their own language. The enemies of the Church have not been slow in thus circulating their errors among the foreign born; we should not be slow in combating and even anticipating them. Father La Farge also offers the excellent suggestion that Catholics of rural districts should write to their own local paper letters or short articles that would surely be acceptable to the needy editor, and serve as an antidote to error and to bigotry. The articles should not treat directly of religion or religious subjects, but of living subjects of the day with Catholic truth as a basis. The opportunity would thus be open to present solid fundamental truth so needful at the present hour. "For instance, a set of little papers on the relations of employer to employee and kindred subjects; on religion as the foundation of patriotism, or of the home, or of prosperity; on the evils of divorce; on proper training of children; on bigotry; the results of infidelity; reasons for believing in God," etc., etc.

The writer adds that much of the material now appearing in college journals would be well suited for this purpose.

What is said of the rural press, may be extended to the cosmopolitan press. A temperate, short well-worded letter will generally be printed by the city editor, and thus sow the knowledge of fundamental truth and justice. Our Catholic college graduates ought to be doing much more of this than they are doing; and indirectly it would serve as a most effective means of increasing interest in the work of the Catholic press.

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THE following paragraph, written by William Redmond, in the current *Dublin Review,* is both prophetic and increasingly poignant now: "The old system of government in Ireland is dead—no sane man believes it can ever be revived. Let it be the task of statesmen of all sections to devise a new system, founded on freedom and possessing every reasonable safeguard for minorities. Let old prejudices be cast aside; let the hands which have been grasped upon the field of battle be grasped upon the field of peace in Ireland also; let England trust fully and freely the people who have given so many brave soldiers to the common cause. In this way, and in this way alone, can Ireland, consistently with her national existence, become a loyal and true partner, ready to take her full place in peace and war with England and Scotland and all the great young nations of the Empire, so many of them her own children.

"The reflections here set down are the very reflections which course through the minds of many thousands of Irish soldiers in trench and

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camp today; and of these things many and many an Irish soldier thought who will never think again in this world."

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THE Manhattanville magazine for 1917 contains the very important announcement that Manhattanville, beginning with the next scholastic year, will become a college with charter granted by the State of New York. The list of courses is added. The magazine contains also articles that tell of the splendid work done through the year by the Manhattanville Association, the Children of Mary and by the Barat Settlement.

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THE following letter from Agnes Repplier to Jesse Albert Locke, of Newman School, speaks so wisely and well of the necessity of religious training in education that it easily merits the widest publicity:

DEAR MR. LOCKE: PHILADELPHIA, May 26, 1917.

I was amazed the other day to hear that the Newman School had attained, or was about to attain, its seventeenth birthday. Time slips by so rapidly, as one grows old, that I had thought it still in its infancy, whereas it had reached a dignified stretch of years, which should fill your soul with satisfaction. It is hard work and big work you are doing, and surely needs to be done. The educational demands of the present generation seem to me insatiable, so much is being taught, and well taught, that I gape in wonder at the accomplished young people about me, and when to these requirements so amply fulfilled you add the one supreme essential, religion, your programme must be full to overflowing.

I have long since lost patience with irreligious schooling. It is so thin, so metallic, so unwarrantably complacent, so aloof from the great currents of thought, the great enthusiasms, the great purposes of the past. Apart from the prop, which faith lends morality, it lights up history and interprets the heart of man. It also serves to steady our not justifiable pride. It is like the good landscape background which the famous English portrait painters loved to give their subjects.

All of which means, my dear Mr. Locke, that I congratulate you on your past, and wish you a still wider field of usefulness in the future.

Sincerely yours,

AGNES REPPLIER.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

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E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*The Soul of Ulster.* By E. W. Hamilton. $1.25 net. *The Royal Outlaw.* By C. B. Hudson. $1.50 net. *Trench Warfare.* By J. S. Smith. $1.50 net. *The Church and the Hour.* By V. D. Scudder, A.M. $1.00 net. *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit.* By J. Lyly.

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THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
*Religious Bigotry in Action. The Present Position of Catholics in Florida.* Pamphlets. 5 cents each.
THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., New York:
*Someone and Somebody.* By P. E. Browne. $1.35 net. *Robert Burns: How I Know Him.* By W. A. Neilson. $1.50 net. *Matthew Arnold: How I Know Him.* By S. P. Sherman. $1.50 net.
FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., New York:
*The New Archeological Discoveries.* By C. M. Cobern, D.D. $3.00 net.
THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
*New England.* By C. Johnson. $1.00. *Brazil: Today and Tomorrow.* By L. E. Elliott, F.R.G.S. $2.25. *God, the Invisible King.* By H. G. Wells. $1.25.
HODDER & STOUGHTON, New York:
*The Murderous Tyranny of the Turks.* By A. J. Toynbee. Pamphlet. *The German Fury in Belgium.*
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, New York:
*A Memorial of Andrew J. Shipman.* Edited by C. B. Pallen, LL.D. *Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky.* By A. B. McGill. *Thomas Maurice Mulry.* By T. F. Meehan.
THE EDUCATIONAL BOOK CO., New York:
*Making the Most of Children.* By D. W. La Rue, A.M.
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*The Mystic Vision in the Grail Legend and in the Divine Comedy.* By L. A. Fisher, Ph.D. $1.50 net.
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*The Russian School of Painting.* By Alexandre Benois. $4.00 net.
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*Names That Live in Catholic Hearts.* By Anna T. Sadlier. 50 cents.
ST. PAUL'S LIBRARY, 113 East 117th Street, New York:
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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CV. AUGUST, 1917. No. 629.

## THE CHURCH AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A.

### THE RELIGION OF THE RUSSIAN "INTELLIGENTSIIA."

THE new conditions created for the Russian Orthodox Church by the successful revolution raise the problem of the influence which the clergy of New Russia will exert over their democratized flock. We have no doubt that a great number of the most active members of the Russian priesthood will reconcile themselves to the revolutionary movement. They will consider the abolishment of Tsarism as an act of divine wisdom and mercy, designed to re-establish ecclesiastical freedom and to stir up in a religious revival the spirit of the nation.

As Russian ecclesiastical writers frankly avow, the Russian Church has lost her grasp on both high and low classes of society. The cultured elements of Russia have gone away from their Church to evolve for themselves a new form of religion, a new code of religious and ethical tenets. The low classes, ignorant, superstitious, leaning towards anarchy, credulous of the apostles who preach a leveling of all social barriers, are enlarging the ranks of a socialism exceedingly radical in character. What a task the Russian Church must perform if she is to recover and maintain her ascendency over Russian *intelligentsiia* and the Russian peasantry! We hope the Russian revolution will not begin an era of dechristianization of the Russian soul.

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The so-called Russian *intelligentsiia* has readjusted or, rather, deformed Christianity according to its whimsical ideals. Strange to say, the new religion of those reformers of the *intelligentsiia* is indeed genuine irreligion, a confused medley of old and modern heresies and vagaries, aiming to supersede Christianity. The name itself of *intelligentsiia* sounds strangely in Russian ears. The word has an elastic meaning; and embraces more or less, according to the views of the writer. It seems that it was coined and made fashionable by Boborykin in 1860. At the beginning, it was a free translation from the French word *intelligence,* and meant the leading classes. As time went on a peculiar sense was attached to it, and that sense is not to be found in any other European language. Generally, it has been synonymous with rationalism. V. A. Ternavtsev defines the *intelligentsiia* as those Russian minds which are athirst for God and truth; which are searching for God without being inside the Church. In other words, the Russian *intelligentsiia* is a religious body enjoying full autonomy outside the Russian Church, and Sergius, Archbishop of Finland, was not wrong when he asserted that there has been a complete divorce between the Church and the *intelligentsiia* in Russia.

"The Church and the *intelligentsiia,*" says the above quoted Ternavtsev, "are two conflicting forces, two opposite poles. The Russian Church paints for her followers a dead ideal, the ideal of a life hereafter; the *intelligentsiia,* on the contrary, is toiling to realize her ideals among living men. It is optimistic in its vision of the future. It believes that after many wanderings man will at last reach happiness and unity. The adherents of the *intelligentsiia* believe in the reality of a human and universal felicity. Faith is to them a golden dream of the heart. Whenever the Orthodox Russian Church speaks of civilization, she understands the knowledge of God: she lays stress upon the incomprehensibility of the final truths; she teaches men, but her aims and methods do not chime in with those of the *intelligentsiia* which, for its part, struggles for the culture and enlightenment of the whole human race, not of individuals. The whole human race is the beating heart of the yearnings of the *intelligentsiia.* In her prayers, the Russian Church communes with the saints of all times and nations: she is supernatural in her mystical life of today, and in her historical past, but at present she is wholly separated from Western Christianity. The Russian *intelligentsiia,* on the contrary, although the last born child in the religious evolution of Russia, does not

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recognize divisions in the human race, but keeps closely in touch with the West, seeking to act as a supernatural force in the life of the people. Emancipated from the narrowness of social classes, the *intelligentsiia* finds a new motherland in the kingdom of those ideas for which it is giving its best in intellect and energy. The Russian Church devotes her energies to the performance of liturgical duties, and to the guardianship of the sacraments and mysteries of faith. Her preaching, however, is colorless and fruitless. The *intelligentsiia,* on the contrary, trains the types of non-religious preachers and agitators who are seeking to infuse a new soul into the Russian body. While the Russian Church cares only for individual salvation, the *intelligentsiia* aims at a social regeneration.

"The Russian Church is popular in Russia. She has lived side by side with the people; she has shared in its fate in the trying times of the servitude of the Russian peasantry; she has resorted to prayer in order that she might not fall under the burden imposed on her. The *intelligentsiia,* on the other hand, does not follow this path. It is not in contact with the people, however much it has striven unsuccessfully to have the people's support. The *intelligentsiia* could not reach the heart of the people, for it has no faith in the Christ of the people and will not share in the daily life of the Church."

The simple enumeration of those antitheses which Ternavtsev discovers between the Church and the *intelligentsiia* shows that the Russian *intelligentsiia* grew up as a reactionary movement against the passive attitude, the formalism, the barren sterility of the official Church. It owes its origin to the intellectual inertia of the Russian Church, narrowly confined to the performance of liturgical offices, and without interest in the social evolution of the Christian flock, or in the erection of a strong bulwark against the spirit of incredulity. In fact, the chief representatives of the *intelligentsiia,* though recognizing the services rendered in history to the development of Russia by the orthodox clergy, sharply criticize their conduct. They admit that the Orthodox Church is the vital strength of the Russian people; they declare that the reorganization of Russia should be carried out on a religious programme and within the confines of the national Church. The Russian clergy, they say, are unable to understand the mystic and prophetic rôle of Christianity. The ideal which they seek is a lifeless one, they lose sight of the realities of life. They do not realize that Russia is called to interpret a new revelation for the world.

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The absence of life in the ranks of the Russian clergy, *bezjiznennost*—this is the theme upon which the Russian *intelligentsiia* is constantly harping. Its followers accuse the Russian Church of being secluded from society: of not looking upon Christianity as the great religion of the future, which will embrace in the most perfect unity all the members of the human family.

From what we have said it follows clearly that the formalism of the Russian Church, her servility to the civil power, her isolation in the midst of social struggles, have given birth to a deep feeling of antipathy against her among the cultivated classes of Russia. The intellectualists, while calling themselves orthodox, in reality broke their bonds of allegiance to the national Church. But they did not confine themselves to inert contempt of Russian ecclesiastical life. As Russia had apostles of anarchy in the realm of politics, so she had them in the realm of religion. The local sores of the Russian Church were exaggerated by them into an organic disease of all Christianity; the weaknesses of the Russian clergy were alleged to be those generally of the Christian Church. Russian adogmatists began to drive the axe to the roots of Christian revelation: they assumed an attitude frankly hostile to the external truths of Christian faith; they went even so far as to preach religious nihilism.

Count Leo Tolstoi became the legislator, the torchbearer of the religion, or rather, of the irreligion of Russian adogmatism. He devoted the last period of his life to a ruthless war against Christianity. By turns he strove to deform the content and the teaching of the Gospels, to sneer at and repudiate the fundamental theses of Christian dogmatics; to launch the most violent invective against the clergy; to nullify or deny the supernatural and moral influence of the sacraments of Christian life. The religion of Tolstoi effaces all the characteristic features of Christian revelation. Under the pen of Tolstoi and his disciples Christianity was stripped of its supernatural brilliancy. It became the product of human searchers, a religious system filled with contradictions, void of expression, doomed to an approaching failure.

The sacrilegious work of Tolstoi was continued by a small legion of brilliant men, who believed that their facile pens gave them the right of passing judgment, as censors and critics, on the divine wisdom of the Crucified Lord. In his famous romance, *Julian the Apostate,* and in the second volume of his critical treatise, *Tolstoi and Dostoievsky* (only the first volume has been

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translated into English), Demetrius Merezhkovski glorified the hero of his book as the wisest of Roman thinkers, justified the war waged by him against Christianity, defamed the Fathers of the Church as the corrupters of Christianity, and branded the ecumenical councils as the meeting-places of tricksters, who mortally wounded the living soul of Christianity by dead formulas. Basil Rozanov, a versatile and talented man, assailed Christian dogmas as useless, meaningless tenets, which do not afford any gleam of light to the solution of the vital problems of mankind. Nicholas Minsk, a pseudonym of Vilenkin, was the herald of an atheistic mysticism. The Russian adogmatists founded their own official organ, *The New Path*. They organized in Petrograd public meetings (1902-1903), whose reports were published in 1906. Afterwards, the centre of their religious and literary propaganda was established in Moscow. A series of volumes, dealing for the most part with the philosophical side of religion, was there published by the printing company known as "*Put*" (the path). The main sources, however, of their teaching are the *Reports of the Religious and Philosophical Meetings of Petrograd*. The reading of those documents is of great importance for the study of religious currents in Russia. They reveal how large is the gulf between the Russian *intelligentsiia* and the Russian Church, and how pitifully the members of the Russian clergy who took part in those meetings, failed, in ignorance of their task, to defend the immutable principles of Christianity.

The religion of Russian *intelligentsiia* is the genuine offspring of the anarchical and mystical tendencies of the Russian soul. It is a medley of all the ancient and modern heresies. It has been called adogmatism by Russian orthodox theologians. We would prefer to call it a mystical Unitarianism. Unitarian, indeed, are its main positions, while the mystical element is represented by the belief in a new revelation which will either fulfill or supersede what they call the teaching of historic Christianity.

According to Merezhkovski, peace between the Church and the *intelligentsiia* is impossible, for the one affirms the divinity of Christ, and the other denies it. Dogmas, he says, are the chain of the spirit, and human reason the measure of the revealed truth. Hence it follows that the religion of Russian *intelligentsiia* is grounded on a mere rationalistic foundation. A truth which overtops the limits of our created minds is, according to it, either a falsehood or a meaningless magic formula. By this statement

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supernatural revelation is at least implicitly denied, and religion takes its place in the history of human speculations or philosophical systems.

It is especially the mysteries of our Faith that the Russian *intelligentsiia* intends to attack in its criticism of Christian truth. It does not touch the question of their reasonableness or reality. It limits itself to this assertion: that mysteries are the prisons of intelligence, are a wall which arrests the onward march of scientific progress, and an obstacle to be demolished. It is needless to say that the adogmatism of the Russian *intelligentsiia* culminates in the negation of our Christian mysteries. It limits the infiniteness and immensity of the divine intelligence; it enchains the divine will; it puts man on the throne of God; it makes the human mind the source of truth even in the realm of divine realities. The followers of that adogmatism, then, are really mystics without God, as they call themselves. If we wished to go back to the original springs of these absurd pretensions, we would find that the errors of Russian adogmatism are rooted in neo-platonic mysticism, which they try to rejuvenate.[1] The strongest argument which the Russian *intelligentsiia* sets forth against mysteries, is their uselessness. Merezhkovski, for instance, would exclude from the treasure of the Christian revelation the dogma of the Blessed Trinity. That dogma, he writes, does not help the scientists of our days to solve the most trying social problems; it presents a barren, incomprehensible formula which has no practical value. According to him all the controversies about mysteries represent a waste of time, and are fruitless logomachies. They torture minds which are moiling and toiling in the darkness surrounding them.

It is needless to demonstrate that the statements of Merezhkovski, as I have shown in my *Theologia Dogmatica Orthodoxa*, are made in absolute ignorance of the principles, methods and results of Christian theology. The mysteries are not useless in our scientific and moral life. They draw us nearer to God. They reveal to us the secrets of the divine life, which we could not reach with the human eye. They are the highest truths which we are not able to grasp in their inner meaning, but which we can illustrate by analogies which we can defend against the

[1] It need hardly be pointed out that we are not stopping here to refute the absurd and impious doctrines of Russian adogmatism, especially since we have carefully and exhaustively refuted them in the first volume of our *Theologia Dogmatica Orthodoxa*, Florence, 1911, pp. 89-114.

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sophisms of rationalistic opponents, which we can unfold, to a relative degree, by human speculation. From a Christian point of view they are the clearest proofs of the friendship of God to man, for it is natural to a friend to reveal his secrets to a friend. The usefulness of mysteries consists in that they augment our knowledge of God; that they lead us far beyond the limits of our natural vision of God. As such they have a great practical value. Whatever contributes to the enlargement of our learning, to the depth of our knowledge, has a spiritual value which is higher than any material advantage. No one would affirm astronomy to be a useless science, because it scrutinizes the heavens instead of exploring the earth. As a science astronomy enriches the patrimony of our learning. In a like manner it would be absurd to say that mysteries are useless since they reveal heaven to us, and disclose to us hidden treasures of divine wisdom. Whatever perfects the knowledge of God in us cannot be useless.

The Russian *intelligentsiia* believes that dogmas die. In some points its theories square with the famous paradoxes of the French mathematician, Edward LeRoy, who wanted to change the significance of the Christian dogmatic formulæ in order to make them congenial with the religious needs of our own age. Merezhkovsky, for instance, asserted that the time had come to evolve a new sense and meaning for the chief dogmas of Christianity. But, properly speaking, Russian adogmatists do not stick to the evolution of dogmas as conceived by the Western modernists. They go even further: they deny that Jesus Christ our Lord gave us any revealed truths. According to the views of the most advanced of them, the Christian religion is one of the stages of the religious evolution of men, a religion doomed to death like those before it. Christian dogmas are truths for a while; are the religious utterances of a given number of generations, are the product of a fixed period of time. They are a part, a flashing ray, of the eternal truth of God, which can survive for centuries, but which must at length perish. According to Merezhkovski, Christian dogmatics are but a grammar without the throbbings of a living heart; at times they look like the motionless members of a dead man, or withered leaves of a fallen tree. Dogmas have their death just like the hypotheses of human science. Their life depends on the consent of men and on the evolution of scientific progress.[2]

From this it follows that Russian *intelligentsiia* is an es-

[2] *Zapiski Religiozno—filosofskikh sobranii*, Petrograd, 1906, pp. 445, 468, 520.

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sentially anti-Christian movement. The Russian Church could not refrain, therefore, from excommunicating Tolstoi and his school. Theoretically they ceased to be Christians. They have lost their faith in the inner and life-giving power of Jesus Christ, they have robbed Him of the aureole of divinity, and placed Him between Buddha and Mohammed; they have degraded the teaching of the Gospels to a philosophical system which bears the imprint of human frailty; they have foretold the advent of a new religion which will supersede Christianity, just as, among men, the appearance of a new philosophical system often obliterates an ancient one. In this way, by denying the theoretical truth of the revelation of Our Lord, as we have amply demonstrated, they have overthrown also the ethical teaching of the Gospels. They became vindicators of the claims of the flesh against those of Christian asceticism. They assailed Jesus Christ as the torturer of human bodies for the ideal of a happiness far beyond our reach. They became the apologists of a boundless materialism, the preachers of a reaction against the spirit of humility and mortification as exemplified by our Blessed Lord. And what is stranger, even professors of the ecclesiastical academies, for instance, Professor Tarieev, ranked themselves among those accounted as the vindicators of the so-called rights of the flesh.[3]

We have remarked that there is a difference between the Western modernism and Russian adogmatism. The first stands on merely rationalistic ground. It rejects the supernatural and mystical character of the Christian revelation. Russian adogmatism cannot escape the influence of the mystical tendencies of the Slavic soul, and it does not cut off entirely the revealed element in the religious life of men. But its mysticism is not Christian. The followers of Russian adogmatism are a kind of Adventists, who wait for a new revelation. They look to heaven in search of a star not yet visible. The theorist of the "Advent" in the Russian *intelligentsiia* is Nicholas Berdiaev, a writer of great talent and a master of style. According to Berdiaev there will be three stages in the history of revealed religion. The first period was that of Mosaism, condemned to destruction. That was the period of the flesh, a period in which God, the Father, promised earthly happiness to the chosen people. Mosaism, as a religion, marked the glorification of the flesh. The second period, that of the Son,

[3] We have exhaustively refuted the theories of the modernists, Russian adogmatists, and of LeRoy in our work, *Il Progresso Dogmatico nel Concetto Cattolico*, Florence, 1910, pp. 275-303.

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appears as a reaction against the revelation of the Father; it is the religion of the spirit, which dominates and crushes the flesh in order to spiritualize the man. . This revelation marked a progress over the revelation of the Father, but it was not the ultimate stage in the history of the relations between God and His creatures. It was useful in attracting men away from their materialistic aims, but it went too far. Besides, if the Father and the Son have been glorified by their respective revelations, why could not the Holy Spirit claim also His part of human glory?.....Christian asceticism is highly distasteful to our modern generation. Consequently the ethical and religious tenets of the Christian revelation will be replaced by a new revelation, the revelation of the Holy Spirit, Who, according to the Gospel, has His word to say to men. The Holy Spirit will reveal the perfect religion, harmonizing the aspirations of the spirit and those of the flesh, guiding us to celestial happiness without destroying our earthly joy. In the third stage of the religious history of mankind, the Holy Spirit will reconcile the flesh with the spirit and will unify human joys with yearnings of divinity.[4]

One need be only superficially acquainted with the history of the earliest Christianity to discover at once that the Russian *intelligentsiia* has drawn its mystic theories from the heresies of the Primitive Church, from the Gnostic sects, and above all from Montanism. Consequently, the *intelligentsiia* has not even the merit of novelty. To affirm that a new revelation would obliterate Christianity would mean that Jesus Christ established on earth a tottering institution, doomed to be washed away by the waves of time; it would mean that in founding His Church, Jesus Christ acted merely as a man with all the known characteristics of human incompleteness and "makeshiftiness." If Christian revelation were imperfect, the teaching of Christ would be no longer the radiation of the divine wisdom on earth. The sacrilegious statement aims at the divine foundation of Christian faith. The Church cannot admit the possibility of a new revelation, alleged to complete the spiritual and doctrinal inheritance of Jesus Christ and his Apostles. For the Church and those within its fold the treasures of doctrine

[4] These theories are explained in three famous works of Berdiaev: *Sub Specie Æternitatis*, Moscow, 1903; *The New Religious Consciousness*, Petrograd, 1907; *The Spiritual Crisis of the "Intelligentsiia,"* Petrograd, 1910. We have refuted these theories in our work: *Il Progresso Dogmatico*, pp. 1-33. The theories attacking the infallibility and immutability of the dogmatic definitions of the Ecumenical Councils have been categorically refuted in our *Theologia Dogmatica*, v. i., pp. 401-425.

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poured forth by Jesus Christ to the world answer the needs of all ages and generations, and he who calls in question this constancy and continuity of the Church's faith, loses the right, as St. Athanasius tells us, of calling himself a Christian.

Such are the extravagant tenets of the followers of the Russian *intelligentsiia*. It is quite evident that they are not only opposed to the beliefs of the Russian Church, but also that they are destructive of Christianity. More or less, they have permeated the intellectual classes, and the faculties of the Russian universities. They have inoculated those classes with a profound aversion to theological literature, which now has no readers outside the ecclesiastical academies and seminaries. Some of the official organs of the theological academies, in spite of their great scientific value, hardly secure a few hundred subscribers. The philosopher, Kavelin, rightly remarked that Russian professors and students acted as if they ignored and despised the faith of four-fifths of Russia's people.

The Russian Church, therefore, faces a great task in the New Russia. She has been looked upon as the enemy of the *intelligentsiia*, for she has supported a power which has ceaselessly sought to cripple the intellectual life of the Russian people. Will the Russian Church now succeed in reconciling herself to the leading classes of Russia and placate their hostility? This question cannot as yet be satisfactorily answered; but if she is to avoid a disastrous failure, the Russian Church needs to go back to the true conception of the Church, which must not be a tool of political factions, but a divine institution, independent of the civil power and of the convulsions of society.[5]

[5] In the *American Journal of Theology*, there has recently been published a part of a lecture given in 1914 on the "Russian Liberal Theology." This lecture is a separate chapter of a book on the destructive, formalistic and Catholic types of Christianity in Russia (Tolstoi, Khomiakov, Soloviev). The lecture is a simple *exposé* of the errors of the Russian adogmatists, outlined in their own words. A refutation of them from a Russian point of view is contained in the third lecture on Soloviev, which I hope to publish in a short time. In passing, I may be permitted to observe that I have given the most complete refutation of the theories of Tolstoi, Merezhkovski, Rozanov, and Berdiaev in my works: *Theologia Dogmatica Orthodoxa* and *Il Progresso Dogmatico*.

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# NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES.[1]

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE.

NATIONS have always had their "social problems," and the millions of souls who throughout the Christian centuries have felt it their vocation to devote their lives to the performance of works of charity have been rendering social service in the best sense of the term. The seven spiritual and the seven corporal works of mercy comprise the whole programme on behalf of those two great categories of our neighbor in need, whom the sociologist calls the dependent and the delinquent. In this country at the present time social service has become, if not the vocation, at least the avocation of a host of persons who now constitute a distinct professional class. I have seen it stated in one of those labor union journals which are not friendly to that class, that "organized charity" is now the sixth largest industry in the country. I don't know what kind of activities were reckoned as organized charity in order to get that estimate, but I fancy it is not so greatly exaggerated as the ordinary reader might think. In New York City there are over four thousand salaried social workers employed by private philanthropic agencies, and in one case at least the salary amounts to ten thousand dollars a year.

No doubt the professionalizing of social work is less ideal than the consecrated service of religious, but it is a fact which Catholics must accept and reckon with. Catholic charity can no more remain independent of the developments of modern philanthropic method than Catholic schools can be indifferent to the systems and standards of the secular educational institutions of the country. Catholic charitable agencies are inevitably brought into connection—and sometimes into collision—with non-Catholic agencies, both public and private. A large part of our present problems arise from the fact that we have to work with those who differ from us in motives, methods, and principles; and often enough we have to use machinery that we have not fashioned and which is ill-adapted to our special ends. But of course not all our difficulties arise from the non-Catholic and anti-Catholic elements with which we have

[1] *Report of the Fourth National Conference of Catholic Charities.* Washington, D. C.: Catholic University of America.

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to deal. Charitable work of its own nature always presents problems that can only be solved by hard study, and after repeated experiment and error. The Church teaches us the principles of charity, but we often make mistakes in their application. Saints and doctors from very ancient times have been aware of the abuses by which almsgiving tends to produce not good but evil, by subsidizing imposture and idleness; yet no one has found an infallible and practicable safeguard against this abuse. St. Vincent de Paul pointed out that charitable acts, though inspired by the loftiest motives, could be entirely ineffective if they were not well regulated. How to regulate our charitable activities so as to make them properly effective is one of the greatest problems that Catholics can concern themselves with in America today.

The wide field and the multitudinous forms of charitable enterprise may be seen from a glance at the contents of the *Report*, just published, of the Fourth National Conference of Catholic Charities held at Washington last September. There are still many good people who think of charities as merely a matter of almsgiving, orphanages, and homes for the aged poor. The *Report* under review will show the National Conference of Catholic Charities dealing with such questions as the legal minimum wage, public and private employment agencies, types and causes of feeble-mindedness, the rôle of legislation in the field of relief, the availability of parochial schools and parish halls as social centres, juvenile delinquency, and the social needs of Catholic young women. To reprint a complete list of the titles of all the papers read at the Conference would give an idea of the diversity, but not of the unity, of the Conference discussions. Only those who are intelligently as well as actively engaged in charitable work can see the ramifications of the most commonplace relief problems. The daily work of the ordinary member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, for instance, presents questions about which there is voluminous debate. The principal work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is to visit and relieve the poor in their homes. It is, or should be, what scientific philanthropy calls family rehabilitation, that is, to secure for the family a certain minimum standard of living; and whenever possible, and as far as possible, to make the family provide for its own needs by its own efforts.

The largest section meetings of the Conference were those held by the Committee on Families, the committee which dealt with the problems of family rehabilitation. Perhaps the best way

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of showing the kind of work done at the Conference will be to describe the programme at one of these section meetings.

At the first meeting of the Committee on Families three papers were read: one was on *Adequate and Inadequate Relief,* the second was *The Meaning and Limitations of Records in Relief Work,* and the third was *Difficulties and Objections in Making Records in Relief Work.* At the second meeting of the Committee on Families there were three more papers: on *Personal Service in Relief Work,* on *The Practical Responsibility of Parents for the Education, Health and Faith of their Children,* and on *The Family Budget.*

Although read at different meetings the papers on *Adequate and Inadequate Relief* and *The Family Budget* were both on the one subject, and it is more convenient to take them together. It is not unjust to say that the average St. Vincent de Paul conference does not pretend to follow out a consistent programme of giving "adequate" relief, that is, relief sufficient to maintain the relieved family according to a certain settled standard of life. What a conference usually does is to make a weekly allowance, the amount of which is roughly proportionate to the resources of the conference, and to the deserts as well as to the needs of the relieved family. Sometimes the total income of the family is thus made to exceed what is strictly necessary for decent maintenance, but more often the relief is less than adequate, after taking other known sources of income into account, to supply the necessaries of reasonable living. The family is expected to manage somehow on less than a sufficiency. If an outsider asked a Vincentian why more relief was not given, the first reply would most likely be that the conference funds would not allow it. But I believe that most Vincentians have the impression that, apart from the question of conference funds, the giving of relief that leaves the applicant skimped is a practical way of stimulating him to strive to better his condition by his own exertions. Moreover, relief that seems inadequate in view of the known resources of the family may be fully adequate with the real resources, of which the conference does not know all. There is no question here of fraud on the part of the family, of deliberate concealment of resources. The fact is that most families have resources of income, which are comparatively important, but of which they are scarcely conscious. Perhaps the children earn a few coppers by running errands for neighbors, somebody may be giving the family cast-off clothing,

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or broken food, or firewood, and even coke and coal are often obtained gratis in various ways. It is a familiar saying that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. It is literally true that we don't know how our next-door neighbor lives, and many of us don't know how we live ourselves.

Scientific philanthropy is very impatient with such incomplete knowledge of the families relieved, and with such rough and ready modes of allotting relief; and it seeks to insure that the relief given is exactly proportionate to needs. In this attempt to secure exactness many things are involved. First, it is necessary to determine what are the requisites of a proper standard of life for a dependent family. Certain lists of such requisites have been drawn up and the money cost of the commodities taken into account, thus getting a "budget statement" of what a dependent family needs, and relief is given accordingly. Of course the budget will vary for different families according to the number and ages of the children, the health of the members of the family, the level of prices in the neighborhood, and other circumstances. The budget plan had some strong advocates at the Conference. One of the speakers said:

> All families are identical in this, that they require a certain amount of food, and of clothing and a decent shelter, without which they cannot hope to exist. Through careful study an "irreducible minimum" has been worked out. It is the norm whereby a family of five may live and enjoy health and even some small measure of comfort on a limited income.....The allowance for rent gives the family decent quarters with proper sanitation and ventilation. It is the duty of the Friendly Visitor to see that each family is housed as healthfully as possible for the money allowed for that expenditure. In New York City the average rent for a family of five in all districts of the Borough of Manhattan is $12.50 per month. The cost of fuel and light ranges from two to three dollars per month in summer to four or five dollars in winter, so the allowance for these items throughout the year is $3.75 per month.....In the estimation of the food allowance the Atwood standard has been found practical. The dietary has been agreed upon by many authorities in various parts of the country, and it has been checked up by Professor H. C. Sherman of Columbia University, according to the most exact laboratory standards. The dietary now in use for the average family of five provides the following foods: Milk, 14 quarts; eggs, 1 dozen; but-

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terine, ½ pound; cheese, ½ pound; chuck steak, 2 pounds; flank steak, 2 pounds; cod fish, 1 pound; bread, 12 pounds; oatmeal, 3 pounds; macaroni, 1 pound; rice, ½ pound; sugar, 3½ pounds; beans, 2 pounds; carrots, 4 pounds; onions, 4 pounds; potatoes, 15 pounds; tomatoes, 1 pound; apples, 1 pound; prunes, 2 pounds; dates, 1 pound; cocoa, ½ pound; tea, ¼ pound; coffee, ½ pound.[2]

The budget plan requires, not only that a detailed statement of the families' needs be drawn up, but that there be complete knowledge of the families' own resources so that the relief given as a supplement to those resources will be just sufficient to make up the amount required for the budget. This complete knowledge of resources necessitates skilled and searching investigation of the circumstances of the family. Further, the agent of the relief society who visits the family must see that the money is spent in accordance with the budget directions. The whole plan would be made useless if the family doubled its consumption of meat at the expense of the milk and vegetables, or if it spent on candies the appropriations for fruit.

Obviously, there may be acceptance of the principle of the budget plan but disagreement about its details. Some of the speakers at the Conference bluntly denied that any private charitable organization ever can or ever does continue to give "adequate" relief to all the families with which it deals. An objection to the budget principle as it is advocated and practiced by secular charitable societies, was that it establishes between the charity worker and the recipient of relief a relation which is not that of friendly help but of dictatorial supremacy. Poor persons are given relief only on condition of their surrendering the right of managing their own households. The following remarks were made by a speaker at the Conference:

> I think that a distinction is necessary between families that are entirely dependent and those that are dependent only in an emergency or intermittently. In a family of the latter type the mother has a certain kind of self-reliance and resourcefulness which must be taken into account. Perhaps her methods may not approve themselves to the charity worker, nevertheless they are her own. It seems to be assumed that one who applies for relief is absolutely worthless and capable of standing only when one holds him up. I myself, in many years of work in charity, have never met that type. Persons of that description ought to be in an institution.[3]

[2] *Report*, pp. 161, 162. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 167.

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Another burning question discussed by the Committee on Families was that of the keeping of case records in relief work. Such records are defined as "repositories of information concerning the social relations of individuals." In more concrete terms, they are records of all the facts concerning a dependent which may possibly have a bearing on the condition of dependency. An advocate of record keeping enumerated some of the particulars which ought to be recorded:

> Why is the family in a state of destitution? How long has it been so? Are the causes within the family, or external to it? Do the conditions arise from sickness, loss of work, drunkenness? What is the source of the information obtained? If from the family itself has it been checked by independent testimony? What public agencies can or should be invoked to remedy some of the conditions discovered? Is the family a chronic or an "acute" case? Have other organizations been engaged upon it? What private aid, outside the organization itself, can be enlisted? These and many other questions of detail should be investigated and answered, before a record is made, if the organization is to accomplish any really efficient work.[4]

The value of records is urged from the standpoint of the individual relieved and from the standpoint of the community. The record preserves the results of investigations. The purposes of records are stated as follows:

> 1. To preserve for reference in the records of the organization a memorial of the facts ascertained and the relief given.
> 2. To economize the labor of subsequent investigators in dealing with the same family.
> 3. To serve as the basis of an annual or other periodic report to the supporters of the organization, thereby promoting further interest in the work.
> 4. To furnish confidential information to other charitable organizations dealing with the same family in return for similar favors.
> 5. To furnish data for a study of the causes of dependency, with a view to their amendment or removal.[4]

The advocates of "records" were in the majority among the speakers at the Conference. The word is put in inverted commas

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 133.

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because records of some kind are kept by the most old-fashioned charitable societies, including all conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. But the details recorded in the minute books of St. Vincent de Paul conferences are not records in the sense that scientific philanthropy uses the term. Records mean the ascertainment and preservation of all kinds of facts about the economic, social, educational, moral, mental and medical history of a family. The St. Vincent de Paul Society has never tried to obtain or to keep such records. The arguments in favor of records are implied in the statement given above of the purposes of records. Records are objected to by opponents because they are often unreliable, because their compilation means the diversion of a large proportion of charitable funds from the direct relief of the poor to clerical and investigation expenses, and because, it is said, they violate the confidential relation that should exist between the giver and the receiver of charitable relief.

It is not the business of the present article to discuss the value of these various arguments, but only to show the questions at issue relating to the administration of such ordinary charitable works as are undertaken in nearly every parish of the country by the St. Vincent de Paul Society. There is one very important point that is worth particular notice. The adoption of the two policies under consideration, the budget plan and record keeping, would both require charitable workers with far greater skill and knowledge, and with much more time at their disposal, than the great majority of Vincentians possess. In other words, these policies would require a great extension of the employment of trained salaried workers in Catholic charitable work. This is another question that causes controversy, for it is urged by some that the tendency of the salaried worker is to push out the voluntary worker from the field of active charity.

There are two schools of opinion, which have been called the "conservative" and the "progressive" among Catholic charity students and workers. The differences between them are not sharply defined, but they are clearly discernible. The progressives are disposed to favor many of the methods of organization and administration that distinguish modern secular philanthropy, as the budget plan for dependent families, the keeping of case-records, the use of the confidential exchange, the employment of salaried workers, and closer coöperation with non-Catholic agencies. It was the present writer's personal impression, when attending the Conference



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last September, that the members of the women's societies present showed themselves distinctly progressive, whilst the men, or at least the laymen, nearly all of whom were Vincentians, were for the most part conservative.

If I may mention another personal impression, it is that the progressives had the advantage in the discussions of being more articulate. They had perhaps less experience in practical work, but they were more acquainted with the literature of relief, they were more accustomed to regarding methods of charity as subjects for argument, and they were more skillful in dialectical statement. The assertions of the progressives were often a distinct challenge to the conservatives, but the challenge was not taken up on the Conference floor. Yet the conservatives were not convinced; they stick to the old ways. I do not by any means believe that this is altogether due to mere prejudice or to the human tendency to stay in a rut. It is, I think, due to a feeling that the new methods are not in keeping with the spirit of Catholic charity. The feeling may be all wrong, or partly wrong, or it may be quite right.

It is important to have the question thrashed out. The National Conference of Catholic Charities is helping us to get the question thrashed out. Without the National Conference we might despair of ever having the question settled, or even intelligently discussed. The conservative whose views have been formed by experience rather than by theoretical study, will not be able to make themselves vocal and give their proper contribution to the discussion until they take more interest in what may be called the theory of charity administration, in the study and comparison of methods, and in the observation and recording of results. We are all acquainted with persons who are very proficient in the art of a thing without being interested in the science of it. Many an excellent writer cannot tell others the rules of good style. Many an efficient teacher would be a poor informant on pedagogy. The questions at issue in regard to the practice of charity cannot be determined by merely abstract reasoning; there will be no satisfactory verdict on the value of a method except the verdict of experience. What is neccessary is that the practical Catholic workers in charity (especially Vincentians, because of their great importance and great opportunities), should be aware of the questions at issue; they should study the new methods in the light of their experience, and they might even test them by experiment. These questions of method in relief work are of vital importance.

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Experienced members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society could throw a flood of light on these questions if they would study them as questions of science as well as of practice. Vincentians who have this mental attitude to charity questions will not only increase their practical efficiency, but they will have a power of expressing their judgments on doubtful questions which will be of the most valuable service to the Church and to the cause of charity. Not the least of the splendid accomplishments of the National Conference of Catholic Charities will be just this formation of a mental attitude in charity workers, the cultivation of an intellectual interest in the theory of charity, that will help us in the making of a Catholic science of charity applicable to the conditions of a country like America in the twentieth century.

The treatment of dependent families was only one of the many questions discussed at the Conference, but I have taken it as an illustration because it is a branch of charitable work that has to be done in practically every parish, and which is largely in the hands of the laity. Another of the most elementary and best known forms of charity is the care of dependent children in institutions, usually called orphanages. Recent events have made the general public aware that children's institutions form the subject of heated controversy amongst those who are actively interested in the administration of charity.

The dispute is not as to whether certain institutions are well-conducted or ill-conducted, but whether such institutions should be allowed to exist at all. Some prominent leaders of the new scientific philanthropy say that orphanages should be abolished, and that so far as dependent children of normal mentality and physique are concerned, institutions should be used for their temporary shelter only, until such children can be placed in foster homes or returned to their natural homes. A strenuous campaign is being conducted to educate the public as to the superiority of foster homes over institutional care.

Now there is no doubt that orphanages, like almsgiving, represent a form of charity liable to ready abuse. The trouble about many orphanages is that though they are crowded with children they contain few orphans. The majority of the children have one parent or both parents living, and many of these parents are able, or could be made able, to take care of their own children. This would be good for the children and, still more emphatically, it would be good for the parents. The easy admission of children

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to institutions contributes to that disorganization of the family which is, I venture to say, the gravest social evil of the present time.

The institutional care of children is a department of charity in which Catholics are simply forced to take account of the modern theories and standards with which scientific philanthropy is familiarizing the public mind. Our institutions in many cases are financially supported out of public funds and the public authority can and does impose conditions on the institutions receiving such funds. The Committee on Children at the National Conference of Catholic Charities naturally gave a good deal of attention to the questions relating to the policy of Catholic institutions in receiving and discharging children, and also with regard to the placing of children in foster homes. The papers and discussions on this subject were eminently realistic. There was a general recognition of the fact that it is useless to adopt an absolute attitude either of pro-institutionalism or anti-institutionalism. Both institutions and foster homes are needed. Much of the talk against institutions is based on theorizing and not on experience. To prove that the family home in the abstract is better than the institution in the abstract, does not help us with the concrete question as to whether the actual foster-homes available are better places than are our institutions for the actual children that we have to care for. The most ardent friends of institutions will admit that we can make use of all the satisfactory foster homes that may be found. Defence of the institution does not mean hostility to the foster home, but it means that if we make comparisons, we must compare the concrete institution with the concrete foster home, and not waste time debating about abstractions.

It would be well if the National Conference of Catholic Charities were to encourage such research as would enable us to show the actual accomplishments of institutions, as to what happens in after-life to the children discharged. There should be research also into the actual accomplishments of foster homes taken as a whole. It is not sufficient to give the results only of those foster homes that have proved satisfactory. Catholic charitable agencies of all kinds are subject to constant and searching criticism from investigators making all sorts of surveys, and surveys are generally undertaken to prove that established ways of doing things are wrong, and that new ways are the best ways. It would be worth while to have many of these investigations investigated, and to use the same sta-

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tistical methods of testing the new philanthropic agencies as are employed in criticism of the old.

It is very noteworthy that the question of "delinquency" was considered big enough to deserve the attention of a general meeting of the Conference instead of being dealt with by a section committee. The increase of juvenile delinquency during recent years in North America constitutes not only a difficult social problem, but a most disquieting social symptom. A general scrapping of old methods of dealing with delinquents has not prevented a steady deterioration in conditions. There are now juvenile courts and staffs of probation officers in nearly every city, but juvenile lawlessness increases. What is the cause and what the remedy? In much of the discussions at the Conference there was a note almost of desperation in speaking of this subject. A multitude of measures was suggested as likely to be helpful in limiting delinquency, but there was no robust confidence in any of them. "Church and State and community must in one way or another divide responsibility for delinquency," said one speaker. More truant officers, more playgrounds, more social centres, more sodalities, more Sunday-schools, more religious education, more vocational guidance, more "big brothers" were all asked for. It made me think of a remark I once heard from an Archbishop: "In the United States," he said, "the Family has been given up. It is lost sight of. The social workers and writers do not take it into account." Surely in the question of juvenile delinquency the Family is an institution of some consideration, not less than Church and State and community. It may be predicted that at no distant time social and charity workers will be brought back to the ancient view of the Family, of its natural functions and its natural liberties. When that time comes many of the policies most in favor at the present day will be cast aside as profoundly anti-social, and every measure will be judged according to its effect on the weakening or strengthening of family ties. The doctrine of the Family will be one of the corner-stones of that modern sociology that we hope to see builded, and for which the National Conference of Catholic Charities is collecting invaluable materials.

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# THE PRIEST.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

IN the folds of the mountains, half way between their highest summits and the plain, in the places where snow still fell in winter, where the rivers never froze and wheat would grow and wild grapes, of which a wine could be made, there lived the last families of a tribe which had once been a great nation. It was in their written history, burnt in upon the sacred hides, that they had ruled from Puget Sound to the Mohave, and westward nearly to the sea; but not to the seacoast itself, for they abhorred the ocean, and had left the rocks, the driving mist and the slopes of sand to a rare, untutored and gentle people whom they had neither oppressed nor hated, but who had looked up to them as descendants of the gods.

This nation had wholly decayed. Its wooden cities, where the altar only had been of stone, still crumbled here and there, with creepers intertwined among the tottering and rotten posts, or buried in the new growth of the redwoods; but for the most part they had disappeared. The circle of rough seats, which had been the thrones of the ruling council, still stood in the vast plain, where the two great rivers met: that could not have met for three generations of men. There survived still, dwelling with the remnant in the hills, a woman of great age, whose father, as a boy, had been initiated, and had heard the elders debate in that last assembly wherein had been taken the fatal resolution to advance through the gap in the Sierras, and to meet the enemy on his high plains beyond. This boy had escaped the slaughter, and later had himself been long the leader of the host.

Many things—all signs of fate—had weighed this great people down. They had been, in the old time of freshness, warriors of an angry and careless kind, but the increasing sobriety of their souls, their intense and sacramental attachment to their own soil—a garden—and especially that reverent and noble spirit which comes from institutions rooted and customs long observed, had left them dignified and indifferent to doom, for they desired only to be themselves; and in maintaining their common tradition they were content now rather to resist than to combat, for they already felt

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the extinction, as summer at its close feels autumn and the necessary end of leaves.

In stature they were tall; in figure spare and hard. They carried themselves proudly, and their faces were mild, sad and self-governed, as though they carried in them immortal memories. They dressed in good skins, well worked; their feet they protected with cured leather strapped by way of sandals; on their heads they wore no covering. It was a rule among the men that their faces should be shaven; the women had no rule, save that their long dark hair, untrimmed, was bound by a metal band, and this band was once designed in any metal of choice, but in the later days, when the race had grown so rare, sacredness had attached to it, and they fashioned it commonly of gold, as though so few remaining had space and leisure for finer ornament, or as though the approach of death merited to be welcomed by a special apparel.

They were of but one class without slaves, as are often old societies in their climax, and so on to their repose and end. There was, indeed, among them a legend of greater and lesser, and their ritual service of their goddess seemed to contain the relics of such things; but whether the two castes had mingled long ago on that good and sunlit soil, or whether it was only a story come over the mountains from less happy lands, no one could tell. There was no record, though their records went back far.

Isolation and its accompanying unity had marked their civilization for a great space of time. There had, indeed, been a regular though dwindling intercourse with the south; there was a documentary and a traditional acquaintance with many highly different nations linked out beyond the salt and desolate valleys towards the tropics, and further "to where the sun was turned." From these distant lands chance travelers came in more rarely and more rarely, one year and another; twice, men could remember, an intermarriage had been permitted; but there was no commerce to sustain the southern trail, and this, their only and difficult pathway to the cities and communion, had at last dropped out of their knowledge.

To the east the Sierras rose high into the upper sky, a tremendous, steady, formidable wall; and beyond these summits, borne on their gigantic shoulders, lay for a thousand miles the waste plateau and desolation of a vile wilderness where nothing good can ever be: brine, thick with salt, lay stagnant in its dead seas; the hills that sprang from that desert sprang up at random,

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shapeless or fantastic but always arid, and all the place was driven by a fine and bitter dust.

The ocean to the west they believed to be the limit of mankind; and over its waters one might find at last the islands which still contained the spirits of those who died unfamous. Far to the north, which winter cold and great storms rendered ill-suited to men, stretched the fiords and forests that had been untenanted, it was thought, since the beginning of the world. Hither they would sometimes venture in spring, pursuing the hunting-trail to the edges of distant inland waters, whose sad and gray reeds and low monotonous pines betrayed the approach of the Arctic. But in such journeys no settlement was established; only a vague claim to sovereignty over the lonely distances.

Shasta, with its white, enormous pyramid, was for them at once a boundary and a shrine; there, in the flanks of the mountain, where rose the headwaters of their river, a cave concealed some ancient mystery of their race. A lava stream had there, perhaps, afforded them fire in their first migration, or, as is more commonly true of religions, this shrine marked the site of some high spiritual grace, some inner miracle of consolation in the despair of the long marches, when a whole folk moves out led by a god, to find new lands.

Here—old, frightful, squalid—living only in his confused memories and the observance of his rites, the last Priest dwelt apart, careless of the cold and careless of the loneliness which separated him by days and days of awful silence from the last encampment of his kind. He cowered over the sacred fire, maintained and saved it, still giving to the moon at evening or before dawn, according to her seasons, that higher worship to which his life had been devoted.

For the moon was the goddess that had given their soul to this people. She had ruled and blessed them with her even supremacy, and had not failed them; she had received in return all that reciprocal benediction which humanity at worship can furnish to the divine. Her charm across the night was their visible consolation against the dark places of the mind and the memory of death; her change was their period and their interest; of her cold light—received in secret and apart as the holy laws required—they had made their subtle sacrament of purification. Through what an immeasurable time had hunters or scouts in the marshes under Diablo where the rivers meet, watch-

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ing before sunrise, marked her quite pale and dying over the arch of morning, or rising at midnight blood red and terrible beyond the grasses of the river banks: at midnight, when men most feel mortality. She was worshipped also up in the middle sky, majestic and benignant, riding at the full, a queen of great power and kindness, visibly pouring over her own consecrated land influence and good dreams. In the secrets of the initiation they gave the tribe her name.

There was resurrection in her, terror and the conquest over terror; she seemed to have cast upon them the mutability that filled and saddened their long story, yet also the perpetual power of renewal, by faith in which the nation had survived. That lives should be lost so lightly and friends should fall so early dead; that something should remain and that memory should be a permanent thing; that the state should shine with victories and should yet have the patience necessary in defeat; that the race should perpetually stand—all this was mingled with her tranquil subtleties of mood and recurrence, with her particular spell, her aspect, and that light of hers which never ceases to observe human beings from between the clouds.

The little children, who chiefly preserve the thread of national vision, found her, whom they saw perpetually real to their eyes, repeated also in songs and stories as her clear crescent is repeated in ponds at evening. Not for nothing, nor for little, had she been generation upon generation, since the dark origins of their race, at once the stuff and symbol of their creed.

The double mystery of religion enveloped her as with a veil, and forbade them to distinguish profanely whether the she they worshipped were indeed this lovely visible thing or something other of which that lovely visible thing was but the servant emblem. They were humble because they had believed, and the high quality of faith dignified the close of their history. They would not doubt, even upon the edge of death. They had known long ago, taught by legendary examples of disaster, what falls when rude humanity attempts to touch those immaterial but eternal boundaries. They feared, if they asked the goddess the awful question which their dogmas purposely ignored, to break a tenuous bond between them, mortal, and her, supreme; and they dreaded less religion offended should rise away to higher places and leave the skies empty of meaning and the soul unsustained.

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From the north, from the east, from the impossible desert places and the salt frozen plains something lesser had pressed upon and supplanted this nation. A people dwarfish, darker than men should be, filthy and with tangled hair all close, as though their squalor had something in common with the untilled and accursed lands of the desert, or with the unfelled, dense, stunted woodlands of the far north, where they had first been seen. They were lesser—they were almost less than human beings—but they had conquered.

In the art of war they were untrained, in assault cowardly; their weapons were a rude bow, and a bludgeon of stone, lashed into the cleft of a stick with withies. They could not build, nor plow, nor grind, nor did they understand the stars. Yet they had conquered. For they could live in those intolerable forests of the desert plateau, and they could go three days without food, and gorge themselves at the end; they could march thirty hours without water, and at the end, lying down, lap like beasts out of the rare and icy torrents that here and there pierced the desolation of their homes. For them no defeat was final, nor any attack disastrous; for retreating they could scatter when an enemy charged, and advancing they needed not ever to press the attack, as men civilized, to whom something great and immediate stands to be gained, must press it; for men of account must hazard in war, like gamblers, great loss for a great reward; but men of no substance raid.

They conquered also because their breeding was like the breeding of animals, certain and rapid; they conquered because, while they could waste and destroy, no waste and destruction could reach them in turn. Pliable to pain, unmanly, a slow-thoughted, silent herd, had they come; pressed by some necessity in one great body they might have been caught and tamed as slaves. But they came in no such fashion. They came singly in tribe after tribe, and sometimes in single families wandering out with that mixture of curiosity and instinct which is proper to the brute. The sunshine was no more to them than the darkness of their original home, and they would descend from the Sierra partly to enjoy, but more to waste, or even wantonly to disperse, the wealth of those whom they harassed.

In the life of every high people there must come an era so full of wisdom and security that it can with difficulty be supported in the eddy and jostle of time. Something unpliable and proud in

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those who have long enjoyed the blessing of a full state, leaves them, before this barbaric attack, like great rocks before the forces of the air. They waste away, but they can never be renewed. So had it been with the great nation, these wild things frittered away, and it was very certain, and each of them now knew it well (though the word was never spoken amongst them), that they had come to that day of which Favoa had sung when Sinhari would have killed her before the people, but spared her for her song; the day when the sadness of a nation's soul is justified, and the perfect thing goes down before the anarchic and worthless instrument of death.

Against this fate, then, so conceived, or rather so very thoroughly apprehended, they made no more than that resistance which honor and the love of one's kind demands; but now reduced to a folk of less than one thousand, so pressed, so supplanted, they had gone, ten years since, under the leadership of the elders, and had formed this encampment and stockade where nature protected them, as they thought, with precipices and a great river. It was a camp high in the foothills upon a flat of land, close by the line of the winter snow. Here also, with every opening season, stealthy but perpetual attacks wounded and wore them away; not battles, but short raids; and every now and then would fall on them the sudden fear of the little men lurking in the forest. So had two young men died in one day. So a woman in another, shot with an arrow from the thicket: and one of the children also died, poisoned by her milk. And so once for many days they had rationed the camp because one of their fields had been fired at night just before the harvest.

Nevertheless, with every opening spring they had remembered the Faith, its Ritual of Supplication, and its Sacred Things, sometimes at the expense of a skirmish, sometimes at the price of a house or of a field destroyed, they had chosen the fixed number under the headship of the oldest who could still bear arms, and had made the march, that began when the moon was at the full, up to that northern place where the Priest still watched the sacred fire. And there, year upon year, it was the sanctified custom to refill the last of the braziers which the heroes had made—a sacred vessel still between their hands—and having filled it to watch for the new moon till they could see on the first night of her arrival the goddess wonderful and serene who should perpetually restore the ancient benediction of their blood. This, then, they would do

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year after year, though every year they dwindled; for they were confident of something—beyond the world, and even if their end should come, yet in the end they would still be thoroughly themselves.

So, when the time of the last opening spring had arrived and those stars were rising which bade them make the journey to renew the tribal fire, nothing was omitted of a ritual that had once been the exultant accompaniment of a great throng. And as a man who has left his home and his children will yet keep a tiny, faithful picture of them in some little locket, so these people whose numbers and glory had departed kept in their every gesture during three peculiar days when the year turns and all things mysteriously rise from the dead, the full detail and picture of the creed which still clothed their souls. They called from the morning of the first day the eldest who led them in battle, the eldest who could still bear arms, and he chose at the feast the seven sevens which made up the company, and each of whom, if but one should survive, had authority to hold the brazier and to bring back the fire. Seven virgins and seven matrons, seven youths uninitiated and seven youths initiated, seven elders yet hale for the march, seven of the singers, and seven warriors that had each done something in the war.

Among these last, on the evening of the third day, the eldest chose by signs Rabah to be the bearer with him of the brazier, and to cry the Recognition when the new moon should rise, to fast and watch all night in arms as being the most sacred of the fifty, and as it were the shield-bearer of the goddess. Then when the fourth morning broke, having seen that the encampment was strong, and appointed to their duties the lessened garrison remaining, these fifty set out, singing the ritual hymn, northward upon the half-moon of marching that should lead them at last across the plain of the two rivers and up the roots of Shasta, to the last valley where they would find their shrine. But as they went little dark figures were twice seen in the woods, and once the ashes of a fire: a bone, and broken meats of a kind man may not eat, but which those foul things devoured; and once again a serpent skin accursed to mankind that had been worn for a girdle and had a clasp. But of these things they said nothing to one another, not even two of them together in whispers; but the women thought of the camp, for some of them had children there, and the men doubted the return. So till the thirteenth day, to the waning

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and the disappearing of the moon, they went up northward, and were in the further hills.

* * * *

They went in silence up that majestic valley, which has been lonely since the beginning of the world; an afternoon of spring surrounded them—the warmth, that is, of the air rather than of the earth. A promise of growing days rose from everything, and there was given them to breathe that rare but immanent smell of the earlier flowers on the swards that fringed the opposite hills. It filled them and mixed them with the season. The sun, just hidden below the western ridge, still kept his wide heaven alive. There was no darkness in the east, nor any cloud, but only a full light, still and rich with the approach of evening.

They were accurate and learned in the inherited rule of time and changes; they knew that already the goddess had appeared—stood in her own place, behind the hill, but something older and more profound than mere knowledge forbade their utterance of the truth for fear of desecration; they kept their eyes averted towards the east, or cast them down upon the dim trail that ran before and was lost at last in the slight mist that caresses the lower deeps in twilight. They were comforted by the high hill that stood between their eyes and her, and made a rude screen for them; and as they talked in whispers their talk ran on other things. They spoke of Mol and Sinhari, and of the Seven Warriors, who had been carried up from the battle of Runi and were fixed as stars; of their dear homes also, and of their destiny, and of wounds and of rest at the end. But of the goddess they said nothing, and they still kept their faces turned from the west.

In this solemn play of ignorance they persisted till the sun was setting, and this they knew by the shadow which grew till it engulfed the eastern wall of the vale. Then, as ritual and an older time demanded, the leader sent out Rabah, chosen by signs, to perform what should be performed, and to cry the Recognition. The young man turned at the order and sprang upward among the trees toward the rocky skyline of the ridge, while below on the trail the whole company halted in reverence. It was not permitted him to speak or to adore, not even when there broke on him first the sudden vision it was his office to greet. He might not bend to Shasta and the awful field of snow to the north that bounded all known lands, nor to the mountainous wood which dissolved, crest on crest and beyond into the south, into the lost Empire of his

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people, nor to the vast ocean at his feet. All these things were but to affect but not to occupy a mind intent upon the consummation of an order that stretched out to the roots of his blood. He was doing what so many had done; greater men than he, who had met with greater foemen, his fathers before him; and in this thought all that a man might for a moment feel from visible things was swallowed up. He was not even to receive, save in one first startled glance, the goddess whom he knew. The instant he had caught the gleam from the summit, he had put one hand up before his eyes and, turning sharply round, raised up the other arm as he had been taught in childhood and cried out loudly three times to the valley the sacred name of the tribe, which was also hers. They answered him from below in a set of chorus with ritual exaltation: "She has manifested herself; he has seen her." And as he stumbled to race towards them down the steep, the narrow hollow echoed their united voices, and buried the harmony at last in the forest and the solemnity of the pines.

When they were reunited the leader said: "It is time to go upwards." They followed infile up the last wall and end of the valley, and still from time to time the leader dipped his hand in the stream till at last he felt the water warm; he halted them and said: "It is here."

A little trickle of water, steaming in the air, fell in tiny cascades beneath dense bushes down the hillside; alongside of it there ran up steeply a path worn deep into the rock, aided here and there by rude and ancient steps, and marked, upon the face of the rock-wall near it, with graven letters, the names of kings long dead, and of the heroes who lived before Zer and had never been written on the hides. But creepers had gathered upon the face of the rock, and there was moss on it; and even on the path itself dead leaves, the last of winter, and thick webs of ground spiders, lay undisturbed. No man had passed there for a year.

The path had not risen three hundred feet when the hillside opened like a kind of down to the right, and on the left an entrance showed, once the rude mouth of a cave, long since sculptured a little, and squared and decorated with offerings and simulacra of gold; now once more hidden by the growth of natural things. Here, then, they stood, while within, crooning and talking to himself, hearing steps but not awakened by the memory of duties to come, sat the Priest whom they sought.

The time had come for the due word. The Father led forward

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Rabah by the hand (as a year before he had lead Mori, slain in battle, and yet a year before that Acunah the horseman); he set him in the place appointed and gave him the word. Then both together, the old man and the young man, chanted the Entry: "We have seen the goddess; we have come for her gift at her bidding."

Immediately—for such is the power of things repeated—like a physical effect following a physical cause, an answering line of admittance summoned them within. They called the women and the rest; they entered, all the fifty, and they saw, but very dimly by the glow of coals or perhaps of rock yet warm, the withered form of the priest.

He was crouching in the consecrated posture, his hand spread and open towards them, his face bowed. He had but time to take the brazier from them, and to fill it from his own, and then awe came over them all; they knelt upon the ground, and, putting one hand over their faces, leaned with the other forward before them upon the ground, as since childhood they had been taught to kneel and to adore.

Ritual that binds the sons to the fathers and the living brothers together, ritual that is the cement and method of a people and that of necessity accompanies all the profound and perilous researches of the soul in its quest for unity, ritual that defends with an armor the spirit at war and lends to one life the dignity of a thousand years, passed into the old man, and from him to his silent audience, increasing their every appetite, restoring to his age, vigor; to their manhood, control and boundaries.

Something not himself in the Priest awoke at the call of his office, and he muttered rapidly in a voice of earlier strength the words of their old language, all of whose meaning had been exactly preserved in a dogmatic teaching that could only perish with the race.

He told in form the story of how fire had been sent by the goddess herself, her herald yet not her friend; a new thing and a peril; an enemy, yet of her own making; had been sent to the creatures of her chief concern, the uplifted and struggling brood of men; had been sent, often an evil thing to the good and a good thing to the evil, but always a servant to the wise.

He mumbled rapidly the tale of how fire was a servant also to her, rebellious in lightning, but tamed always at last, and remaining hidden in the heart of things. He recited the expiation for the sins of fire; of sacrifice and disaster; of how fire taught them the

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use of weapons and the orderly dwelling in towns, and the measure of seasons, and the distinction between men and beasts in the eating of food, and what food was lawful and what unlawful.

And still as he muttered these set relations the last phrase of every familiar recital was repeated by his hearers in a subdued chorus, till at last he came to the benediction. He stretched his hands out stifly over the dull mass in the braziers, and chanted rather than spoke the words that introduced divinity. He rose, and with the ordained gesture he cast in the sacred spice-dust, gathered in its own space by him in the sacred season and set aside under the influence of known prayers. The flame increased and glowed.

With the gesture proper to such solemnity he waved his hands above it in ecstasy as the fire grew; he called the goddess by her virtue and her powers; he chanted the spirit of life that comes from her, and blows through man forever and through flames. To this also they responded, still veiled, but more loudly than before, with the fixed and rhythmic "Mala-Lu....."—"Praise her ....."—till the flame leapt high, and for the first time lit the room, so that the broad twilight outside seemed dark in contrast.

To this, then, to the outer air, still with a step like youth, the Priest went forth, and at the mouth of the cave, looking full at the goddess where she lay, he called her loudly by her secret name, "Mahala."

The ceremony was ended, and their souls purified.

* * * *

They spoke together; the women trembled a little as if with joy; the brazier, suspended upon a pole, was supported by the leader and Rabah, whom the signs had chosen. But upon the Priest old age more suddenly descended. They left their offerings at his feet as he cowered again, huddled in his recess, thanking them alternately and blessing them, and smiling and frowning incoherently with uncertain, ordinary words upon his lips: senile and ill-ordered. His age, his weakness, his last offices, were in the familiar experience of their religion; they turned and left the cave. And now it was permitted them from the open sward without to gaze like free men at the chief and centre of their worship, their light and their queen. They stood in rank upon the mountain side towards the west, their souls full like a tide, and (though silence was not of their daily nature) silent for a while from a plentitude of devotion.

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She hung there, personal and apart; it was yet too early for any stars. The last light, transfigured and solemnized, had softened and turned from mere red fires of death into the colors of a vision, and the whole arch so full of glory beyond glory, it had such depths of clean, translucent hues, steadfast though tenuous, illuminate from within, irradiant and still, that you might have thought it, for all its harmony, the hall of a multitude: a host of spirits, fixed for a moment and adoring. In the midst of which she hung, personal and apart, supreme, particular, immaculate. Then as though indeed she were quickened by the homage of a vast assembly, the silver of her tender crescent changed from pale to shining, and began against the deepening air about her to take on a regal gold.

* * * *

That night they pressed down the valley, their souls calmed, yet determined (from a human anxiety, and from that grasp of things real which accompanies the satisfaction of mystical desires) to reach the encampment, and to furnish it with the double strength of their arms and a duty accomplished.

Before them, as they went, the Father and Rabah swung over the pine needles, carrying the pole upon which the brazier hung. They fed it with essences, and it sent up into the night, trailing above their rapid march in the still air, scented smoke lit up by that red glare which ran in their minds for something holy. So, hour after hour, until, in the rhythm of their regular steps, sleep was oppressing them all, they descended the defile.

There is a place, the first halting-place on that remembered journey, called in their language Van, which means "The Gate." Here two sheets of rock precisely twin come close together and stand, an introduction to the last sacredness of the valley. They are so tall that men, seeing them, fall at once into the presence of the gods. They are so similar on the left and on the right that no man, seeing them, can quite persuade himself but that they were placed there by some mind.

Here, then, where the torrent gallops and tumbles in a rapid through the extreme confinement on its bed, they halted on the upper side where lies a little meadow, just before the chasm; and leaving on guard the two leaders, supported by such an unnatural vigil by the sacrament just received, they all lay down to a sleep over which there settled something more profound than weariness—the weight or the repose of the great hills.



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It was midnight long past, and their sleep was full on them, when Rabah heard far off the noise like the new noise which the sea makes when you round the turn of a road and come full upon an open beach in a storm. At once the Father and he called together with a loud cry, and at once, trained by so many years of a desperate warfare, all the fifty heard it in their sleep and rose. In the very moment of their rising, water was upon them, turbulent, rising in leaps like the pulses of a man, as water comes out of sluices when they are opened by the miller after a summer rain.

It throbbed up immediately so that men and women struggling felt nothing of depth or of position, but only a blind force that threw them here and there in the darkness, and made the shouting seem like little pitiful complaints addressed, not to human brothers, but to the awful god that came wrestling with them here. Great branches, spinning as birds spin when an arrow catches them in the air, struck full upon this one and upon that, killing and stunning and pressing under; and beneath, the feet were caught and above the arms; a number of dead leaves also, or a whirling mass of sheer earth dashed away, or a great boulder rolling terribly and bruising the feet of those that tried to climb towards the shore. But all the while an utter dissolution of the human bond, an utter inability for one to help another, marked those few moments with chief terror of death. Very soon, against those that still attempted to struggle (being stronger) or clung upwards to the rock and made some desperate motion to rise upon the swell of the flood, the dead or dying jostled and dragged all into one company; and very soon, again, there was no human thought or life or meaning in the lake of muddy and swirling water, but only a jam and race of log and branch and reeds, and animals also, and men and women dead, pushed and driven into the roaring of the outlet. It was in this way that after those many thousand years the fire was extinguished.....

In the next morning, that is, some four hours later, Rabah, much weaker than a child, weaker than are men wounded when the blood has run out of them into the earth and they speak faintly before death, weaker than women who are in their sudden weaknesses of joy or of terror, saw with his eyes, unjudging and careless, that he was looking upwards at the sky. Then he closed his eyes again and slept, or fainted, and was extinguished.

At noon a clearness of thought rather than a vigor returned

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to him; he leaned a little upon one arm, muttering like a man gone foolish in the exhaustion of a march; he tried to give names to things that were in his mind. He recognized the hills, and he made towards Shasta a motion of reverence. He sat up, and possessed himself in full.

The river ran, swollen, deep and racing in lump over lump, like a harbor tide, but foul with mud, and carrying all manner of refuse sparsely on its foam. The place all around him was a marsh with more than a vileness even of the fever-marshes, for recent mud was over it all, slime and the stench of the green foulness that hides in the stagnant haunts below streams. There were beasts there dead, even some birds, and fishes agape and staring, with the hot sunlight glistening upon the dying colors of their scales. And there also, but further off from him, were two men dead, lying close together, and to his right a woman whose face a torn tree-trunk had struck when the sudden death had come upon them in the night. He tried to rise, but could not. He waited a little and breathed deeply three times, as he had been taught when they taught him the fighters' tricks as a boy, and so staggered and stood up.

Since things that terrify and overwhelm also benumb, and, though we will not admit it, madden in a fashion and turn the mind right out of its strong and natural supports—since, I say, these gods of death can never touch the body of men alone, but the soul also, he crept smiling a little along the river bank, and now and then upon his face would be terror, and then, again, some new, incongruous thought that pleased him; and he crept on and on under the sun for hours. All that he had hated in his savage enemies, their instinct and their lives like animals, stood him in some service. He ate, he knew not what, from trees; he caught and killed a little animal for food, and then at night he slept, and the next day crept on and did the same.

He thought he was in that country of which he had read, where Sinhari rules, and of whose approach he had heard that it was difficult and foul, but led at last to the happiest of happy fields. For, as he wandered southward, and as with the days his strength returned the traces also of the flood were lost. His dream continued. And there mixed into it what is proper to dreams, the mixture between things real and things imagined. So that when after many days of marching and muttering, and the killing and plucking of things, he saw a long way off to the south, beyond the

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plain, the blue cloud of the mountain Diablo, which they called Romolah, he said out loud:

"There is Romolah, but not the Romolah I have known, for this is the kingdom of Sinhari, and I shall soon be in the company of the blessed heroes, of which I am one; they will show me all earthly things transfigured, and I shall meet my comrades, the men and women, and they shall be bearing the brazier, and so I shall find that I have come into the greatest happiness which is promised to all."

But every day things more familiar pulled at his heart and brought back into his eyes the necessary sadness of our lives, and made him doubt his imaginings and restored his reason.

It was one morning, after a sleep so long that, having fallen into it before sunset, he now woke with the sun half way up the sky; it was one morning after such repose that full reality came upon him suddenly, and, lying down upon the earth with his head upon his crossed arms, he cried out loud, calling one by one to himself the names of what he had lost, and kissing the earth that had borne him, and losing all joy and all sustenance. He looked about on the great plain towards the mountains, and he felt, as sane men feel it, the premonition of disaster.

With his eyes still drawn hard in such an overwhelming sorrow, he passed on for two days, first to the foothills, and then through the deeper ravines, till he stood at last upon a spur at evening, and looked down a thousand feet into the valley of his home. He saw innumerable little tents of skins, innumerable little dirty figures, hardly erect, with long hair matted, and slobbering cruel mouths, chattering or quarreling like apes as they passed one another, going about the business of their camp, their little domestic barbarous necessities, their carrying of water in leaky skins, their cooking with daubed clay, their sharpening of foolish instruments upon the stones. And where the last settlement of his kind all the earth was burnt black in a circle three hundred yards around, and a few burnt planks lay about it, and one doorpost, burnt also, stood desolate and jagged, and upon it some barbarian pigmy had hung his bludgeon and his bow.

Then, not lingering there, but turning to the crest of the hills, he passed them with a set purpose in his mind, and going southward by regular long days, observing wisely all rules of travel, and repossessing his manly mind; reciting thrice—at morning, at noon and at evening—those prayers which were the principal duty of

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his race, and worshipping by her name of saviour the goddess who preserves, he passed beyond the salt deserts to where the cactuses begin, and beyond that, again, to the fire mountains; and being accepted, a noble stranger, he grew to be the head of a great people, to whom he gave laws and foundation and being.

For those who have so suffered and so observed a rite contain in themselves something indestructible, and it is they who preserve the name and meaning of their race.

## THE SONG MAKERS.

BY M. E. BUHLER.

SINGERS of earth, whose only gift is song,
Sing when the night is dark and over-long,
And by your music you shall make men strong.

Though wastes and solitudes encompass you,
Sing of brave deeds that keep the true men true,
And of the laurel much shall be your due.

The fires of God are nurtured in the dark
And blown to flame from that undying spark
That feeds the lyric of the unseen lark.

Sing—as at dawn amid Jamaican hills
Over far seas, the solitaire's sweet trills
Break forth, and earth with flute-like music thrills;

And even the great stars in the stooping skies
Burn with a whiter splendor; while arise
From mist-filled valleys notes of Paradise.

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# OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

BY M. R. RYAN.

N an address in New York City on June 5th, the Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations asserted that if the United States shall fail to provide three million tons of cargo shipping to the Allies within the next eighteen months the war will be lost. Now, generally speaking, war is considered in terms of dreadnoughts and submarines, of army divisions and flying corps. Beside these mighty forces, vessels for cargo shipping take on an appearance of insignificance. Yet soldiers and sailors and "knights of the air" must be clothed, fed, and supplied with the necessaries of their grim occupations. To this service of upkeep are cargo vessels dedicated in periods of conflict. The success of a fighting nation, therefore, depends not a little upon an adequate merchant marine.

On Good Friday of this year the United States entered the World War. Where was our adequate merchant marine? Echo alone answers.

It would seem that this country with its vast possibilities for international trade should be, by this date, in possession of at least a presentable marine. On the fourth of July, 1631, in New England, the keel of the first American commercial ship was laid. That was but the beginning of a ship industry, that thrived (save for a short period) for two hundred years along the Atlantic coast. In the course of time, British battleships were launched from American yards; freighters of American make were always in demand in England. It is a matter of record, however, that the prosperous condition of the maritime enterprises of the colonies was not altogether pleasing to the English government. Restrictions upon American shipping were imposed, therefore; though these were not always enforced.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the outlook for the shipping interests was not particularly good. But in 1789 Congress passed a measure for the protection of these; this provided for discriminating duties upon imports brought to this country in foreign bottoms, and a tax of fifty cents per ton of the registry of

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every arriving foreign merchantman. Thereafter, despite numerous obstacles, shipping grew tremendously. Some of our ships voyaged as far as the East Indies; and Baltimore vessels carried on the trade with China.

About 1847 the construction of steamships was taken up. The Ocean Steam Navigation Company was then organized; and it obtained from the Government a contract to transport the mails between New York and Bremen. By the terms of this contract the company was required to place four steamships in commission within a year. When mail subventions were withdrawn in 1858 the Bremen service was abandoned.

About the same time, E. K. Collins of New York established a passenger line for trans-Atlantic business. Its four ships were models of luxury; and its freight rates very much lower than those of the Cunard Line. A mail subvention of $385,000 per year was provided by the Government; and when the Cunard Line was granted an increased subvention that amounted to over eight hundred thousand dollars for fifty-two round trips, our Government furnished the Collins Line with a subsidy of $853,000 for twenty-six round trips. The high speed demanded by the Federal contract, however, made for a costly operation on the Collins vessels; and, also, their semi-monthly trips did not permit of enough time to load sufficient cargoes, which meant financial loss. Then, the line was unfortunate in losing two of its ships at sea. So when the subsidy was withdrawn, as in the case of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, the Collins Line went out of business.

This is when the backward movement in our merchant marine began. But England's maritime industry developed rapidly. In seventy years her government paid out $300,000,000 in ship subsidies. As a result she commanded the sea at the opening of the World War, with Germany as her close rival. The United States was shipping then but a meagre twentieth of her foreign commerce in American bottoms!

At the time of the Spanish-American War we were so destitute of army transports and naval auxiliaries that we were forced to buy ships where we could, and regardless of their suitability. Millions of dollars were expended by the army to meet the emergency. The navy purchased one hundred and two ships for $18,000,000. After the war twenty-five of these were sold. An idea of the inferior grade of some of the vessels may be gained from the following figures: The *Zairo,* which was bought for $87,597,

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was disposed of for $3,300; the *Yosemite,* purchased for $575,000, was sold for $11,522.04.

With this sorry spectacle before us, we took, nevertheless, no steps to remedy conditions. When the Palma administration gave way in Cuba, we sent a few thousand of our soldiers down there —in English ships! When our fleet circled the globe a few years ago, the twenty-seven collieries with its coal supply that accompanied it were under foreign registration. Seven or eight years back there was a current story to the effect that an English naval officer was so surprised to note our flag floating from a masthead on the Liverpool water front that he took the trouble to investigate its appearance there, only to learn from the harbor master that it flew over the first American merchantman that had put in to that port in twelve years.

Why have the Stars and Stripes disappeared from the shipping industry of the world? is the question that naturally presents itself. The answer is not difficult to find.

With the advent of the steamship the cost of operating a vessel was materially increased. The rate of wages also has been much higher in the United States than in countries competing with us for international trade. The following are report figures submitted to investigators in 1905: The average pay of skilled mechanics in an American shipyard was two dollars per day—that in English yards a dollar and fifty cents. When the *Mongolia* of the Pacific Mail was about to be built, the English bid was $400,000 less than the American bid. The monthly wages of the crew of the American ship *Aztec,* operating between San Francisco and Hong Kong, was $2,695; those of the British *On Sang,* a tramp vessel between the same ports, $1,054.71.

American shipping has long needed protection in the shape of subsidies. England early recognized such a need in her own shipping, and it has prospered accordingly. Even within the last decade or so, upon realizing that Germany was outstripping her in the building of vessels such as the *Deutschland,* she offered the Cunard Line, to which she had been already very liberal, a loan of thirteen millions at two and three-quarters per cent interest for twenty years, promising also to give the line $1,100,000 annually in mail payments and admiralty subventions. The outcome of this was that the ill-starred *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania* were put into service. The United States, however, has neglected (except for a few attempts at mail subventions) to aid its merchant marine.

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The American people, rather inconsistently, it would seem, have been averse to the subsidy policy. Though they have generally agreed to a protective tariff, yet their disapproval has been manifest in regard to a ship subsidy, which bears a close relationship to that tariff. To encourage certain home industries, they pay tariff with every purchase they make of protected articles. In the case of a shipping company, the Government would pay a lump sum to encourage, *too*, and to protect. And that money ultimately would come out of each individual pocket—under the guise of taxes. It would no more be a gift from the United States Treasury (as is charged) than tariff is a gift.

The fight for and against subsidies has raged for many years. In addition to this, rulings upon rulings on navigation matters have been set down, many of these assisting towards the disappearance of the merchant marine from this country. For instance, the La Follette Seamen's Bill supported by organized labor, while good in some respects, is unreasonable and drastic in others. In 1915, when it received the President's signature, the claim was made that it would nullify every effort being made to build up our merchant marine. By unnecessarily increasing the crews on both American and foreign ships clearing from or entering our ports, the measure is detrimental to trade; for where American ships will be in competition with foreign ships for international business other than that exported from, or imported to, our shores, the foreign vessels can operate more cheaply with a smaller crew. It was said at the time the bill passed that the Japanese were enthusiastic over the news, for the reason that they were convinced that the Pacific trade would soon be theirs. Nor did this enthusiasm of theirs seem absurd, when the well-known Pacific Mail Steamship Company sold its five largest ships soon after the bill was signed, because it would be impossible for it to compete with foreign lines upon the western ocean when the measure should go into effect in November, 1915. That these vessels were not really lost to the United States was due to the war. Vessels of their calibre were a welcome addition to war-time trading from Atlantic ports; and they were purchased by the American Transport Company of West Virginia. The Pacific, however, is practically denuded of an American merchant marine.

Since the World War began, the American public has been slowly awakening to the realization that a merchant marine is a vital essential to its welfare. Shortly after the outbreak in Europe, a

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bill favoring Government ownership and operation of merchant vessels in our foreign trade was introduced in Congress. That this measure was not popular is evidenced by the fact that it failed of carriage in its original form and that in its revised form it did not pass until August, 1916. Business organizations by the hundred advanced earnest objections to it. In the early part of the controversy it was pointed out that private enterprise ends where the Government steps in.

"There will never be any private competition," declared Senator Lodge, while addressing his colleagues on the bill, "where Government-owned ships run. On those routes American private vessels would be excluded. It is impossible to compete with a competitor who is willing to incur indefinite losses, because the taxpayers of the country pay the losses."

It was also shown that a Government-owned ship might be searched for contraband by a warring nation; and that in this event the resentment of Americans would surely be aroused, because the act would appear to be directed not at an individual but at the Government. Again, it was asserted that the proposed purchase of interned German vessels by the Government would be both unwise and unneutral. This detail was also dwelt upon: Government ships would be obliged to offer as advantageous freight rates as competing lines. Now, it is no secret that the Government cannot run an enterprise as cheaply as can a private concern. Indeed, it has been demonstrated that it costs nearly twenty per cent more to build a battleship in a Government yard than in a private yard. Therefore, if the United States undertook to build merchant ships (as the bill authorized) it would be launching on a losing venture. A subsidy then would be more economical: for in one case the Government would not only be footing the cost of ship operating, but would also have to invest some $30,000,000 for constructing or purchasing freighters; whereas a subsidy of a few millions would establish a line of American ships, *private interests* providing these.

When the Shipping Bill was finally passed, the idea of buying the interned German ships had been given up. The bill put the limit of Government ownership of vessels at five years succeeding the end of the European war. It authorized the creation of a Shipping Board of seven members, which Board might form a corporation to be capitalized at not more than fifty millions. Objections to this bill were (1) that in ten years or so this country would

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require from six to ten million tons of shipping, beside which the 600,000 tons to be provided by the Board would amount to little; (2) that the Board, while operating its own vessels, would also be regulating the rates of its competitors, which would be a curious situation; (3) that it was doubtful whether 600,000 tons could be secured with the shipyards already overburdened with orders for which the war was responsible. However, the bill passed the Senate by a vote of 38 to 21.

Shortly before we declared war on Germany the Shipping Board was engaged upon a plan to construct wooden cargo vessels to take the place of such steel freighters as would be assigned to collier duty in the event of difficulties. Admiral Benson, in 1915, estimated that four hundred merchant ships of 1,172,000 gross tonnage would be required for this war service, not to mention three hundred and twenty-four small boats for mine sweeping. It was apparent that 700,000 gross tons only being available, both the collier and merchant services stood in dire need of attention.

In the middle of April, General Goethals was appointed by the Board to take charge of the building of a thousand wooden ships. This left the Board free to lay plans for the construction of steel freighters in the future, and to make arrangements for the converting of the German vessels in our harbors to American use.

Now, no one would contend that wooden ships are preferable to those of steel. But it was figured that they could be built more rapidly than steel ships, although the labor problem incident to the construction was none too easy to solve in view of the fact that there were not more than twenty-five thousand ship mechanics to be had. One hundred thousand were needed. Also, steel was scarce. Nevertheless, once the General surveyed the field of work before him he announced that the wooden ships proposition was "simply hopeless." First of all there was not enough dry lumber to be had; and it developed that green-lumber vessels, heavily engined (as would be necessary), would become junk in no time. He contracted therefore for three million tons of steel; by some expedient managing to procure it. The ships made from this will be finished in eighteen months. Meanwhile, our Allies are crying for food cargoes. What very material assistance could we not furnish them if we had an adequate merchant marine at this moment? In eighteen months, of course, no delays occurring in the interim, a fleet of merchantmen will be at our command. We must take what small comfort we can out of that knowledge!

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# THE FALSE DECRETALS.[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

MR. DAVENPORT, an English Protestant lawyer, has just published an excellent dissertation on the False Decretals, which refutes in a most effective manner the inaccurate statements of many prejudiced anti-Catholic writers. His book has grown out of the Lothian prize essay which he presented to Oxford three years ago. The writer makes abundant use af Saltet's article in *The Catholic Encyclopedia* and Fournier's articles in *The Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique* of Louvain, and although he tells the Catholic scholar nothing that he did not know before, he has succeeded admirably in presenting the salient facts regarding the contents, environment, origin, purpose, and influence of this mediæval forgery.

For the past four hundred years the opponents of the Papacy have asserted that its power and authority from the Middle Ages onwards was based chiefly on a collection of forged letters and decrees. We are informed that "they brought about a complete change in the constitution and government of the Church, and were eagerly seized upon by Pope Nicholas I. to be used as genuine documents in support of the new claims put forward by himself and his successors."[2] Canon Gore, following the unscholarly Milman,[3] declares that "they represent a step of immense importance in the aggrandizement of the Papal claim, and that they inaugurate a wholly new epoch of canon law.[4] The learned and saintly Pope Nicholas I. has been accused of ambition and dishonesty in giving deliberate sanction to a pious fraud that enabled him "to revolutionize the Church, and reduce the churches of the world to servitude."[5] One of the earliest and best known authentic collections of canons in the Church had been compiled by Dionysius the Little at Rome in 510. It contained fifty apostolic canons, the decrees of the Oriental Councils as far as Chalcedon, the Councils of Sardica

[1] *The False Decretals.* By E. H. Davenport. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1916. $1.50 net.

[2] Janus, *The Pope and the Council,* pp. 97, 99.

[3] *Latin Christianity,* vol. iii., p. 60.

[4] *Roman Catholic Claims,* p. 121.

[5] Lagarde, *The Latin Church in the Middle Ages,* p. 283; Littledale, *Plain Reasons,* p. 100; Milman, l. c., 65, 66.

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and Africa, and the decretals of the Popes from Siricius (385) to Anastasius II. (498). It had been sent to Charlemagne by Pope Hadrian I. (772-795). A more complete collection was made in Spain about 610, and falsely attributed to St. Isidore, Bishop of Selville (636). A French edition of this collection, known as the *Hispana Gallica*, was circulated widely in the Frankish kingdom from the end of the seventh century.

In the middle of the ninth century there appeared four spurious collection of canons, the Capitularies of Benedict the Deacon, the Capitularies of Angilramnus, Bishop of Metz, the canons of Isaac of Langres, and the decretals of the Pseudo-Isidore. The compiler of the last-named forgery called himself Isidorus Mercator, combining the name of the well-known Bishop of Seville with Marius Mercator, a canonist of the fifth century. He put forth his work merely as a new and enlarged edition of the *Collectio Hispana*, using a very imperfect French edition (Autun) which some consider his own invention.

Neander in his *General History of the Christian Religion*[6] says that "this fraud was so clumsily contrived and so ignorantly executed that in a more critical age it might have been easily detected and exposed." It is certainly true that this collection is full of anachronisms. Popes of the first three centuries write in Frankish Latin of the ninth century on mediæval conditions in Church and State, besides quoting documents of the fourth and fifth centuries; later Popes up to Gregory I. (604) use documents of the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. For example, Pope Victor writes to Theophilus of Alexandria, who lived in the fourth century, on the Paschal controversy of the second; Popes living before St. Jerome quote the Vulgate. Still it is inaccurate to state that the False Decretals were clumsily contrived and ignorantly executed. On the contrary they were the work of a most learned, if unscrupulous, canonist. He deceived the best scholars of his age—men like Hincmar, the Archbishop of Rheims, who for forty years dominated the Frankish Church—by cleverly intermingling authentic with spurious documents. He inserted many genuine decrees of councils and Papal letters drawn from other canonical collections, introduced whole passages from writers like Rufinus and Cassiodorus, and cited largely from the Roman Law. He frequently used the *Liber Pontificalis* as a background, forging the lost letters alluded to in that well-known work. Frequently he cites

[6] Vol. iii., p. 347.

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real letters of Popes like Leo I. (440-461), but ascribes them to Popes living in a previous century. Modern scholars have found at least one hundred thousand passages in his collection borrowed from other writers.

These authentic passages were numerous enough, therefore, to deceive for centuries the fact and extent of the compiler's forgeries. Had the False Decretals introduced a complete change in the constitution and government of the Church, they would not have been so readily accepted. They won approval simply because they introduced no new principle of canon law, and taught nothing new in dogma, liturgy or penitential discipline.

The False Decretals are divided into three parts. The first part contains, besides the preface and certain introductory sections, the fifty Apostolic Canons of the collection of Dionysius, fifty-nine apocryphal decretals of the Popes from St. Clement I. (88-97) to Melchiades (311-314), a spurious letter of Aurelius of Carthage, one of St. Jerome (380), and two of St. Clement I. to James, the brother of the Lord, copied from another collection. The second part contains the authentic canons of the Eastern, African, Gallican and Spanish Councils from Nice (325) to the second Council of Seville (619), which formed part one of the *Collectio Hispana*. Pseudo-Isidore interpolated a canon on the chorepiscopi, two spurious letters of Attious of Constantinople (406-426) and Aurelius of Carthage (411), the forged Donation of Constantine, and some personal notes on the primitive Church and the Council of Nice.

The third part continues the decretals from Sylvester (314-335) to Gregory II. (715-731). The authentic decretals of the second part of the *Hispana* began with Siricus (384-399). Pseudo-Isidore forged thirty letters, attributing them to Popes from Sylvester to Damasus (366-384), added the authentic letters, and interpolated thirty-five spurious decretals under the name of Popes usually ommitted from the *Hispana*.

Despite his own statement in the preface it is certain that the compiler did not write as a serious and painstaking canonist. He made many flagrant omissions (he does not say a word about benefices, tithes, simony, the monastic life, the pallium, rural parishes, etc.), and compiles as many false decretals as he did authentic. Every scholar, therefore, admits (Saltet, Fournier, Villien) that the compiler's object must be sought in the apocryphal decretals which were his chief concern.

We need not discuss the false decretals which treat of the

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heresies on the Trinity and the Incarnation, the administration of the Sacraments, the law of celibacy, fasts, festivals, midnight Mass, etc., for they are in no sense peculiar to this collection. What Pseudo-Isidore did lay stress upon was the protection of the bishops from secular oppression, the immunity of ecclesiastical property, the constitution and good order of the Church, and its rights and privileges in relation with the State.

Mr. Davenport divides the False Decretals into three distinct classes—the defensive texts, which protect the Church against violence from without; the constructive texts, which provide the Church against abuses from within; and the aggressive texts, which deal with the relations of Church and State.

The defensive texts declared that the trials of priests are no longer to be held before secular tribunals, but before competent ecclesiastical courts, appeals being allowed to the provincial council presided over by the Metropolitan. Bishops are to be tried by the provincial council, with appeal to the Pope. The existing law allowed a direct appeal to the Pope, if the bishop reasonably suspected the impartiality of his judges. Pseudo-Isidore expanded this law by allowing the Pope to decide that the final trial was to be held in Rome, and changed it by limiting the power of the provincial council to a mere hearing of the case, which must be referred to the Pope for judgment.

This was against the Council of Sardica (343) which had decreed that a bishop deposed by a provincial council could appeal to the Pope, but that the new trial should take place before the bishops of the neighboring province under the presidency of a Papal legate. Still from the fifth century the Popes had heard episcopal appeals in Rome. Pope Nicholas in maintaining this right quotes the second canon of the Council of Chalcedon, the letter of Sardica to Pope Julius, and the letter of Innocent I. to Victricius of Rouen. Pope Innocent writes: "The more important cases *(majores causæ)* were to be referred to the Apostolic See, after the decision of the bishops had been given in accordance with the synodal decrees and custom."

Bishops' trials were made as difficult as possible by insisting on many of the rulings of the Roman law. Laymen could not testify, seventy-two witnesses were required for condemnation, accusers and accused must both be present, confessions of guilt must not be forcibly extorted, and the accused could refuse to be tried until restored to his see or translated to another.

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Pseudo-Isidore also insisted upon the inviolability of Church property. To seize it was sacrilege, and the laity were forbidden to dispose of it under any pretext. No bishop could be brought to trial unless all his possessions had been restored to him.

The constructive texts aimed at preserving the Church from anarchy and ruin. In his picture of the Church's organization, Pseudo-Isidore insists on the loyalty of both people and priests to the bishop, elected and consecrated for a particular city with the consent of the bishops of the province. Disloyalty to him merits the severest censures. He attacks bitterly the chorepiscopi, falsely denying their episcopal powers.[7] The feeling of the time was against them on account of their avarice,[8] and because they were appointed by bishops who spent their time in secular affairs.

He did his utmost to curb the tyranny of the Metropolitan Archbishop, by putting the province under the rule of the provincial Council. The Metropolitan had the right to preside, but he was not to direct its debates, nor to pass any decision without the consent of every comprovincial bishop. If he acted arbitrarily, he was to be called to account by either council or Pope; if contumacious, he was to be divested of all authority by the Pope. One can readily see that Pseudo-Isidore had in mind powerful prelates, like Hincmar, the Archbishop of Rheims. He was a very strong-willed man, possessed of a most exalted idea of his position, authority and rights. Time and time again his lust for power and his imperious nature led him to acts of tyranny and injustice. He refused to recognize the ordinations of his predecessor, Archbishop Ebbo, who had been deposed by his friend, Charles the Bald (845); in 853 he forced the Council of Soissons to declare these ordinations invalid, and for many years refused to restore the suspended priests until finally Pope Nicholas I. threatened to deprive him of his pallium; he reinstated an unworthy priest who had been suspended by Bishop Rothad, one of his suffragans, and excommunicated and imprisoned the bishop when he objected to this crime against the canons; he did his utmost to fight the appeals of Rothad to Nicholas I. and Hinmar of Laon to Hadrian II.; he inspired the insulting letters sent to the Holy See by Charles the Bald and the Frankish bishops in 871; he resented the appointment of Ansegisus of Sens by John VIII. as permanent legate to France and Germany. In fact he was so tenacious of what he deemed his canonical rights that anti-Catholic writers have pictured him as desirous of founding a

[7] *Cf. Council of Neo-Cæsarea*, 314, canons 13, 14. [8] *Council of Aix*, 836.

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national Church, and as contemptuous of the Papal authority. But in every instance he yielded in the last resort to the Pope's commands, and in letter after letter set forth clearly the divine right of the Papacy.

The Primates of the False Decretals were given authority to judge the cases of Metropolitans, and to hear the appeals of the provincial councils, but the texts bearing on them are most incoherent, inaccurate and uncertain. They were probably suggested by the Eastern councils which recognized the authority of patriarchs over the Metropolitans.

The Pope was the final, supreme authority. Pseudo-Isidore asserts his right to authorize the calling of all councils, provincial or national, and of approving their decisions. Put in this general way this was new legislation, although for centuries it was a common practice to have them approved by the Pope. Many ecumenical and provincial councils[9] had acknowledged the Pope's authority. Independently of the False Decretals Pope Nicholas I. (858-867) always claimed the right to convoke, direct and ratify the decisions of councils, but he nowhere asserted that every council must have Papal approbation.

The aggressive texts made the ecclesiastical authority supreme within its own sphere. Laymen were forbidden to make charges against clerics, to dispose of Church property, or to perform a spiritual office. The King or Emperor was no longer to convoke councils as Charlemagne had done. The Frankish clergy were to be free from the domination of secular courts and princes, and subject only to the bishops and the Pope. The bishops were also allowed a certain limited jurisdiction in secular matters as had been allowed under the old Roman law. They were the chief censors of kings and nobles who acted against the divine law, and were to excommunicate the recalcitrant.

When and where were the False Decretals compiled? The accepted date today is 850.[10] Lupus, Abbot of Ferrières, quotes them in 858 in a letter to Pope Nicholas I.; the Council of Quierzy quotes them on the immunity of Church property in 857; Hincmar of Rheims quotes Pope Stephen in his diocesan statutes, November 1, 852; the Capitularies of Benedict the Deacon, one of the sources of the False Decretals, were not anterior to April 21, 847, for they speak of Bishop Otgar's death on that day.

[9] Ephesus 431, Chalcedon 451, Mileve 416, Aquilea 381, Carthage 416.
[10] Fournier, *Revue d'Histoire Eccl.*, vol. iii., pp. 301-316.



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Some ancient writers, misled by the name of St. Isidore of Seville, ascribed the False Decretals to Spain, but that theory has been abandoned for at least four hundred years. The Abbé P. S. Blanc is the only modern scholar who maintains it.[11] Old-time controversialists used to argue that they were compiled in Rome on the principle: *Is fecit cui prodest.* But since the days of Theiner (1827) and Eichhorn (1831) no scholar maintains that they were written in Rome, or compiled directly in the interest of the Popes.

Today both Catholic and non-Catholic scholars agree that they were forged in the Frankish kingdom about the middle of the ninth century. This is proved in many ways. The most ancient manuscripts we possess come from France; in that country they were first quoted and their influence most marked. They were based in great part upon the *Collectio Dionysio-Hadriana* which had been sent to Charlemagne by Pope Hadrian I., and the *Collectio Quesnelliana* which was undoubtedly of French origin. There is constant reference to small French provincial councils such as Paris (829, 846), Aix la Chapelle (836), and Meaux (836, 845). This theory becomes morally certain once we consider the conditions in Church and State at the time they were compiled.

The great monarchy of Charlemagne did not long survive its founder. Within fifty years anarchy reigned throughout the empire. Louis the Pious (814-840) and his sons (840-876) waged continual war among themselves, and their weakness permitted the revolts of powerful princes like the Duke of Brittany (Noménoé, 851) and the Duke of Septimania (850). The Saracens harassed the coasts of the Mediterranean, the Slavs ravaged the Eastern Marches, and the Normans pillaged scores of French and German cities, and even laid siege to Paris. The bishops, who were also secular princes and vast landed proprietors, frequently neglected their spiritual duties, and were oppressed and persecuted by their political enemies.

They were falsely accused by princes and kings, condemned by councils ruled not by canon law but by political exigencies, dispossessed of their sees and robbed of their property. The higher clergy were often mere tools of the princes, and utterly ignored the canonical rights of their suffragans and inferior clergy.

On every page the False Decretals image forth this state of

[11] *Histoire Eccl.*, vol. ii., p. 196.

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affairs, and evidence the compiler's sincere desire to effect a genuine canonical reform.

It is impossible to trace with certainty the origin of the False Decretals to any one city of the Frankish kingdom, although probable arguments point to Mayence, Rheims or Tours. The defenders of Mayence (de Blasco, de Marca, Baluze, Knust, Wasserschleben, Göcke, Pitra and Denzinger) point out the dependence of the Pseudo-Isidore upon the Capitularies of Benedict the Deacon, and the many quotations from the letters of St. Boniface. But it cannot be shown that Benedict was an historical character, or that these letters of St. Boniface are authentic. Bishop Otgar of Mayence, in whose favor the False Decretals are supposed to have been written, died in 847, and his successor, Rhabanus Maurus, never alludes to them. A more popular theory today upholds Rheims (Weiszacker, Roth, Dove, Von Noorden, Hinschius, Friedberg, Lürz, Tardif, Schneider, Lot and Lesne), and even names the compiler, Archbishop Ebbo, or one of his clergy, Wulfad, afterwards Archbishop of Bourges. It is true that many of the forged decretals seem to fit the case of Archbishop Ebbo to a nicety, but, as we have already seen, bishops were robbed of their sees and dispossessed of their property in all parts of the Frankish kingdom. Besides the period during which the False Decretals were written (847-850) was one of calm for the suspended clerics of Ebbo. They were busy appealing their case to Rome, and it cannot be shown that they ever quoted the False Decretals against Archbishop Hincmar.

Hincmar's silence is also inexplicable, for if these priests whom he had suspended were compiling forgeries against him, he would have at once unmasked the fraud. Many other questions suggest themselves: Why do not the False Decretals mention the fact of priests appealing to Rome? Why do they not discuss the validity or invalidity of ordinations performed by a deposed bishop? Why do they devote so much space to matters pertaining to the internal constitution of the Church, which were entirely irrelevant? The two forged documents, *The Apology of Ebbo* and the *Narration of the Clergy of Rheims,* that were circulated in the diocese in defence of the deposed archbishop prove nothing, as they did not appear until 867.

A final theory suggests Tours as the birthplace of the False Decretals. Its defenders (Fournier, Langen, Simson, Duchesne, Viollet, Havet, Schneider and Döllinger) maintain that the con-

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ditions of the Church in Brittany at the time point clearly to the reforms aimed at by the Pseudo-Isidore. In 845 Duke Noménoé had defeated Charles the Bald at Ballon, thus securing the independence of Brittany. In 846 he defeated the Frankish king again, and seized Nantes, Rennes, Anjou, Maine and Vendômois. In 847 he drove four Frankish bishops from their sees, and had them condemned by the Breton Council of Coetleu. Later on he dispossessed Actard, Bishop of Nantes, and made Dol, an obscure little village, a metropolitan see in place of Tours. He and his successor Érispoé refused to restore the expelled bishops despite the remonstrances of the Councils of Savonnières (859) and Soissons (866), and the demands of Popes Leo IV., Benedict III., Hadrian II. and John VIII.

It is certain that many of the forged decretals aim at remedying conditions similar to those of Brittany in 850. They decreed, for instance, that no new bishops should be created in districts other than determinate cities; that the limits of a province should be ever observed; that the rightful Metropolitan should be acknowledged; that bishops should keep strictly to the bounds of their own dioceses; that bishops were to be protected against false charges of princes and unjust condemnations by packed political tribunals, and, if dispossessed, translated to other sees; that bishops must have three consecrators instead of one; that parishes must be in charge of parish priests subject to the bishop, and not under monks subject to a neighboring monastery; that appeals to Rome should be allowed by provincial councils and by secular princes.

Whether the object of the False Decretals was local and personal as the majority of scholars maintain, or whether their compiler had in view the whole Frankish Church in general, as Mr. Davenport holds, is unimportant. His immediate concern was certainly the protection and purification of the Church in Gaul.

The False Decretals had very little immediate influence upon the Frankish Church. After them, as before, princes and kings continued to interfere with the freedom of elections, dispossess bishops and confiscate Church property. The chorepiscopus died out naturally with the rise of the archdeacon. The Metropolitans did not lose their authority or power, but were called to account by the Popes for personal crimes against the canons as they always had been. The order of Primates was universally rejected. The protest against the interference of the State in Church affairs antedated the False Decretals, and the rulers of the Carolingian decline

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were glad to use the authority of the Church in the maintenance of law and order.

The thesis of non-Catholic controversialists that the effect of the False Decretals on Rome was immediate and decided has been ably refuted by Fournier.[12] In fact they were not generally received in Rome until the latter half of the eleventh century; the Popes of the tenth practically ignored them. The Pope's control over episcopal councils, his right to hear the appeal of bishops, and his insistence upon the restoration of dispossessed bishops to their sees before trial, were not new canons invented by the Pseudo-Isidore, but old laws and customs as we learn from the letters of Nicholas I.

The old charge that Pope Nicholas used the False Decretals to strengthen the Papal claims has been disproved often enough, but we are glad to see it refuted once more by a non-Catholic writer. It is certain that Pope Nicholas knew of the existence of the False Decretals from Bishop Rothad of Soïssons in 864. But that he ever quoted them cannot be proved. In his letters he frequently cites the canonical collections of Dionysius the Little and of John of Antioch, but there is never a mention of the Pseudo-Isidore. The only one citation common to him and the False Decretals is the letter of Pope Clement, a forgery of the fourth century, which he could easily have known from an independent source. Even when he quotes a genuine text found in the Pseudo-Isidore, we find him invariably ascribing it to the real author, and citing it accurately. If he had not had doubts about the genuine character of the False Decretals, he would certainly have used them in his letters to the Emperor Michael and to Photius at the time of the Eastern schism, but he utterly ignored them.

His successor Hadrian II. mentions them once only in a letter to the Council of Douzy (871). John VIII. (872-882) possibly quotes them twice in a Roman synod. Stephen V. (885-891) also cites them twice in his letters, although it cannot be proved that he uses directly the text of Pseudo-Isidore. In fact they were rarely cited in Italy until the time of Gratian (1140), who inserted them in his Decretum, which became the official textbook of canon law. They are mentioned by John the Deacon (872) in his *Life* of Gregory the Great; by Auxilius (891) in his *Ordinations of Formosus;* by the Pseudo-Luitprand's in his *Lives of the Roman Pontiffs* (970); by two reforming Bishops, Atto of Vercelli (960) and Rathier of Verona (972).

[12] *L. c.*, vol. viii., pp. 19-56.

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In other parts of Europe they were included in the canonical collections of Regino of Prüm (906) and Burchard of Worms (1025), and cited by provincial councils (Cologne 887, Mayence 888, Metz 889, Tribur 895, Trosley 909). They were brought to England by Lanfranc in 1070, and to Spain about two centuries later.

Mr. Davenport declares that the Pseudo-Isidore was no forger in the modern sense of the word. He wrote to edify the faithful like the hagiographers so well described by Deleheye in his *Legends of the Saints*. He writes: "Their idea of history was not ours. They were not concerned with accuracy either in chronology or geography, and historical sequence had no meaning for them. Their history was little short of legend. His (Pseudo-Isidore's) work, in fact, was not a forgery written with deceit; it was rather a legend written with a moral."

This is partly true, but Mr. Davenport fails to bring out the fatal influence of the False Decretals upon historical writing in the Middle Ages. They increased the difficulty of distinguishing true documents from false until it became almost insurmountable, and they blurred the whole historical perspective.[18]

It is good to remember, however, that their authenticity was questioned long before the Reformation by Catholic scholars and canonists. The first doubts came from Peter Comestor, Chancellor of the University of Paris (1178), who was followed by Godfrey of Viterbo (1180) and Stephen of Tournai (1203). In the fourteenth century two Cardinals, Nicholas de Cusa (1431) and Juan de Torquemada (1468), rejected the Donation of Constantine and the letters of Popes Clement and Anacletus, although they did not succeed in shaking the common conviction of the collection's genuineness. The fraudulent character of the Pseudo-Isidore became evident once it was printed at Paris in 1523 by Merlin in his Collection of Councils. The first to question them at this time were the Calvinist Dumoulin and the Catholic scholars, Erasmus, George Cassandre and Antoine le Conte. The Centuriators of Magdeburg (1559-1574) made a most bitter attack upon them for controversial reasons, and were followed some years later by Blondel (1620). For a brief period a few Catholics, Torres, S.J., Malvisia, O.S.F., and Cardinal Aguirre defended them, but many other writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries admitted that they were forgeries, viz., Antonio Augustin, Baronius, Bellarmine, du Perron,

[18] Saltet, *Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. v., p. 779.

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Labbe, Sirmond, de Marca, Baluze, Papebrock, Noris, Noël Alexandre, Van Espen, the Ballerini brothers, Blasco and Zaccaria.

The Catholic Church saw the False Decretals come and saw them go with the greatest equanimity, for she knew that the Papal claims could be proved independently of the forged documents of a well-meaning but dishonest French canonist of the ninth century. We are pleased to see Oxford give its *imprimatur* to the nailing of an old controversial calumny, which was also ably refuted a few years ago in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

## THE WISE VIRGINS.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

Not yet! They have not seen Him yet,
The Bridegroom of the soul;
But they prevent their hearts from fret,
Keep white each lily scroll.
For ev'ry cloud may be the door
He opens, speeding down
To justify for evermore
The life-worn bridal gown.

They spurn the lesser good that cramps
The soul's expedient growth;
In joy, they work with lighted lamps,
True to their plighted troth.
They know not when His hour shall be,
The time of glad surprise;
But Faith shines out, their certainty,
From beautiful, kind eyes.

'Tis but a step for such as these
From exile to the Place
That hath no earthly boundaries—
Just God, seen face to face.
Their songs are hymns of confidence,
Though skies are overcast.
Prepared they are for going hence,
For love's deep sigh: "At Last!"

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## HERBERT SPENCER: A FALLEN IDOL.[1]

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.

HERBERT SPENCER was a name to conjure with twenty-five years ago in certain scientific and cultural circles. But how are the mighty fallen! How little interest is shown in Herbert Spencer at the present time! A generation ago he was quoted confidently, and by many his opinion on a question was accepted as final. Occasionally a man now far beyond middle life still quotes him, but the quotation is received with a shrug of the shoulders and a conviction that an old fogy is speaking, one whose intellectual life ended during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. For we of the twentieth century have other divinities to worship, though in philosophic circles I venture to doubt if any of them exercises the influence that Herbert Spencer did in the nineties.

Herbert Spencer is, indeed, of so little practical interest at the present time that the announcement of a new biography of him evoked no little surprise, and his most recent biographer almost apologizes for writing his life. The one thing that justifies it, in his eyes, is Spencer's attitude toward war, for "if Europe had followed Spencer this war could never have occurred." And yet the biographer confesses that his own reading of the English philosopher was carried out while "on active service on the South African veldt, where not infrequently I had little other baggage than a toothbrush and a volume of *The Principles of Psychology.*" "There exists in the English language no more trenchant indictment of war and militarism than is contained in *The Study of Sociology.* Yet it was my lot to read that work many miles from any inhabited town, in momentary expectation of an attack, and with revolver ready loaded in case of sudden need."

The life appears as one of the series of *Makers of the Nineteenth Century,* edited by Basil Williams, but the general editor of the series has no illusions as to Spencer's place in twentieth century thought. He does not hesitate to talk of "Spencer's already almost neglected tenets," nor to say "as far as one can see whether as a philosopher or a man of science, Spencer is not likely to live for future generations."

[1] *Herbert Spencer.* By Hugh Elliott. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1917.

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The one reason that would seem to make it worth while to review this recent biography of Spencer now is because of the criterion of the intellectuality of that last generation of the nineteenth century which the worship of Herbert Spencer so amply furnishes. We can judge men by the idols they make for themselves. Francis Bacon suggested long ago the division: "idols of the tribe, of the den, of the marketplace, and of the theatre"—the last division was founded on the prevalence of imperfect philosophic systems or misleading methods of demonstration. Undoubtedly the "theatre idols" of recent years are very amusing once we are able to see them in time's perspective. They represented an age of cheap materialism, in which the highest hopes and aspirations of mankind were veiled by a superficial philosophy that did not penetrate below the surface of things, and yet presumed to solve all the problems of mankind and all the mysteries of the universe.

Here in this country *The Popular Science Monthly* and its editor, Mr. Youmans, who founded the magazine in order to provide a vehicle for Herbert Spencer's philosophical and scientific writings, brought the English philosopher into such popular notice that Herbert Spencer was much better known here than in England. His books sold well in this country and the *Popular Science Monthly* was carried on to a wave of genuine popularity.

The subsequent history of science has shown how disadvantageous for the progress of thought, and the diffusion of valuable information, was the influence of *The Popular Science Monthly*. With Herbert Spencer's articles at that time were published President White's notorious chapters on *The Warfare of Science With Theology*.

In Spencer's own life time his disciples usually made it a subject of apology for their master that he had not been influenced by German philosophy. Practically all the intellectuals of his generation considered this a serious defect, but set it down to Herbert Spencer's very individual temperament and his unconquerable aversion to anything lacking in clearness. Spencer quite frankly confessed that he could not stand German philosophy at all. He admitted once that he had tried to read Kant, but after getting through a few pages grew increasingly impatient and finally threw the book away. Now it is interesting to find that his latest biographer sets this attitude of Spencer down as rather a favorable aspect of his genius. German philosophy and German thought are of course utterly ta-

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booed now in England, and Spencer as the one mind uninfluenced by it, it is claimed, has a special merit of his own. Judgments in such matters are supposed to be dependent purely on intellectual reasoning, but this episode illustrates what an important rôle feeling plays even in the history of philosophy. Spencer may even look for a return to favor, it is asserted, because our war spectacles have revealed to us the comparative insignificance of our German teachers of yore and magnified the importance of British thinkers. Verily with some the intellectual life and topsy-turvydom are not so far apart.

What is perhaps most amusing with regard to Herbert Spencer, considering the interest of scientists in his work, scientists who were quite sure that the only way to get at truth was by inductive reasoning, that is by gathering together a number of instances and then finding the law in them, was the fact that Spencer's philosophy was entirely one of deduction. His mind lit upon some principle and then he proceeded to find facts that would support it and illustrate it. He had a marvelous memory for instances that would confirm his notions, but paid no attention at all to anything that disagreed with his preconceived ideas. Nothing illustrates better the place of deduction in any system of philosophy than Spencer's devotion to it, though he appeared to be so intent on modern science and the accumulation of instances that a great many of his disciples were quite sure that he was writing an inductive philosophy. Even the great accumulation of facts in his *Sociology* had no influence except to confirm certain principles already outlined in Spencer's mind.

In his old age he did not think that whatever moral help may be derived from the belief in punishment after death should be denied, though as a young man he would have scornfully repudiated the thought of any such aid. He suggests that "those on whom the fears of eternal punishment weigh too heavily may fitly be shown that merciless as is the cosmic process worked out by an unknown power yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it," but then he adds immediately: "Meanwhile, sympathy commands silence towards all who, suffering under the ills of life, derive comfort from their creed. While it forbids the dropping of hints that may shake their faiths, it suggests the evasion of questions which cannot be discussed without unsettling their hopes."

Spencer had reached the conclusion as he grew older, that education of the intellect did not make people better. We have

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been treated to a great deal of this doctrine of intellectual education making people better during the past ten years. Many of the discussions in the National Educational Association would lead one to think the more people knew, the better they would surely be. At the end of his life, at least, Herbert Spencer had no such mistaken notion. Indeed he did not hesitate to say that his change of view was due to a previous over-valuation of power of knowledge. In his essay on "Feeling Versus Intellect" in *Facts and Comments* he wrote: "Everywhere the cry is—educate, educate, educate! Everywhere the belief is that by such culture as schools furnish, children, and therefore adults, can be molded into the desired shapes. It is assumed that when men are taught what is right, they will do what is right—that a proposition intellectually accepted will be morally operative. And yet this conviction, contradicted by every-day experience, is at variance with an every-day axiom—the axiom that each faculty is strengthened by exercise of it—intellectual power by intellectual action, and moral power by moral action."

Spencer would have been one of the most emphatic in insisting that training of the will and exercise of self-denial and of self-control are the most important elements for the proper regulation of human conduct. The intellect of itself has almost no influence over conduct, and he adds: "Injunctions practically do nothing unless indeed they excite repugnance as sometimes happens." He pointed out that this unfortunately unlimited faith in teaching has now obtained so strong a hold that it is even not to be changed by facts. "Though in presence of multitudinous schools, high and low, we have the rowdies and hooligans, the savage disturbers of meetings, the adulterators of food, the givers of bribes and receivers of corrupt commission, the fraudulent solicitors, the bubble companies, yet the current belief continues unweakened; and recently in America an outcry respecting the yearly increase of crime was joined with an avowed determination not to draw any inference adverse to their educational system."

Spencer was in thorough agreement with Foerster, the German ethical philosopher, whose works have attracted so much attention in recent years. Foerster insists the way to teach children to be better and to avoid the moral evils of life is to exercise their wills. They acquire moral power, in the words of Spencer, by moral action; according to the words of Foerster, by exercise of their wills through self-denial practised from early years.

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Mr. Spencer ended his essay on the subject with a paragraph that deserves to be in the commonplace book of every educator. "The emotions," he states, "are the masters, the intellect the servant, so that little can be done by improving the servant while the masters remain unimproved. Improving the servant does but give the masters more power of achieving their end." The doctrine thus emphatically stated, deserves weighty consideration above all in our time when we are so bent on education for its own sake.

In his paper on State education Spencer suggests the grave consequences that may result from instruction unaccompanied by a moral discipline directing the right use of knowledge. He relates the experience of a friend who had been a great advocate for State education, but whose experience as a magistrate in Gloucestershire had changed his opinion. "Many years later my friend confessed that his experience as a magistrate in Gloucestershire had changed his opinion. It had shown him that education artificially pressed forward, raising in the laboring and artisan classes ambitions to enter upon high careers, led through frequent disappointments to bad courses and sometimes to crime. The general belief he had reached was that *mischief results when intellectualization goes in advance of moralization*—a belief which expressed by him in other and less definite words, at first startled me, though it soon became clear that it was congruous with the views I had often urged."

Cardinal Newman said that one might as well try to hold huge ships with silken threads or quarry marble with razors as expect that the intellect would do the rude work of repressing human passions when they are really aroused. Spencer and Newman might perhaps not be expected often to agree on ethical subjects, and yet here at least they were in excellent accord.

Perhaps the reversal of opinion on the part of Mr. Spencer, most disturbing for his disciples, was that expressed in the last chapter of *Facts and Comments*. In it he said: "Could we penetrate the mysteries of existence there would remain still more transcendent mysteries." Space eternal, self-existent, uncreated, infinite in duration and extension, assumptions required by Spencer's previous mode of thinking now seemed to him staggering. The last sentence of his book was: "Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite space has ever existed and must ever exist produces in me a feeling from which I shrink."

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# "PEARL OF THE HOUSE OF ARAGON."

*(ST. ELIZABETH OF PORTUGAL.)*

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

TO mention the Spanish Peninsula is to rouse in the mind glimpses of great kings and still greater queens, of a chivalrous and warm-blooded people, and of a fruitful country swept by fire and sword. History has drawn the eyes of the generations to the absorbing romance and brilliant glories of that land beyond the blue-gray curtain of the Pyrenees; it has filled a generous page with fascinating pictures of gifted souls moved to far adventures, stirred to noble sacrifices, made glorious in memorable conquests; it has been less liberal to one whose life shone with signal splendor through the storm and darkness of a very passionate day.

In the thirteenth century, Spain, no less than her sister-countries, was athrill with that spirit of freshened forces that later on swept fire-like across the nations of the south, begetting a picture of such striking quality that it has had as yet no rival in the long gallery of human achievements. It was in the rising flow of those forces, in the year 1271, that Constance, wife of Dom Pedro of Aragon, gave to the world the daughter that was to play so important and fruitful a rôle in the strangely bracketed affairs of sanctity and politics.

There is doubt as to the exact birthplace of the Saint, but the more reliable authorities favor the heroic city of Saragossa. There, at least, the infant was baptized and, contrary to Spanish custom, was named after her grand-aunt, the illustrious St. Elizabeth of Hungary. At the age of twelve, the little princess was eagerly sought in marriage. Edward I. of England wished her to become the wife of his eldest son. The King of Naples desired that she accept the hand of Prince Robert. Each monarch sent an embassy to the court of Aragon, but without success. In the meantime, Dom Denis mounted the throne of Portugal. The beginning of this young king's reign was far from auspicious. Politically estranged from his mother, in open conflict with his brother, harassed by cliques, and factions, the youth's position was not only isolated but perilous. Nevertheless, it was with this young man,

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surrounded by tumult and danger, that Elizabeth, the great lover of peace, was destined to share her life.

The royal affiancing took place in the month of February, at Barcelona, where the King of Aragon was then holding court. It was an affair of more than passing splendor, even for that unique century when the graces of a waking West and the smouldering glories of a pagan East met and mingled in Spanish courts. It was not until the following June that the nuptial feast was celebrated in the little village of Trancoso, when Elizabeth and Denis set out for their court in the city of Coimbra.

From the kindly shelter of her father's house, where she had been idolized, the young queen was flung into a veritable storm-pit of wars and rebellions. Before her young eyes went on the remorseless business of betrayals and dethronements, the sternness of excommunications, the violence of bitter partisanship, the tragic politics of the hour. The alarms of the day were many and portentous. Following the affair of the Sicilian Vespers, the King of Aragon carried war into Sicily. Passions flamed high at home and abroad. Dom Pedro, under censure of the Church, hurried back to Spain, where he lost his life. Constance and her son Dom Jaimie were excommunicated. Elizabeth found herself in a bewildering coil of dangers and sorrows. Five years passed away before the Church and Portugal were reconciled, one of the happy fruits of this reunion being the foundation of the famous University of Coimbra. Eight years had come and gone since that morning in Trancoso when the young princess and Dom Denis had been made husband and wife. No children had as yet blessed that union. The king, however, had three natural sons. The queen knew it. She also knew his affection for them and that he regarded them as heirs to the throne. On January 3, 1291, a daughter was given the royal couple. She received the name Constance. A year later, a son was born, whose coming solved the important question of a legitimate heir to the Crown. This was the noon-hour chosen by Dom Denis to abandon his wife. To the woman it was an indescribably wanton blow; to the Saint it was an opportunity not to be missed. Elizabeth sought out the natural children of her husband, had them properly cared for and educated. For Dom Denis—not a word, not even a look, of anger. It is an amazing example of patience, a tranquillity of soul almost beyond belief. It stands by itself as a miracle of her womanly heart.

When reproached for being so tolerant and forgiving, Eliza-

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beth inquired: "Should I, because the king has sinned, renounce the virtue of patience and add my sin to his?" This restraint and vision were significant. She was not yet twenty-two years of age. Her father was a Spanish king, her mother an Italian princess. In the young queen's blood ran the quick passions of her forbears; but the only sign of her otherwise conquered humanity in this crushing trial was when her ladies sometimes found her battling vainly against her startled tears.

It was during this period of intimate sorrow that there took place an event of such striking issue that it has been given a notice in all biographies of the saintly queen. Elizabeth, who loved to exercise her charities with as little personal display as possible, frequently made use of the services of a young page. A certain evil-minded courtier intimated unspeakable things regarding the relations of the page with his queen. Dom Denis gave credence to the calumny and plotted vengeance. He gave orders to the owner of certain limekilns to seize the first messenger sent to him the next day from the court, and to throw him alive into one of the blazing pits. The following morning, the king, under a pretext, sent the page to the owner of the kilns. The youth, on his way, happened to pass a church where Mass was about to be said; he entered, became absorbed in his devotions, and delayed overlong. The king, impatient to hear the result of his ruse, sent to the owner of the kilns the calumniator himself, who being the first to arrive from court was promptly pitched headlong into the roaring furnace. The *dénouement* brought Dom Denis to his senses and to the feet of the queen.

Upon the assumption of the Castilian crown by Ferdinand IV., a fresh conflict threatened. The King of Aragon and the King of Portugal became involved. Elizabeth, young but sick with memories of bloodshed, once more found herself in the midst of defiances and impending war. The ambitious lords and turbulent politicians left nothing undone to fire the kingdom. The contending factions were hot and eager. Family skeletons were dragged forth to help inflame the populace. With kings and wise men at their wits' end, Elizabeth, almost single-handed, turned aside the imminent outburst and made possible the treaty of Alcanizes. From this settlement came a double marriage: that of the sister of Ferdinand, King of Castile, to Dom Alfonso, Crown Prince of Portugal; and that of Ferdinand himself to Constance, daughter of Elizabeth.

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With the marriage of Constance and Ferdinand, another dispute arose. And once again, the Moors ready to sweep down upon the disunited Christians, Elizabeth stayed the hand of disaster, her effort this time resulting in the treaty of Agreda. An uneventful period of eight years is here met with in the life of the queen and her country. In 1312, Ferdinand died very suddenly, his wife, Elizabeth's daughter, did not long survive him. Shortly thereafter, events of the gravest character presented themselves, in the course of which the remarkable influence, the courage and spirit of abnegation of Elizabeth were to take their place in brilliant lines on the pages of Spanish history.

When Dom Alfonso, eldest son and heir to the throne, had reached the age of manhood, he was installed in a palace of his own and there left to do as he pleased. Dom Denis, in the meanwhile, spent his thought and leisure upon his other sons. This isolation of the impetuous Dom Alfonso became an opportunity to hand for the mischief-makers. They played, without compunction, upon the raw feelings of the heir, intimating that the crown was as good as lost unless he took instant steps to secure his rights. Dom Alfonso, in attempting to verify his suspicions, quarreled bitterly with his father, going so far as to harbor thoughts of fratricide and usurpation. A *mêlee* of conspiracies buzzed and fretted. The kingdom figuratively held its breath awaiting the crash. Elizabeth, in an effort to control her son, incurred the displeasure of her husband. Trouble-makers fanned the displeasure into flame; declared that the queen was a menace to throne and country, and should be sent away. Elizabeth, banished from court, was given a residence in the village of Alemquer on the shore of the Tagus. Were space permitted, many pages might be written on the life of the Saint in banishment. It was an exceptionally fruitful period of her spiritual career, and one rich in divine approvals.

The exile of the queen increased the stress of the hour. The tension was stiffened by an open attempt at Coimbra to fetch her back to the throne. Elizabeth would have none of this. Shortly thereafter, Dom Denis voluntarily recalled her to his side, where again she brought about peace between father and son. The issue, however, was soon rejoined. Once more, with that baffling simplicity of thought that marks the southern mind, Dom Alfonso determined to strike at the centre of the snarl by seeking the assassination of his brother Dom Alfonso Sanchez. This attempt set

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loose a terrible civil war, wherein fire and pillage, sacrilege and profanations, massacres and lootings left the country torn and bleeding.

Dom Alfonso marched on Coimbra. His father, angry and determined, laid siege to the city captured by his son. The fight, equally obstinate, lasted many months. A savage battle was under way on the ninth of December, when a terrific earthquake, claiming hundreds of victims, brought human hostilities to a sudden halt. Elizabeth seized this opportunity to reconcile Dom Alfonso with his father. The truce, which took place at Pombal, was short-lived. Eighteen months later, Alfonso set out to lay siege to the city of Lisbon. Dom Denis, forewarned, put his forces in motion to prevent it. This was in the spring of 1323. The two armies met on the plains of Alvalade. The soldiery became hopelessly entangled and fought hand to hand. In the midst of a veritable shambles, father and son met face to face. The one crazed, the other desperate, they were almost at each other's throat, when all at once, through blood, dust and sword-light, on through masses of struggling soldiery, there galloped a mule, bearing a woman—St. Elizabeth. She had come alone, none having dared follow her into that maelstrom of death. So startling was her appearance that the fighting ceased, while Dom Denis and his son stood shocked to consciousness. There, in the presence of the two armies, Dom Alfonso, at command of his mother, kissed the hand of the king and pledged him lasting submission.

In the period of peace that followed, Elizabeth founded many of her more important religious, charitable and educational houses, chief among them being the famous monastery of Santa Clara at Coimbra. A glance at the plans of the monastery reveals a significant fact. The queen's residence was connected by an arched passageway, not with the church, but with the hospital for the poor. And it was in this residence, which had been set aside for the use of the saintly queen, that Inez de Castro was destined to die under the merciless daggers of her assailants!

Towards the end of 1324, Dom Denis fell ill at Santarem. Elizabeth spent night and day at his side, serving his soul on the brink of its last adventure with the same success and devotion that had marked the thirty-eight years of her service to the welfare of his throne. Upon the death of her husband, Elizabeth doffed the robes of a queen, and with her own hands cut off her hair. Then, putting on the coarse dress of the Clares, she went forth



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to meet the *dignitaires* of the kingdom. She received them with the words: "Know that in losing your king you have at the same time lost your queen." She converted her costly garments into robes for use in the churches of the kingdom. She had her money melted down into church vessels. Some precious rings and her diadems she apportioned among her relatives. Then, free of the pomp and circumstance of royalty, she made ready to take up a life of religious solitude in the convent of the Clares at Coimbra. Heaven decreed otherwise. Once more and for the last time, broken in bodily health, denied the tranquillity she craved, the retirement she sought, Elizabeth was to appear in the rôle it had pleased heaven to give her.

Owing to the infatuation of the Castilian king for the dazzling Eleanor de Guzman, relations between Dom Alfonso and his high-handed, loose-living, son-in-law, Alfonso XI., King of Castile, became strained to the snapping point. Affairs were little better at home, where Dom Pedro, son of the King of Portugal, already married, had become enamored of the beautiful Inez de Castro. To those familiar with Spanish history, the mention of these two women will recall strange events, not least of which was the wanton poignarding of the unfortunate Doña Inez and the tragic coronation of her corpse.

Alfonso XI. proving incorrigible, conflict burst forth. In an attempt to end the carnage, Elizabeth, in the evening of her life, made ready to sacrifice herself in the cause of mediation. Everything was done to restrain her, but she declared that her life could have no fitter ending than a death suffered in behalf of peace. Wrecked by age and anguish, forced to traverse a country then swept by an epidemic of fever, her indomitable soul brought her across the desolate plains of Alemtejo and to the city of Extremoz. The journey's end found her fever-stricken and exhausted. The two adversaries, King of Portugal and King of Castile, were already in waiting at the palace on the hill above the town. Elizabeth, refusing rest and refreshment, had the two men fetched before her; and there, out of the richness of her faith and experience, taught them their duties as Christian kings. That evening she was forced to take to her bed. The fever had gone beyond the reach of drugs. Three days later she received the last offices of the Church. Shortly thereafter, while her daughter-in-law, Queen Beatrice, was sitting alone at the bedside, Elizabeth looked up and said:

"My child, fetch a chair for that lady."

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"What lady?" asked Beatrice, who saw no one.

"She that comes radiant in those white garments," replied the dying Elizabeth. And, raising herself by a last effort, she smiled and, smiling, murmured "*Maria, Mater gratiæ.*" And that was the end.

In accordance with her will, the queen, who died at the age of sixty-six, was dressed in the garb of the Clares and buried at Coimbra, in her beloved convent of Santa Clara. By a strange array of circumstances, her body, the forces of which had been spent in pursuit of peace, was, for nearly five hundred years, denied the well-earned tranquillity of the grave. History records no less than six authenticated removals, the last taking place about 1815, when the remains were laid in the choir of the new convent of Santa Clara, along the left shore of the Mondego, on the side of Mount Hope, in the suburbs of Coimbra. Already proclaimed a saint by her people, it was not until three centuries later that she was given as such to the universal Church. She was solemnly canonized by Pope Urban VIII., on May 25, 1625. And her feast day was fixed for July 8th.

Some of the events related in connection with the births of the illustrious children of men are doubtless due to the spirit of an age and the poetry of a people. Nevertheless, it is a matter of record that with the coming of Elizabeth, her grandfather, Don Jaimie, who had lived so disordered a life that the censures of the Church were threatened him, suddenly abandoned his evil course, and reformed his ways—a conversion that was as singular as it was permanent, and one that had baffled the efforts of two great souls, Gregory X. and Raymond of Penafort. And it was over the cradle of the little princess that "The Conqueror" declared that this child, who had converted him in spite of himself, would be the "Pearl of the House of Aragon."

Born a princess, idolized by her father, ardent of blood, conscious of her beauty, flattered and beloved, Elizabeth of Portugal entered the spiritual battle with serious disadvantages. Wise beyond her years, she recognized her danger. Courageous beyond her youth, she defended herself from the outset. Her life, public and private, became a constant sacrifice of self, an endless act of humility. She found the space between sun and sun all too brief for the needs of her soul, the claims of her heart, the demands of her country. An early riser, she always assisted at two Masses. Her walks were invariably directed to hospitals and monasteries.

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Alms-giving and manual labor were special delights. She obliged her ladies to share in the humblest of tasks. She was not only sparing of food, but fasted several times a week. She frequently slept upon the floor, not infrequently spent the long night hours in forced wakefulness on her bare knees. She was never known, even under keenest provocation, to show the least sign of impatience. After dinner she gave audience to all that wished it. In relieving the pressing wants of the beggars, the sick poor, the old and the friendless, she added that rare gift of simple comradeship which was the dearest of the many lingering memories in the hearts of the unfortunate.

St. Elizabeth, as queen, insisted in interesting herself personally in the lives and fortunes of her subjects, answering her critics with the unanswerable sentence: "I am responsible for their well-being." When warned that her ceaseless labors would shatter her bodily health, she remarked that work and self-sacrifice were specially necessary for one on a throne, since there the human passions were liveliest and dangers greatest. There was more than a hint in these words of the battle she was called upon to wage, not only against herself, but against circumstance and opportunity. She astonished the heedless court by her restraints, her judgment, her tranquillities. This steadiness of poise is no less admirable than it is memorable. To mount the barriers builded of race and environment was a task peculiarly worthy the mettle of her soul.

Like all great saints, Elizabeth never found her path toward sanctity eased by any exterior circumstance. From the day she left her father's house, she was called upon to face conditions that only a stanch heart and serene soul could profitably endure. The great passion of her life was for peace; her lot, for more than half a century, was to be dragged into strife and discord, burdened with the demands of a distracted kingdom, heart-torn with a confusion of family quarrels. Neither husband nor son served to smooth her pathway. Dom Denis, "The Laborer," had the defect of his qualities. In analyzing his achievements, his public reforms and measures of relief, one is frequently conscious of a wiser mind than his. In many instances, Elizabeth's guiding hand and tenderness of heart are plainly seen. Initiative and practical ability are far from being alien to the saints. They were present in marked measure with St. Elizabeth of Portugal. Faith and experience, of which the king made so little use, had given his wife the broader

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vision he lacked, the deeper wisdom he openly coveted, the moral strength he secretly admired.

So interwoven with the fortunes of the Spanish Peninsula is the life of this illustrious daughter of Aragon, that it is impossible to treat of the one and not of the other. You may indeed follow the queen, but you are still conscious of the saint. When you flatter yourself that you are in touch with the saint, the queen appears. It is in silhouette, where the contrasts are vivid, that the singular merits of her mind and soul flash clearest against the deep shadows of national unrest and the dark circumstance of her day. In a court that was lax when not dissolute, she lived a life unblemished, unique—an arrestive silence in the tumult and revels, a commanding voice in the sinister silences. In the bosom of her family, which was so sadly sundered by swift passions, she was loveable beyond words; but it was out in the unsheltered spaces of public activity that the rare qualities of her soul, the boundless riches of her mind, the startling tranquillities of her heart, were fully revealed. As daughter of the King of Aragon, wife of the King of Portugal, and grandmother of the King of Castile, she exercised an incalculable influence in the Spanish Peninsula. With SS. Ferdinand and Louis, she represents, as one writer puts it, "saintliness upon the throne." It was to her wise and ideal training that the glory of her granddaughter, Doña Maria, Queen of Castile, "La Charmante Maria," is largely due.

To say that the golden quality of this saint's character is patience, is only another way of stating that she was obedient, in the last degree, to her duties as queen, wife and mother. Her public career was begun by an act of submission to the will of her father, when, in the palace at Barcelona, she solemnly pledged herself to become the wife of the absent King of Portugal. Her earthly career as saint was crowned by an act of obedience to her duty as queen-mother, when she gave her life in an effort to bring about concord between Christian kings and secure the welfare of a Christian people. In the onslaughts for thrones and cities, in the rush of follies and pretensions, in the swirl of factions that were seized of the notion that might made right, she is seen moving serene and masterful, one of the great moral forces of her day in Spain. Like all nobly-gifted natures, she kept the faculties of her mind and the claims of her heart in perfect balance. Firm yet amiable, with a vision never blinded, sure in her judgments, keen of intellect, far-sighted to admiration, she was not only a valiant

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woman, an illustrious queen, a memorable saint; but she stands forth as one of the truly great historical figures along the crowded march of time.

If little or nothing has been said of St. Elizabeth's works of mercy, of her religious, charitable and educational foundations, of the brilliancy and depth of her policies, of her luminous and persuasive faith, of the shape and substance of her spiritual life and the miracles that crowned it—it is that these would require a volume —a volume that the troubled world could profitably ponder and one that English Catholic letters can ill afford to neglect. Only the genius, faith and sympathy of another Montalembert are equal to the task of picturing for future generations the life and times of this wonderful Spanish saint. In that picture—of high lights and profound shadows—will be seen not only a land and a people, but even a literature in the making. War, famine and pestilence; faith, courage and devotion; injustice, sin and sorrow; virtue, holiness and mercy; historical hates and memorable loves; blasting storms and tranquil starlight; astounding evil and incredible good —all will be present to give to the modern mind an adequate idea of the most fruitful and glorious period of Portuguese history, and a satisfying vision of one of the saintliest queens of time. It is the old, old story: out of the mold, a lily; out of darkness, light; out of battle, wounds and bloodshed—an Elizabeth of Portugal, lover and martyr of peace. For, although illustrious as the patron saint of the episcopal city of Coimbra, and memorable as the most beautiful gem in the Portuguese crown, it will always be as "Mother of Peace and of Country" that the Church will proclaim her glory and the world remember her name.

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# ALASKA'S PROSPECTIVE CONTRIBUTION TO OUR MEAT SUPPLY.

BY CLIO MAMER.

JOHN J. UNDERWOOD in his classic on *Alaska—An Empire in the Making,* published in 1913, dreamed a dream which the present war with its attendant high cost of living and its scarcity of food may soon cause to come true. In his book there is a paragraph which in the light of present day happenings may well be looked upon as a prophecy. He says: "The day is within measurable distance when big reindeer ships from the Arctic and sub-Arctic Alaska will roll into Seattle and other western cities as the great cattle trains now hourly enter Chicago and St. Louis. Long before the end of the present century, Alaska from her cattle, reindeer, and agricultural resources will be helping to feed the two hundred million men and women whom it is estimated will then be living within the border of the United States."

Very recently Secretary Lane, who is reported to be a firm believer in the future of the reindeer industry in Alaska, suggested that reindeer meat could, and should, be made a valuable part of the nation's meat supply. With the completion of the new Government railroad in Alaska at a very early date, and the vast improvement in transportation facilities which are bound to result from it, reindeer venison will soon be found for sale at reasonable rates in the markets of all our large cities. For some years it has been possible to order reindeer chops and steaks not only in Alaskan hotels, but in all the first-class hotels of many Pacific coast cities at about a quarter to a half the price of a good beefsteak. Now that the necessities in the food line have elected themselves, or been forced, into the luxury class, it may not seem incongruous that venison, once the favorite dish of lords and ladies, should condescend to grace the workingman's table.

There are many things to be said in favor of using reindeer meat on our tables, aside from a desire to cut the high cost of living. The reindeer is not only easy and cheap to raise, but its flesh is pleasing to the taste, and it is fully as nutritious as beef or mutton. Moreover, practically every part of the animal

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can be utilized for human consumption, and it is one of the easiest of meats to keep from spoiling. To my mind, however, there is a more urgent reason than any which I have mentioned so far which should impel us to assist the Government in any campaign which it may undertake this fall to popularize the use of reindeer meat, and that is the conviction on our part that it is a patriotic duty incumbent upon each and every one of us to assist each and every part of this vast country of ours to develop its latent resources, and thus contribute our mite towards the success of our own arms and those of our Allies. Alaska has tremendous possibilities, and this far-away territory of ours, which we purchased from Russia at the unheard of price of two cents an acre, has done nobly during her first half century under American rule, and is entitled to all the aid and encouragement which we can give her. Now that she is producing a supply of venison in excess of that required to feed her meagre population, it behooves us to assist her in disposing of her surplus, and thus encourage her to make this comparatively new industry of hers yield its maximum results.

Last winter marked the entrance of the reindeer upon the scene as a possible economic factor in the great World War. The Swedish Government sold to German agents, and gave to them the requisite permission to ship to Germany, forty-three thousand and five hundred carcasses of reindeer, which it was estimated provided three thousand four hundred and eighty metric tons of venison for the German soldiers. This meat was purchased at a price which would make it the equivalent of twenty-eight cents a pound in our money. These same reindeer, which our enemy was so glad to purchase in order to augment a rapidly decreasing meat supply, were in all probability closely related to the reindeer which are being raised in Alaska, as a brief survey of the industry in that country will show.

When the United States Government took over its newly-purchased land from Russia, and enacted laws for the protection of the seal, the Indians and Eskimos were reduced to a state of starvation. With the coming of the white man, the wild game and whale upon which the natives had relied for their food supply, had been driven into the inaccessible north lands, and now the seal, the one animal which remained for them to live upon, was taken from them. Scores of these people were wiped out of existence by disease and hunger before the Government awoke to the fact that it was its duty to attempt to preserve the lives of these unfortunate

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wretches. It was Captain M. A. Healey of the United States Revenue Cutter *Bear* who was responsible for the suggestion which finally led to the introduction of the reindeer into Alaska. Some time later Dr. Sheldon Jackson was so moved by the terrible distress of the natives that he filed a petition with the Bureau of Education, urging them to do something to alleviate the sufferings of these people. As a result of his appeal, Lieutenant E. P. Bertholf made a trip to Russia, where he purchased a number of deer, which were shipped across Behring Strait to Alaska. About twelve hundred of these animals were bought from Russia between the years of 1902 and 1906, and the reindeer industry, which has since proved the salvation of countless Alaskan Indians and Eskimos, was formally launched by this Government at a cost of about two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. With this small beginning, Congress had to be content, as Russia firmly refused to part with any more deer at any price.

The imported deer were placed under the care of competent Laplanders, who were brought to this country by the Government for this express purpose, and the natives of Alaska were taught very quicky how to care for and how to breed these animals. The introduction of this industry into Alaska, at public expense, caused almost as much criticism from the opponents of the scheme as the purchase of the territory itself had done years before. The wonderful results achieved in a few years fully justify the men who were courageous enough to pass this measure in spite of all opposition. Through their foresight the Alaskan natives have been raised from a starving, irresponsible, roving people to industrious, and contented land and cattle owners, whose reindeer furnish them with all the necessities of life: food, clothing, a healthful occupation, and a much needed means for transportation. There are still many sections of Alaska where there are no canning factories, and where there is little or no mining carried on, which cry aloud for the introduction of the reindeer industry. It is in these parts that the look of suffering upon the dark faces of the patient natives arouses a feeling of the deepest pity in the breast of the traveler who happens to pass their way, and he is moved to send up a fervent prayer that such conditions may be of short duration.

The Government has an excellent apprenticeship plan which it employs in connection with the reindeer industry in Alaska. The Indian or Eskimo boy who wishes to fit himself for this work is taken to a Government experimental station, where he is taught both

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the theory and practice of the reindeer industry much as he would be in the agricultural department of any one of our large state universities. His apprenticeship lasts five years, and during this period he receives his food, and his clothing from the Government. When his time is up he is given a bonus of from six to ten reindeer together with their increase, and with these deer he is expected to start a herd of his own. During the five years that the boy has been under the care of Uncle Sam's agents, he has acquired something more than his trade, for he has been instructed in the elementary branches of a common school education: reading, writing and arithmetic. The result of this common-sense policy of his legal guardians at Washington is that the Eskimo or Indian boy who elects to take advantage of the opportunities offered him for self-improvement leaves the Government station with sixty or eighty reindeer to start him out in life, a fair education, and a lucrative occupation which will enable him to live his life in the open, a very vital thing to him, as any other kind of life exposes him almost invariably to the ravages of the great White Plague. And to accomplish this magnificent result costs the taxpayers of this great republic exactly three hundred and fifty dollars per boy. This is certainly a modest sum when we compare it with the burdensome expense of many of our other educational or charitable institutions. It is a system which meets the approval of all workers among the natives of Alaska, as it leaves the boy educated under it at home in his natural environment, and makes of him a contented, healthy, and industrious member of his own community.

Many Alaskan natives who have worked for the Government have become very well off. All through Alaska one hears of, and sees displayed on all sides, the pictures of Mary Antisarlok who is known as the reindeer queen of Alaska. She merits the title, as she has an exceptionally fine and large herd at Golvin Bay. No doubt that picture postcard which a good friend of yours who visited Alaska last summer sent you, bears on it the portrait of Abalok, the reindeer king of Cape Prince of Wales. He, too, has grown rich by merely taking advantage of opportunities placed in his way.

What marvelous strides this industry has made in a few years are shown by the Government reports of 1915 which are the latest available at the present writing. These statistics show that there are at present 70,243 reindeer in Alaska distributed among seventy-six herds. Of this number 46,683, or sixty-six per cent,

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are owned by natives; 3,408, or five per cent, by the United States Government; 6,890 by missions; and 13,262, or nineteen per cent, by Laplanders and other whites. The total income to the natives from the reindeer industry for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, exclusive of the meat and hides used by the natives themselves, was $81,977.

Until 1914 this industry was confined to the natives and Laplanders in Alaska, but since that date the Government has allowed these people to dispose of part of their surplus deer to white men. During that year a number of them organized a company at Nome for the avowed purpose of producing deer meat for the United States market, and about twelve hundred animals were purchased from a prosperous Laplander with this end in view. That same summer the last steamer to leave Nome before the close of navigation brought into Seattle twenty-five carcasses of reindeer. These were placed on sale in the markets of that city and brought from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. Since nearly every portion of the reindeer's flesh can be used, and since one cut is practically as good as another, it would look as if raising deer for the market might easily be developed into a profitable undertaking.

It would seem as if this industry ought to appeal strongly to those of our young agricultural students who are particularly interested in stock raising, for it undoubtedly has an element of adventure about it which they, more than any other class of farmers, would appreciate. Reindeer can be raised for the market much more cheaply than cattle, for they find their own feed both in winter and in summer, and they can live in barren wastes which could support no other kind of animal. It has been estimated that there is in Alaska close to three hundred thousand square miles of this land which would afford pasturage for millions of deer. These domesticated descendants of the caribou which still roam wild in certain parts of Alaska and British Columbia besides being easy to feed, are not difficult to raise, as they are exceptionally healthy, and suffer from no disease except occasionally a little foot-rot which every cattleman knows how to treat successfully.

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## BELLS AND THEIR MESSAGE.

BY R. BANCROFT-HUGHES.

TO few material objects clings so spiritual a character as to bells. Those of us who count among our early memories the cheery chiming of the sleighbells across the crisp, crackling crust of the northern snows, can understand the fantastic possession this might take over the mind of the hearer—a possession which has been so vividly set forth in the weird drama where the murderer who committed his crime within their sound, is forever after haunted by the tinkling until he betrays himself under the influence of the fascinating music.

We stand beneath some great peal and listen to the strange solemn *sough* that results immediately after the impact, whilst the vibrant sounds themselves seem instinct with spirit life, and come rushing from the great dark circles of metal above us, as from a teeming womb—clanged out from mysterious depths by myriads, hastening into space—spirits that seem to smile upon or to threaten us as they float by, spirits of joy and sorrow, of life and death, of time and of eternity.

It is a delightful subject, ranging as it does from the huge cracked monster of Moscow, a mass of metal impracticable for musical production, to the tiny crotals, found in graves of ancient warriors, which were borne at the end of the spear in battle, or to the quaint bronze remnant of Elizabethan days, in use in our childhood's nursery, when her (I had almost written her Satanic) Majesty's crowned head and be-ruffled neck, surmounting a tightly-laced bodice and puffed sleeves, became the handle of the bell, while the full, hooped skirts concealed a slender metal clapper, giving out a clear soft sound distinctly audible between the two night nurseries. This bell, which undoubtedly dated from her reign, conveyed a subtle compliment to the vain monarch by giving her the character of a "belle."

Here a crude critic—at home for his holidays—peeps over and reads the opening paragraph.

"*Spiritual?*" he inquires, "and how about the *dinner* bell? Is that also spiritual?"

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Oh! crude one, "thou whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul's immensity!" Knowest thou not that a *gong* is the proper instrument to be put to such a use, in company with tom-toms, tam-tams and all other such means of eliciting sound? And, joking apart, is it not pleasant to hear a well-played gong calling to the festive meal?

Oh! ring me not a dinner bell
But sound a silver gong—
And play it softly—let it swell—
And bang it not too long!

Speaking largely, we may make two great divisions or classes of instruments for eliciting sound. First, those that are struck, and, second, those that are swung; and these again are subdivided; of the first Durandus names three kinds in common use in communities, all really to be called *percussio,* viz., the *cymbalum,* strictly speaking, a gong struck by a hammer hanging at its side, and which—crude one, listen!—which gave the signal for *prandium.* Next, the *squilla,* used in the refectory, and occasionally met with in old testamentary documents under the diminutive form of *skilleta,* because it somewhat resembled a small lobster in shape; last the clock sounded by a *nola* or *nolula,* a word akin to our modern one of "knell." In the second class remain the large hanging bells known either as *campanæ* or *signa,* all of which require to be swayed or set in motion in some way in order to make them give forth their voices.

The names used in various languages for bells may be lightly touched upon here with interest. From the sound comes the Latin *tintinnabulum:* the iteration of the name of the metal in use is obvious. *Stannum* was the common every-day word used by the Romans for *tin,* and *estaño,* no doubt its offspring, is the Basque version of the word at the present day. The sound suggested the name for the metal which produced it, as well as for the tinkling cymbal itself. From the sound again comes our own familiar word *bell,* derived from the verb *balare* (sometimes spelt *belare*), meaning the bleating of sheep.

The *tintinnabulum,* familiar to all of us as the handbell used by St. Francis Xavier in the streets of Goa to draw the pagans and children to his marvelously fruitful preaching, is not necessarily very small, since the learned Dr. Raven[1] refers to an engraving

[1] *Bells of England* (Antiquary's edition, Methuen).

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in Hieronymus Magius' treatise, *De Tintinnabulis,* of a small, well-clothed elephant with a bell hung to its neck by a cord. This bell, from its size, might serve for a treble in a village set of four or five. St. Boniface, born at Crediton in Devon, A. D. 680, and a Benedictine monk at Nutschell in the same county, sent the Pope a present of a handbell. It is greatly to our purpose to note the words he uses, "*Cloccam qualem ad manum habui tuæ paternitati mittere curavimus*" (p. 21). This word *(cloccam)* is particularly interesting, both because it is definitely known what is meant by it, and because it is certainly Irish in origin, and occurs at an early date both in Latin and in the Irish form *clog.* Thus it is found in the Book of Armagh, and is used by Adamnon in his *Life of St. Columbkill,* written about 685. It is plain that in Celtic land extraordinary importance was attached to bells. A very large number of these ancient bells, more than sixty in all, the immense majority being Irish, are still in existence. Many of them are reputed to have belonged to Irish saints, and partake of the character of relics. The most famous is that of St. Patrick, the *clog-an-edachta,* or *bell of the will,* now preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. There can be no reason to doubt that this was the bell that lay upon St. Patrick's breast, and was taken from his tomb in the year 562. Like most of these bells it had an official and hereditary custodian (in this case the well-known Mulholland) in whose possession it remained, being handed down for centuries from father to son.

The strange story of the Marden bell in Herefordshire in England is worth telling, since this particular bell is very similar to the famous Irish *clog-na-fulla,* or *bell of blood,* which is, or rather was, under the care of the late Bishop of Kilmore, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh. I quote this story from the *Journal of the Archæological Institute* (v. 330): "The bell was found at Marden, in cleaning out a pond, below the mud and rubbish which had accumulated for centuries, and at a depth of eighteen feet below the adjacent ground. The pond is only a few yards from the church built on the spot where the body of St. Ethelbert, murdered by Offa, was said to have been deposited, and where there is still a hole in the floor, where, says tradition, the body rested and a miraculous spring arose.....the bell appears to have been formed of a sheet of bell-metal which had been hammered into shape, and it is rivetted on each side; the handle at the top is rounded beneath for the hand." The *clog-na-fulla* is somewhat

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smaller than this bell, but similar in shape. The word itself, *clog,* is nearly related to the French *cloche* and to the German *glocke.*

Overwhelming evidence proves the extraordinary veneration for these bells in Celtic lands. Giraldus Cambrensis notes, in the twelfth century, that upon them was taken the most solemn form of oath. Says the learned Dr. Raven: "To swear falsely on the bell, is to aggravate the guilt of perjury." "Both the clergy and laity, in Ireland, Scotland and Wales, were more afraid of swearing falsely by them than by the Gospels, because of some hidden and miraculous power with which they were gifted; and by the vengeance of the saint to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors were severely punished."[2]

The custody of these bells became an inheritance and was often attached to a title, more often, perhaps, than to a territorial possession, or investiture, so that on the death of a custodian the bell was placed in the hands of his heir, much in the same way as the key of a church is to this day placed in the hands of a new incumbent at induction to a benefice in England.

These bells, at a later dater, were often enclosed in cases or "shrines" of the richest workmanship. The shrine of St. Patrick's bell bears an inscription of some length, from which we learn that this beautiful specimen of the jeweler's craft must have been wrought about the year 1005.

It must also be noted that the famous round towers of Ireland, which are now generally recognized to have been places of refuge against the inroads of the Danes and other marauders, were commonly called *clog teach.* The bells occasionally stored there for the sake of safety seem to have been regarded as among the most precious treasures. From this circumstance the towers probably derived their name, though it is, of course, possible that in some cases they may have served as belfries in the more ordinary sense.[3]

Probably the best-known historical instance of a consecrated bell being used for a purely civil purpose is that of the curfew, now rarely to be heard, ringing, as it were, the requiem of the dying day, when, as Father Abraham Ryan so beautifully says:

Day took off her golden crown
And flung it, sorrowfully, down.

[2] Sir R. C. Hoare, translated from Giraldus Cambrensis.
[3] Father H. Thurston, S.J., "Bells," *Catholic Encyclopedia.*

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The purple shades of dusk creep up towards the primrose hem of the evening sky, and soon night will spread her sable mantle over all; but in the enchanted interval that solemn tolling is heard, and many a heart in poor heretic England that knows not what it is to raise the voice of prayer at the sound of the holy Angelus bell, yet at curfew sends up a silent petition for safeguard during the hours of darkness.

Even the curfew, however, is not without a comic side, which was wittily touched upon by a nameless writer in his *Joys of Life in the Middle or Dark Ages,* where he says:

Cover ye fyre,
Cover ye fyre!
'Tis eight of ye clocke
All sounde as a rocke
Aslepe and in bedde
Bee eache fellowes hedde.
Noe late suppers nice,
But leave alle to ye mice—
For I saie—'tis your kinge's desire
That ye *cover that fyre!*

With an undeniable sigh of pleasure the student turns to the attractive subject of church bells. Well we recall our first visit to an old country belfry in England, when, too small of stature, perhaps, to climb the crazy ladders without a helping hand or to peep out of the arrow-slits in the ancient, massive walls, half obscured by the matted ivy that clothed the edifice to the very battlements, we at last landed on the huge oaken beams where hung the musical masses of metal. By dint of careful fingering and spelling we managed to make out the brief inscription on the oldest and, therefore, the most attractive of the bells—somewhat barrel-shaped, if memory fails not, and triumphantly announced: "Stepne Norton hee made mee; M. CCC. XXXIII." Ever since that moment a mysterious magic has drawn us to feel the bond of union between the living present and the dead past, made tangible and audible at the sight and sound of these inanimate singers.

For, wonderful as the enormous modern bells undoubtedly are —witness that largest among European bells consecrated by the rites of Holy Church, the great tenor at Cologne Cathedral, cast in 1888, out of captured French cannon, and weighing something like twenty-seven tons—there is a charm about ancient and mediæval

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bells like an echo from the chime of the golden bells on the fringes of the priestly vestment of Aaron of old. We listen to their voices, and, even though we know them to have been recast, perhaps more than once since the days of their original founder, yet they speak (or, rather, sing) of the days of Faith, the faith that dedicated them to the worship of God in the name of some one of His saints and consecrated them to the perpetual memory of some one or other of the holiest mysteries.

Who can hear the note, for example, of the *Gabriel* or Angelus bell, after seeing and touching the deep old black letter on its rim—probably some such inscription as the well-known old hexameter: ✠*Missi de celis Habeo nomen Gabrielis;* or again: ✠ *Missus vero pie Gabriel fert leta Marie,* without a thrill of feeling far removed from that which might be aroused by another bell, of modern date, bearing, to our certain knowledge, these touching lines:

> Badgeworth ringers they were mad
> Because Rigbe he made me bad.
> But Abel Rushal you may see
> Hath made me better than Rigbe.[4]

or again:

> At proper times my voice I'll raise
> And sound to my subscribers' praise.[5]

Dr. Raven, at the opening of his chapter on *signa* writes thus: "A good ear-filling sound from one large instrument is dear to man. There seems to be something satisfying to the soul in it (!) apart from its utility as call to various duties, etc.....," and he adds: " no instrument can vie with a *cast bell.*"

This is a pleasant view to take, but one cannot help wondering whether the near dwellers to a powerful peal, played by an earnest and energetic guild of ringers, would respond to this " soul-satisfaction " in a grateful manner.

Olden bell-ringers seem to have had a more strenuous time than modern ones. At Canterbury, in the era of swung *signa,* it needed quite an army of men—sixty-three ringers to keep five bells going. After a while, a treading plank or planks, and then a stock or gudgeon came into service. Then the immortal lever was used. Soon a frame was made to the hanging apparatus, and from the

[4] Badgeworth, Gloucestershire.
[5] At Bradford, Yorkshire.



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time of the introduction of a wheel may be dated the frequent dedications of bells to St. Catherine, the instrument of whose martyrdom it was. At the present day, the complete wheel is used, by which a bell can be swung so as to have its mouth upwards, then, not turning over, but back, so as to have its mouth upwards again. But enough— An interesting note of the trials and weariness of the physical labor of ringing is eloquent in the inscription on a bell dedicated to St. Margaret at Norwich: ✠ *Fac Margarita nobis hec munera leta.*

I think it is Dr. Raven who, in quoting this, somewhat grimly adds: "It struck me that it might allude to the position of a bell being unpleasant; to be hung like a criminal and struck hard by a clapper!" More probably it referred to the ringers.

Of the purely secular uses to which custom or tradition permit the bells of churches to be put, we have already named that of the historical curfew. In cases of fire the bells may be rung, but should be jangled or rung backwards, that the signal of alarm may be understood. An inscription on a bell intended for this purpose only is quoted in an article in *The Dublin Review,* 1895:

> Lord, quench this furious flame!
> Arise! run! help! put out the same.[6]

In many places the bells are rung on New Year's Eve. This is called "ringing the old year out, and the new year in," tolling just before midnight, then, with a pause for the striking of the clock, pealing a merry chime of welcome to the newcomer. This custom has formed the theme of many poems, and appeals to every listener at the weighty moment.

The ancient practice of ringing the church bells in case of dangerous thunderstorms, still obtains in many places. Most people are familiar with Longfellow's poem where graceful mention is made of the old reason for this custom; but since few libraries are so fortunate as to possess a copy of the original black-letter edition of the *Golden Legend,* printed by Wynkyn de Worde, I give the popular belief as it stands there, retaining the quaint mediæval spelling: "It is sayde, ye evil sprytes that ben in ye region of ye ayre doubte moche whan they here the belles ringen; and this is ye cause why ye belles ringen whan it thundreth and whan grete tempeste and rages of wether happen, to ye ende that ye feindes and

[6] On the fire-bell, Sherborne, Dorset.

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wycked sprytes sholde ben abasht and flee and cease of ye mooynge of tempeste."

Without arguing the point; it is quite possible that the atmospheric vibration caused by the ringing of bells, especially of large ones, may not be without effect on impending clouds charged with electricity, particularly if resorted to whilst the clouds are coming together.

No doubt the standpoint from which the mediæval faithful took the view just quoted from de Worde, has its origin in the pontifical office for the Blessing of the Bells, in the two last prayers of which the "powers of the air" are distinctly mentioned. This office is sometimes called the "Baptism of the Bells," and the name has led to erroneous opinions concerning it. Since the *Pontificale* is not in everyone's hands, and one seldom has the privilege and pleasure of being present at this ceremony of Holy Church, a brief account of the function of Blessing the Bells may be welcome here.

The bishop in white vestments first recites seven Psalms with his attendant clergy, to implore the Divine assistance; the bells meantime being hung at a very little distance from the ground, and with free space around them to allow of the various ceremonies being conveniently performed.

Then the bishop mixes salt with water, reciting prayers of exorcism somewhat similar to those used in the preparation of holy water, but making special reference to the bell and to the "powers of the air"—the phantoms, storms and lightning—which threaten the peace of devout Christians who come to church to sing the praises of God. Then the bishop and his attendants wash the bell inside and out with the water thus prepared, and dry it with towels, the Psalm *Laudate Dominum de cœlis* and five others of similar import being meanwhile recited or sung. These are followed by various unctions, those on the outside of the bell being made with the oil of the sick in seven places, those on the inside with chrism in four places. In the accompanying prayers mention is made of the silver trumpets of the Old Law and of the fall of the walls of Jericho, while protection is asked once more from the "powers of the air," and the faithful are encouraged to take refuge under the Sign of the Holy Cross.

That the term "baptism" is inaccurate, can be seen from this description, as also from the fact that in making the unctions, and not in washing the bell, is used the form of words introducing the patron saint: "May this bell be ✠ hallowed, O Lord, and ✠ con-

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secrated in the Name of the ✠ Father and of the ✠ Son, and of the ✠ Holy Ghost. In honor of St. N..... Peace be to thee." Finally, the thurible with incense and myrrh are placed under the bell, so that the smoke arising may fill its concavity. Then is said another prayer of similar import to the last, and the function ends with the reading of the passage in the Gospel concerning Martha and Mary.

Surely here may be found the connecting link between the bells themselves and their spiritual character. When we stand beneath them, listening to that strange, solemn *sough* that fills the air immediately after the impact, and recall the holy unctions and blessings bestowed upon the bells, we realize that the old, varied and oft-quoted hexameters:

*Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,*
*Pestem fugo, fulgura frango, sabbato pango,*
*Defunctos ploro, nimbum fugo, festa decoro,*
*Excito lentos, dissipo tentos, paco cruentos,*[1]

were born of a lively faith in the divine mission of bells, through the ministry of those who stand, as God's vicegerents, between the living and the dead.

[1] "I sing praise to the True God; I call the people; I gather the Priests together; I put pestilence to flight; I shatter the lightning; I announce the Lord's Day; I toll for the dead; I scatter the clouds; I chime joyously for festivals; I arouse the slothful; I drive away tempests and peal forth a pæan of praise when peace takes the place of war."

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# FOR LOVE IS OF GOD.

BY HENRIETTE EUGÉNIE DELAMARE.

IT seems little to be wondered at that Protestants and unbelievers who know and understand so little about our holy Faith, should assert that deep piety, and specially that of the religious life, makes people gloomy, self-centred and lacking in natural affection. But it is a matter of astonishment that many fairly good Catholics are too often disposed to agree with them on that point, and mourn and lament when they hear of their sons or daughters having religious vocations, talking as if they were about to lose their love as well as their bodily presence, in consequence.

Nothing could be more false than this idea, for none have a firmer or more intense human love than the religious and the saints of God, and this is perfectly natural, for every faculty, either of body or soul that is much practised and labored over, becomes all the more developed. An athlete's limbs grow abnormally strong; the vocal organs of a professional singer develop unusual power and richness of tone, the brain of a mathematician or scientist acquires wonderful clearness and insight. And in the spiritual life this also holds good. One who is constantly endeavoring to bear crosses with fortitude becomes a model of patience and one who is constantly fighting against pride will attain to saint-like humility, for the virtue they are thus striving to acquire finally becomes, as it were, a second nature. Is it not natural, therefore, that a soul in union with God, Who is Love Itself, a soul which is ever striving to attain to more fervent love of Him, will become all the more capable of love for its fellowmen, and specially for those united to it by ties of kindred and friendship?

We have proof of this both in Holy Scripture and in the lives of the saints. What is more touching than the friendship of David and Jonathan, the love of Abraham for Isaac, or of Jacòb for his favorite son Joseph, in the Old Testament? And is not the New Testament one long poem of love? Who ever loved his mother as Our Divine Lord loved His? and not only His Mother, but His friends. "Having loved His own that were in the world,

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He loved them unto the end," says St. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved; the disciple who, when too old to preach sermons, would constantly repeat to his flock, "Little children, love one another." What mother ever loved her child with the passionate intensity with which Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God, loved her divine Son, with a love so true and unselfish and perfect that it gave her courage to share in His immolation, and stand for those three long hours of agony at the Foot of the Cross! And if she loved Jesus, does she not love us too, her erring spiritual children? When have we ever found her to fail us, unworthy as we are?

Then if we look into the lives of the saints, how full of love they are! What passionate yearning there is in the epistles of St. Paul to his "Dearly Beloved," how affectionately he mentions his friends by name and is solicitous for their welfare. "Salute Epenetus, my beloved; salute Ampliatus, most beloved to me in the Lord." "Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is scandalized, and I am not on fire!" he exclaims. What greater love and sympathy could one have for one's friends? "And now there remain faith, hope and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity." Yes, truly the Gospel of Christ is the Gospel of Love.

Now listen to the saying of St. Chrysostom, one of the greatest saints of the Church, in the fourth century: "Words cannot express the joy which a friend imparts; they only can know who have experienced it. A friend is dearer than the light of heaven, for it would be better for us that the sun were extinguished than that we should be without friends." Does this sound like coldness and lack of human affection? St. Teresa, that saint of truly seraphic love of God, had all her life the most tender affection for her family, and more specially for the brother who had been the companion and confidant of her childhood. Not only did she take interest in his immortal soul, but she sympathized deeply in all his temporal joys and sorrows. Her heart, though pierced with the Seraph's dart, was great enough to have room in it for the deepest human love. And so with all the saints and servants of God. Think of the intense affection between St. Monica and her son, St. Augustine, specially after his conversion, and of the perfect sympathy that united the great ascetic, St. Benedict, and his sister, St. Scholastica.

St. Teresa's namesake, Sœur Thérèse of the Child Jesus and

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of the Holy Face (the Little Flower), loved her family with a depth of feeling which is touching in its simplicity and earnestness. She says herself that words cannot tell with what passion she loved her dear father from her very childhood, and her love for him and for her sisters and other relatives did but grow with her sanctity. In her touching autobiography she writes: "I remember that in the month of June, 1888, at the time when we feared he (her father) would have paralysis of the brain, I surprised my mistress by saying: 'I suffer much, mother, but I feel I could bear still more.' I did not think then of the trial which was awaiting us. I did not know that on the twelfth of February, a month after my taking the habit, our revered father would drink such a bitter chalice! Ah! I did not *then* say that I could have suffered more! Words cannot express my anguish and that of my sisters. I will not try to describe it.....And what interviews I had with my Céline. Ah, far from parting us, the gratings of Carmel united us more strongly than ever; the same thoughts, the same wishes, the same love for Jesus and for souls were our very life." Later on she adds: "When giving itself to God the heart does not lose its natural tenderness; this tenderness on the contrary increases by becoming purer and more divine." True, she knew how to mortify this love of her dear ones, and she tells in her simple ingenuous way how when her beloved "little mother," her sister Pauline, had become her superior, she schooled herself never to ask of her any greater favor, attention, or love than was granted to the other nuns, in fact, not so much perhaps, and she relates how she often had to clutch at the banisters of the stair to prevent herself from going in to pour out her soul to her. But though she mortified all outward show of her affection, she never dreamt of smothering or lessening it, and to her dying day it did but increase in intensity. She could not even think that she would be happy in heaven by being forgetful of those she loved on earth; she wished to continue her apostolate among men, her helpfulness and tender care of them after her death. "You will look down upon us from heaven, won't you?" asked a nun of her one day. "No, I will come down," she answered.

Her letters to her sisters are full of tender love, specially those to her "little mother" or her beloved Céline. To the latter she wrote shortly after entering the convent: "Already a month since we were parted. But why do I say parted? Were the ocean between us, our souls would remain united.....The tender love of

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our childhood has changed into a far greater union of thoughts and feelings."

When Céline was about to enter the convent, she wrote to her: "This is perhaps the last time, my dear little sister, that I use my pen in order to converse with you; God has granted my dearest wish. Come! We will suffer together.....and then Jesus will take one of us and the others will remain a little longer in exile. Listen to what I wish to say to you. Never, never will God part us: if I die first, do not think that I will go far from your soul, never have we been more closely united."

Who has not read the touching story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary's love for her husband and of her almost inconsolable sorrow at his death? What wife ever loved her spouse more than did St. Jane de Chantal or her children either, though she did have the courage to step over the body of her only son when he tried to prevent her from leaving them to become the foundress of the Order of the Visitation. Never did her motherly love or solicitude for him or for her other children slacken after she had undertaken the duties of religious life and become Superioress of her order. She loved them none the less, but even more for having felt it her duty out of love for God to leave them after having carefully provided for their future.

Among other great servants of God who are not canonized, but who yet worked and suffered much for their dear Lord and led many souls to Him, we find the same passionate human love. "We all need the heart of a friend," said Père Lacordaire, the world-famed Dominican, "the Christ Himself had St. John." Another famous orator and writer of the great Dominican order, Père Didon, seems so austere and detached from all worldly things that at first one expects him to have had little feeling or even thought about anyone except in a spiritual way. *"Le Christ est ma passion divine,"* was his motto, a very hard one to translate in all its touching beauty. "Christ is the one divine passion of my heart" would be, I think, the best rendering of it in English. His soul seemed to soar like an eagle above all the petty things of life. He was, as he says himself, a soldier of Christ, an untiring, unfearing warrior in His great cause, sparing himself neither pain, nor danger, nor fatigue, and dauntlessly heedless of the opinions of men, because he felt he was fulfilling the call God had given him.

Yet, when one comes to read his letters, one is touched almost to tears by the gentleness and tenderness that were in him, and

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specially by his passionate love for his dead sister and for his mother, that "valiant Christian" of whom he was so proud, and whose sorrows and sufferings during the last years of her life cut his noble heart to the quick. In the crushing sorrow of his own temporary disgrace, the chief bitterness of his cross was the grief of his mother, and when she died suddenly during his exile, his sorrow was unspeakable, and was perhaps responsible for the terrible heart disease which carried him off a few years later in the midst of his labors, when fame and success were once more his. On reaching home immediately after her death he wrote to one of his penitents: "I cannot write. My heart is breaking. My grief is infinite. No sacrifice has been spared me. My poor mother has died without my being there at her last hour to close her eyes; hear the supreme words of her heroic tenderness. She is dead. I did not see her even in her coffin. I only arrived on Sunday and she had already been buried on Saturday. Destiny has hours which are fearful. God's hand is heavy upon me. I am crushed..... Farewell, I cannot write more, I could not speak to you. My tears are choking me. Ah! how I loved my poor mother....."

In another letter he says again: "I remain prostrated under the terrible hand of God. My heart is broken. I worshipped my mother. I am stabbed to the very core.....I am in agony before Christ Whom I love and Who spares me no sacrifice.....I can but suffer and pray in silence, living in intimacy of soul with my beloved dead. I find her in the depth of my soul and feel her still living there. My sorrow absorbs me. I live in it, I would I could die of it.....Griefs such as mine cannot be comforted; and in spite of my unconquerable faith, in spite of my energy, it will take time for me to regain my mental poise."

Could any filial love be deeper or more impassioned than this? How true it is that, as Cardinal Manning once said, the best daughter makes the best nun, and the best son the best priest, monk or missionary!

Among priests who have been converts to the Catholic faith the life of Cardinal Manning, so austere to himself, so gentle, courteous and sympathetic to others, gives one a thousand touching examples of the lovingness as well as the loveableness of hearts that belong entirely to God. More lately still, the life of Monsignor Benson, whose death, after a short and brilliant career, was such a loss to the Church, is an illuminative and encouraging lesson, for it shows in what perfect sympathy a zealous lover of God and

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worker in His vineyard can remain with his dear ones, even if they do not belong to the true Church, yet are in perfect good faith about their own belief.

Mr. A. C. Benson, in the preface to his charming *Memoirs of a Brother,* says: "Moreover, his family affection was very strong; when he became a Catholic we, all of us, felt, including himself, that there might be a certain separation, not of affection, but of occupations and interests; and he himself took very great care to avoid this, with the happy result that we saw him, I truly believe, more often and more intimately than ever before. Indeed, my own close companionship with him really began when he came as a Roman Catholic to Cambridge."

One of the means which enabled Monsignor Benson to carry this out was his perfect frankness with his family from the very first. Writing to a friend he says: "I told my mother I was troubled in mind more than a year ago. Of course it was something of a shock to her, but comparatively slight. Then as the months went by, I kept her fully informed, so far as was possible, as to my state of mind, and ultimately, when my decision was taken, it was very little shock to her, as the idea had become familiar to her.....The result has been that neither she nor I am conscious of an estrangement."

Writing to his brother Arthur, after his reception into the Church, Father Benson said: "Mamma and I are meeting in London next week. She really has been good to me beyond all words. Her patience and kindness have been unimaginable..... I must thank you again for your extreme kindness—I am really grateful, though I am always dumb about such things when I meet people."

Again after many years he wrote: "Between my mother and myself there is not a shadow of a shadow; in many ways we are nearer to one another than we were before."

Monsignor Benson had bitter religious discussions, almost quarrels, with his brothers and sister at first, but this evidently wore away, and his intimacy, specially with his brother Arthur, grew deeper and more loving than before.

Not only did his heart remain in union with his family, but his solicitude for his friends and, indeed, for all who came to him for help or advice was untiring, and his patience with the most unreasonable and wearisome was truly wonderful. Even when, through overwork, his health and strength were failing

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fast and he was suffering acutely, he found sufficient energy to answer their innumerable letters fully and constantly. And when death came, so suddenly in the midst of his successful labors and he accepted it with such perfect resignation to God's will, his love for his dear ones was true to the last. "Excuse me," he murmured, interrupting the prayers for the dying to say to Mr. A. C. Benson, "give my love to them *all*."

Sœur Thérèse, the Little Flower, explains her special veneration for the holy missionary martyr, Blessed Théophane Vénard, in these words: "Théophane Vénard was a 'little' saint, his life was quite ordinary. He loved Our Lady very much and he loved his family very much—I too, I love my family! I do not understand saints who do not love their families."

One cannot but feel as she did, when reading his biography, one of the most touching pictures of Catholic family life ever written. They were all very devout, the children were trained to deep piety from their babyhood and Théophane, the holiest of them all, was perhaps the most loving. He was a devoted son and much attached to his two younger brothers, but his deepest love, his true heart union was with his beloved sister Mélanie. It is a very poem of brotherly love. His simple, unaffected letters to her are not only full of deep piety and resignation to God's will, but of intense sympathy and affection. From their early childhood they had planned how they would spend their lives together in the service of God and His poor, and when still a boy at boarding school, he wrote to her: "Very often when I am at work my thoughts fly back to you.....I follow you in thought everywhere. Although so far apart, our thoughts, our wishes, our aspirations seem to be one. O what a blessed thing it is, this communion of souls, to be able to pray for each other and to pray for our loved ones together!.....But I should like to be with you again in body as well as in spirit. Oh! when shall we be able to live together as we did as children and share all our troubles and all our joys." And in another letter he says: "But you, you are half of myself. You are more than my sister, you are my guardian angel." And again: "O how happy I should be in a quiet country parish with my Mélanie, I would guide the good people and try to save their souls and you would have care of the church; and together we would labor for God and talk of Him and of His holy Mother and of all those we have loved and lost."

Later on, she confided to him her belief that God was calling

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her to the religious life, and he answered: "No, dearest Mélanie! believe this—I will never try for an instant to turn you from any generous or holy project. I should be afraid of robbing you of your crown! But I tell you frankly that to lose you would be a terrible sacrifice on my part. Every time the thought comes across my mind, I beg for the grace of God to enable me to bear it, if it be His will that you should go and leave us."

When he himself felt called to sacrifice his life to God's service as a missionary, he broke the news to his dear ones with the most loving tenderness, begging for their consent and prayers that he might be worthy of his great calling. Upon receiving their heart-broken, but nobly resigned answers, he wrote again to Mélanie: "O how I cried when I read your letter! Yes, I knew well the sorrow I was going to bring upon my family and especially upon you, my dear little sister. But don't you think it cost me tears of blood, too, to take such a step, and give you all such pain. Who ever cared more for home and a home life than I? All my happiness here below was centred in it. But God, Who had united us all in links of the tenderest affection, wished to wean me from it. Oh! what a fight and a struggle I have had with my poor human nature! But then Our Lord, Who asked the sacrifice at my hands, gave me the strength to accomplish it. He did more. He gave me the strength to offer *myself* the bitter chalice to those I loved. I undertook it because I knew you all so well, and I was full of faith and hope.....and now, I can only adore His mercy, and praise Him Who has led me so tenderly through this terrible trial .....Can it be, then, that family ties and family joys are not holy and blessed?" he adds, "has God forbidden them.....No, a thousand times, no!"

When starting for his mission to China, he wrote again: "My much-loved sister, my own little Mélanie, good-bye. I feel it very much that I am not able to write you a good long letter. It is a positive suffering to me for we have so many, many things to say to each other, but I have scarcely a moment. I shall never forget you or our happy childhood together, or our family gatherings and home joys, but by and by we shall all be reunited. I go with a heavy heart and eyes full of tears, but we must pray together, the one for the other, and bear the pain of parting bravely. God bless you. My paper must convey my last kiss to my darling sister."

On his journey he writes again: "And now I am leaving and

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probably forever. Ought we not, then, to have a good long talk. Ah, now comes the sorrow! I must have all the say to myself. There is not dear little Mélanie to answer me; no gentle eyes to look at me; no soft hand to hold in mine, and to keep it back and try to make me stay a few minutes longer.....Ah, you are all together; and I? I am alone! Alone with God—alone forevermore. But I know how you have followed me in thought, and I like to think of this letter's arrival home, and the welcome it will get! Am I not a real baby? But, O my God, it is not wrong, is it, to love one's home and one's father, and one's brothers and one's sister? to suffer terribly at parting from them—to feel one's loneliness, to try to console one another? To mingle our prayers and our tears, and also our hopes. For we have left all for Thee. We wish to work for Thee; and we trust to be reunited one day in Thee forever and forever."

During the trying years of his life as a missionary to the heathen, neither his tireless labors, his long privations and sufferings, nor the knowledge of his approaching martyrdom, could lessen his constant affectionate thoughtfulness for his dear ones, and in his cage awaiting execution, he wrote to console them and bid them a loving farewell. To Mélanie he said: "Now, as my last hour is approaching, I want to send you, my darling sister and friend, a special word of love and farewell. For our hearts have been one from childhood. You have never had a secret from me, nor I from you. When as a schoolboy, I used to leave home for college, it was my little Mélanie who prepared my box, and softened by her tender words the pain of parting. It was you who shared in the sorrow and joys of my college life; it was you who strengthened my vocation for the foreign missions. It was with you, dearest Mélanie, that I passed that solemn night of the twenty-sixth of February, 1851, which was our last meeting upon earth, and which we spent in a conversation so full of intimate thoughts and feelings of sympathy and holy hope, that it reminded me of the farewell of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. And when I crossed the seas, and came to water with sweat and blood this Annamite country, your letters were my strength, my joy, and my consolation. It is then only fair that, in this last hour, your brother should think of you, and send to you a few final words of love and never-dying remembrance." Then after burning words of divine love, joyful resignation and even exultation at being able to lay down his life for his beloved Master, he bids her

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grow in the practice of every virtue, looking forward to the happy time when they shall be happy for evermore, and ends his letter thus: "Good-bye, my Mélanie, good-bye, my loved sister! Adieu! Your devoted brother. Théophane."

In his last words to his superior he also requested that a few of his simple belongings might be sent home to his family who would, he knew, prize them so highly.

Did his love of God or zeal for souls chill his tenderness for his own, or did his faithful love for them hinder him from attaining to sanctity and the martyr's crown? Did they not, on the contrary, work together for the perfecting of his pure and beautiful soul?

"I do not believe that lovely things should be stamped upon," answered Monsignor Benson to a friend who was urging the danger of a strong sense of beauty, "should they not rather be led in chains?" Does not this saying also apply to the love of one's family and friends? Is it not God's will that it should in no way be stamped upon but, on the contrary, developed to the full, yet so perfectly led in chains that, at the first word from the Divine Master, we should be willing to sacrifice it completely, as did Blessed Théophane, even though the parting cost him tears of blood!

So long as we love *in* God and *for* God then, is it not true that we cannot love too deeply?—for God is Love and love is of God.

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## SALVE REGINA ÆTERNA!

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

Robed in thy flawless beauty sempiternal,
That shames the towering loveliness of Night,
Earth's ancient message vernal
Is turned for thee a hymn of praise diurnal,
Of elemental might.
Yea, Summer, in her fragrance-laden flight,
Doth spill her shining hours,
Brimmed high with fruits and flowers,
For thee who art the Queen of All the Year.
So, too, when Autumn, ruddy-cheeked and brown,
Along her flaming fields comes dancing down,
Freighted with golden harvest of good cheer—
(The purple grape that clustered to its fall,
The new red corn, ripened for festival,
God's every gift from field and tree and vine,)
There comes a mem'ry of thy Son divine,
And thy dear voice saying: "They have no wine."
Then Winter, white and tall,
Though agèd, gaunt, of chilly mien withal,
Brings to thine arms again the Christ-Child—Him,
Adored by highest Heaven's Seraphim;
Him Whom the Father loves; of Whom He spake,
What time the Earth did quake,
On Tabor when the Vision smote men's eyes—
"This is My well-belovèd Son,
Mark ye Him now, this is The One,
In Whom forever I am well pleased."

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In truth, throughout the year's proud festal chain,
Come hail or snow, sunshine or silver rain,
Thy Name is linked to veneration-days,
And dedicate to praise.
Hence am I come,
Soul-weary, harassed, dumb—
A strayer by lone streams,
A dreamer of poor dreams,
Albeit a weak mortal smirched with mire,
And seared with Sin's fierce fire,
To lay my humble tribute on thy shrine,
To ask thee, mother mine,
If thou wilt take tonight my simple song.
Abashed, I press from out the straining throng,
To hail thee Queen Possest of Heaven's Charms,
To seek thy shelt'ring arms.
Art thou not Mother of our Fallen Race?
Lo! let the pity pictured in thy face
Rush down upon me, flooding all my soul
With penitential peace to make me whole.
For thee, for thee,
Lady of Loss, yet White-Winged Victory,
I touch my lowly lyre to fervent strains,
And sing thee Queen of Heaven's rich domains.
Dowered with tenderness,
Flowered with gentleness,
From thy lily-white feet to thy hallowèd hair,
Belovèd of Jesu, Belovèd, Belovèd,
Supremely spotless, eternally fair,
Virgin of Virgins, hear my pray'r!
*Hail Mary, Full of Grace, pray for me when*
*In what tense hour I go to death, Amen.*

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# MOBILIZING THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

BY FRANK O'HARA, PH.D.

THE value of a thing," the economist says, "depends upon the supply of it and the demand for it. Increase the supply or diminish the demand and you lower the value. Decrease the supply or increase the demand and you enhance the value." "That was all true enough in the past," objects the nervous individualist, "but it bids fair to be true no longer, since Congress is at work abolishing the law of supply and demand. In the future the law of supply and demand is to be discarded, and values are to be fixed arbitrarily by governmental authority." "One test of a just price," said the older reformer, "is that it is in conformity with the price fixed by competition, and has not been brought about by arbitrary interference with the law of supply and demand." "But," urges the man who would keep food prices within bounds, "the price fixed by the competitive principle is extortionate, and we can have just prices only with arbitrary regulation." And so our economic principles appear to be at sixes and sevens.

Not only are our economic principles in sad confusion, but the motives which lead men to economic action are said to be taking on freakish aspects. Owners of potatoes, it is said, for example, destroy them in carload lots for the purpose of increasing the value of their remaining holdings. Now this action would be understandable if these owners held their wares under monopoly conditions, but it is not reported that they individually own a considerable fraction of the total supply or that they are acting in collision with other owners so as to establish a monopoly. Men have never before on land or sea acted in this way from this motive. There is of course the classical instance of the Cumaean Sibyl, who burned the six books and received the same price for the remaining three that she had originally asked for the whole nine. But it must be remembered that the Sibyl was a monopolist. If there had been other competing Sibyls in the neighborhood with equally good books she would probably have lost money in the venture. But the potato owners are competitors and not monopolists. It seems prob-



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able, therefore, that there has been some mistake made in reporting the facts in the case.

Another case where it appears on the surface that the usual economic motives do not operate is that of wheat. While wheat is selling in the United States at two dollars or more a bushel, it is selling in Great Britain and France at a dollar and eighty cents, in spite of the fact that Great Britain and France are buying a large part of their supply in our markets. And it is reported that flour is relatively lower in price than wheat in those countries. The explanation of this strange situation is not difficult to find. The European governments are selling the wheat at a loss in order to give their people cheaper bread. The loss is being made up by taxation. Then, too, the war flour of Europe contains a larger percentage of the weight of the grain than does our flour. It is poorer in quality and therefore cheaper in price. Not only does it contain more of the wheat bran, but it also contains a considerable mixture of the flour of cheaper cereals than wheat. For these reasons it is not surprising that it should be sold at a lower price than American flour.

Our wheat dealers, then, do not sell wheat to the Europeans at a lower price than that which the American millers pay. They sell now, as they have always sold, to all comers at the price fixed by the law of supply and demand. They are called extortioners not because they invoke a new principle in the establishing of prices, but because the conditions of supply and demand are now such as to establish prices at a high level. Contrary to a view that is gaining much currency, speculation does not necessarily result in extortion. Indeed under normal conditions speculation in food-stuffs is highly desirable from a social point of view. Under the influence of speculation and of the law of supply and demand, surplus food materials are normally kept from a time when they are less needed to a time when they are more needed, and are transferred from owners who need them less to owners who need them more. The speculators, of course, reap a reward for performing this important social function, and in ordinary times this reward is paid without much grumbling. But under our present war conditions, with the value of money falling and the value of food materials rising, the burden of the speculator's charge becomes more keenly felt, and we seek to have his service performed by other agencies at a lesser expense.

The food situation with which we are confronted is substan-

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tially this: the food producer must we well rewarded in order to encourage him to increase production; the food consumer must not be charged too high a price or he cannot purchase the necessary food. The middleman must be eliminated in as far as it is possible, in order to conserve the interests of both producer and consumer. The middleman is not to be eliminated because he is an extortioner, but because there is little or nothing left with which to pay him for his service after the producer has been paid out of what the consumer is able to pay for the food. Manifestly the middleman cannot be dispensed with unless some other agency can be found which will perform his work at little or no expense, or at a cost which is borne by someone other than the producer or consumer.

The law of supply and demand is not to be allowed to work under the usual conditions. It must be mobilized for service in the war. It will continue to be true that an increase in the supply or a decrease in the demand will lower prices, while a decrease in the supply or an increase in the demand will raise prices. But the demand and the supply themselves are to be regulated in new ways. Increase in supply and decrease in demand will be encouraged, and, with the work of the speculating middleman reduced to a minimum, the producer and consumer will come to a better understanding with each other than has prevailed in the immediate past.

The new plan of mobilizing supply and demand, in so far as it relates to foods, may be considered under three heads. In the first place, the demand for our food products is to be regulated and limited by placing such restrictions upon exports as will guarantee a sufficiency to ourselves at reasonable prices, and give the surplus to our Allies in so far as they need it, leaving whatever remainder there may be for the neutrals. Secondly, governmental agencies are to be interposed between producer and consumer for the purpose of saving to them the profit of the speculating middleman. The increased price which this arrangement will secure for the producer will encourage him to increase the supply. And finally, the food consumers are to be brought together into a food conserving organization which, through the saving of waste and the simplifying of diet, will affect favorably both supply and demand.

Power to control exports was given to the President in the espionage law, which makes it unlawful to export from the United States articles which the President has proclaimed it against the

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public safety to export, except under such conditions as he may prescribe. Under the terms of that act an Exports Council has already been established, and has undertaken the elaboration of machinery for the administration of the law.

At the time of the appointment of the members of the Exports Council, President Wilson issued a statement in which he outlined its policy. "Our primary duty in the matter of foodstuffs and like necessaries," he said, "is to see to it that the peoples associated with us in the war get as generous a proportion as possible of our surplus, but it will also be our wish and purpose to supply the neutral nations whose peoples depend upon us for such supplies as nearly in proportion to their need as the amount to be divided permits." The policy here announced differs from that which has hitherto prevailed, in that under the former policy of competitive buying neutrals entered our markets upon equal terms with our Allies and ourselves, and the amounts which they were able to take away depended on their bidding power in the open market. Under the new plan the amount which they can get is relatively independent of their purchasing power. They can get only what is left over, and they cannot even get so much when there is danger that they will use it to furnish aid to the enemy.

On July 9th, in accordance with the provisions of the espionage act, the President issued a proclamation requiring persons exporting certain classes of commodities after July 15th to secure licenses from the Department of Commerce. The list of commodities mentioned in the proclamation included, among other things, coal, coke, fuel oils, kerosene and gasoline, food grains, flour and meal therefrom, fodder and feeds, meat and fats, pig-iron, steel billets, and certain other iron and steel products. The reason given in the proclamation for the embargo against and the licensing of the export of these articles, was that "the public safety requires that succor shall be prevented from reaching the enemy," but in a supplementary statement the President explained that "in controlling by license the export of certain indispensable commodities from the United States, the Government has first and chiefly in view the amelioration of the food conditions which have arisen or are likely to arise in our own country before new crops are harvested." Through the licensing system the Government will be enabled to keep a close watch on exports to the various countries, and to put a stop to such exports wherever and whenever it becomes to our interest to do so.

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The second part of the programme, namely, the abolition of the speculating middleman, is the one which is apparently the most difficult to accomplish. As these lines are being written it seems certain that some legislative device will be adopted to reduce speculation to a minimum, but there is the greatest uncertainty as to the nature of the device. As the food control bill was originally proposed, provision was made for the fixing of both maximum and minimum prices. Early in its history, however, the idea of a rigid maximum price was abandoned, and in its place was substituted a plan to regulate the price to the consumer by a system of Government licensing and Government purchase and sale. The minimum price below which the food products should not be sold and which was to be guaranteed by the Government to the producer still remains a feature of the bill. This provision was designed to encourage production, and to secure the support of the farming element of the population for the legislation. It has not been entirely successful in accomplishing this purpose, however, as the amount of the minimum has remained in doubt, and the farmers appear to be afraid that when the law goes into effect and the President proceeds to determine and establish the minimum price to be paid to the farmer, he will listen to the pleas of the consumers and especially to the plea of organized labor, with the result that the interests of the producing farmers will be lost sight of, and a minimum price will be fixed too low to reward the producer fairly for his efforts. To obviate this difficulty many of the representatives of the farming interests in Congress are struggling to have the minimum price named in the law, and not left to the tender mercies of the President and his advisers.

The farmers as a class cannot be said to be even mildly enthusiastic over the proposal to abolish speculation in the cereals. In May speculation had run the price of wheat up considerably above three dollars a bushel, whereas at the present time it is in the neighborhood of two dollars. The farmers believe that this falling off in price is largely the result of the present legislative campaign against speculation, and they consider therefore that the legislation is hostile to their immediate interests. This, of course, is no indictment against the patriotism of the farmers. They are willing to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary, but that does not prevent them from seeing that they are making sacrifices. Their situation is identical with that of the coal or steel producers or the labor interests. All are willing to do their bit, but each

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feels that if his interests is to be looked after it must be done by the friends of the particular interest.

The conflict of interests is, of course, the root difficulty in the way of the immediate mobilization of the law of supply and demand for war purposes. The different interests know what their prospects are if the law of supply and demand continues to be operated in the old way. The producing interests are likely to reap an advantage while the consuming and taxpaying interests are likely to suffer. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that, on the whole, individuals, in so far as they are producers, would be gainers, and in so far as they are consumers and taxpayers would be losers by permitting the free play of competition at this time. In order to safeguard the interests of individuals as consumers and taxpayers, it becomes necessary to legislate restrictions upon free competition, but before deciding where the restrictions are to be placed, it becomes necessary to consult the conflicting interests of the same individuals as producers.

The charge that freely competitive production is planless and extremely wasteful, is not now made for the first time, nor is it truer now than it has been in the past. It has always contained a considerable amount of truth. But the need for avoiding planless and wasteful production is much greater in the present crisis than it has been heretofore. Moreover, it is now possible to bring pressure to bear upon the individual as producer to agree to compromise legislation in a way that would not be possible in time of peace. It is in the light of these circumstances that emergency measures are now being adopted, that under other conditions would rightly be objected to as socialistic.

As we have seen, the supply of and the demand for food materials are to be modified during the War by restricting exportation and by eliminating speculation in foodstuffs as far as feasible. But there still remains to be mentioned a very important phase of the campaign for controlling the food supply. This is the voluntary organization of the consumers for the purpose of avoiding waste in food consumption. Since the preparation of the foods for final consumption is practically entirely in the hands of the women of the country, this phase of the movement addresses itself especially to them.

To carry out the plan of organizing the consumers a central staff under the direction of Mr. Hoover is already at work in Washington. The members of this staff are volunteers, mostly

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women, who are donating their time to the cause. This bureau of food administration uses a variety of agencies in getting in touch with the women who direct the consumption of food throughout the country. In the first place pledge cards are widely distributed by the bureau to be signed by those handling food in the homes. Those receiving the cards are asked to sign the pledge, in which they agree to carry out the directions and advice of the Food Administrator in the conduct of their households as far as their circumstances permit. Upon receipt of these pledge cards the bureau sends instructions to the homekeepers explaining the methods to be used in conserving food.

The Food Administration is making use of the Council of National Defence to bring its campaign before the public. The Council of National Defence is in touch with the Council of Defence of the various States, and these local organizers are organizing the work of the Food Administration locally. In addition lectures on food conservation are being delivered in summer schools and at county fairs throughout the country, and it is expected that in the fall the schools will take up the work of teaching thrift in the homes.

A few extracts from the advice of the Food Administrator will indicate the nature of the crusade: "Save the wheat. One wheatless meal a day. Use corn, oatmeal, rye or barley bread and non-wheat breakfast foods.....If each person weekly saves one pound of wheat flour, that means one hundred and fifty million more bushels of wheat for the Allies to mix in their bread." "Save the meat. Beef, mutton or pork not more than once daily. Use freely vegetables and fish. At the meat meal serve smaller portions, and stews instead of steaks. Make made-dishes of all left-overs. Do this and there will be meat enough for everyone at a reasonable price. .....If we save an ounce of meat each day per person, we will have additional supply equal to two million two hundred thousand cattle." "Save the milk. The children must have milk. Use every drop. Use buttermilk and sour milk for cooking and making cottage cheese. Use less cream." "Save the fats. Use butter on the table as usual but not in cooking. Other fats are as good..... Save daily one-third ounce animal fats.....three hundred and seventy-five thousand tons will be saved yearly." "Save the sugar. .....So there may be enough for all at reasonable price, use less candy and sweet drinks." "Save the fuel. Coal comes from a distance and our railways are overburdened hauling war material."

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"Use the perishable foods. Fruits and vegetables we have in abundance. As a nation we eat too little green stuffs. Double their use and improve your health. Store potatoes and other roots properly and they will keep. Begin now to can or dry all surplus garden products." "Use local supplies." A very extensive publicity campaign is being undertaken, and it is expected that these appeals to patriotism and to self-interest will show important results.

The law of supply and demand, then, is not to be abolished, but it is to be mobilized for the purposes of the War. Supply and demand are to be regulated and controlled in new ways. The self-interest which will move men to economic action will be enlightened by patriotism. It will not be a narrow and a shortsighted selfishness, but rather a self-interest broad enough to include the national interest. That is the ideal. Undoubtedly there will be many business men who will not attain to it. But there is already an inspiring array of representatives of big business who have accepted it.

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# New Books.

**LITERATURE IN THE MAKING.** By Some of Its Makers. Presented by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.40 net.

Here is a book of fascinating quality and wide appeal, for what could be of more interest or invite a larger body of prospective readers than an intimate, personal and first-hand account of talks with our leading writers concerning the "inside" affairs of their profession.

This symposium of literary opinions includes those of such widely different authors as William Dean Howells, Kathleen Norris, Booth Tarkington, Montague Glass, Rex Beach, Robert W. Chambers, James Lane Allen, Harry Leon Wilson, Edward S. Martin, Robert Herrick, Arthur Guiterman, George Barr McCutcheon, Frank H. Spearman, Will N. Harben, John Erskine, John Burroughs, Ellen Glasgow, Fannie Hurst, Amy Lowell, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Josephine Preston Peabody, Charles Rann Kennedy, and Percy MacKaye; and not the least of its pleasant surprises is that these writers more often than not express ideas with which they are not commonly associated by the public. Hence not only do we gain first hand, authoritative opinion, but a new light on the actual personalities of the men and women who are the makers of our present-day literature.

The composer of the volume modestly offers it as "presented" by himself; and we wonder how many readers will realize all that resides in that word "presented." For interviewing is an art, and one not easy of attainment, and Mr. Kilmer merits praise for his exercise of the art. To let one's "characters" talk, to keep oneself in the background, and yet not to such an extent as to give the effect of a monologue; to put the "vexed" questions at the right moment and with discretion; to interpolate casually and by the way the information necessary for the reader's full understanding—these are things liable to pass unnoticed of the multitude. Although the American interviewer has long been the *bête noir* of famous traveling Britishers, he really fills an important place in the scheme of things; and certainly only an ungrateful celebrity would complain when Mr. Kilmer "presents" him.

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**A THOUSAND YEARS OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.** By Sonia E. Howe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

The somewhat pretentious title does not fully correspond to the content of the volume. The author rightly remarks that in England great ignorance prevails about Russia as a whole. Her book, therefore, seeks to convey general impressions of the various stages of Russia's evolution, and to give sketches of the lives of those of her rulers who have stamped their era with the mark of their personality. At times she is pleased to be rather the reserved apologist than unbiassed historian. The work lacks proportion in treatment. A comparatively small section is devoted to the origins and earliest history of Russia, most of the volume being devoted to the lives of the Russian autocrats from Peter the Great to Alexander II. Besides, the life of the latter Tsar is but incompletely traced. The volume closes with the dramatic episode of the emancipation of the Russian serfs in 1861.

As a popular history of Russia, the volume of Sonia E. Howe is a highly interesting work, remarkable for fullness of information, elegance and ease of style, dramatic force of narrative and mastery in character portrayal. It has all the fascination of a novel, so skillful is the writer in the organic synthesis of the historical material she has exploited in her literary work. Some complimentary chapters outline the past and present of the Ukraine, Poland, Finland and of the Baltic provinces. They are written with great care, especially the last, which describes the heroic resistance of Finland to the oft-repeated aggressions of the policy of Russification.

It is a matter of regret that the author stops her narrative at the beginning of the reign of Alexander II. The period following that event down to the tragic end of the reign of Nicholas II. is exceedingly dramatic, and now-a-days, when the eyes of the whole world are turned towards Russia, an historical survey of this period would have increased the value and interest of this excellent book.

The author touches in a few pages on the religious history of Russia, yet not always with a dexterous hand. For instance, she is not right in affirming that the new constitution of the Russian Church was outlined by Peter the Great. "The "Spiritual Regulation" of the Holy Synod was conceived and framed by Theophan (not Theophal, p. 101) Prokopovich, "a learned theologian," too, but a strong asserter of the main doctrinal positions of Luther-

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anism, which he strove to impart to the Russian Orthodoxy. On p. 266 she says that the only Church which made propaganda in Russia was that of Rome.....but she fails to note that the Catholic propaganda in Russia was carried on by means of apostolic labors, whereas that of the Russian Church, which culminated in the complete ruin of the United Ruthenian Church under Peter the Great, Catherine II. and Nicholas I., had recourse to violence and brutality, and added new pages to the martyrology of the Catholic Church in Russia.

Catholics cannot overlook the false and unfavorable criticism of the educationol work of the Jesuits in Poland. In his well-documented works, F. S. Zalenski, S.J., vindicates the honor of his confrères against such false accusations.

The writer says but a few words of Sergii Krishanich. It would have been timely to have placed in stronger relief the energetic personality of that Catholic priest who first advocated the racial and political unity of the Slavs.

**SOME EXPERIENCES IN HUNGARY: AUGUST, 1914, TO JANUARY, 1915.** By Mina MacDonald. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

This book may be called a garland of impressions woven by an English lady, who, at the outbreak of the War, was living in the vicinity of Pressburg, Hungary, as the companion of the two daughters of an Hungarian magnate. It is easy to understand that her position was far from agreeable. The family, whose "enemy" and guest she found herself, endeavored to make her forget the unpleasantness of her surroundings. At the same time, being a lover of truth, she never made any secret of her opinions about the War, while, on the other hand, her hosts discussed the same theme in her presence with pathetic frankness. At last, in January, 1915, she was able to return to England, and to acquaint her countrymen with her experiences in Hungary.

The lively narrative of her vicissitudes is sketched in a gay and alert style, with an abundant vein of fine humor. At times, however, a pathetic note casts a shadow over the cheerful tone of her story. The description of the sufferings of the wounded soldiers in the gigantic battles in Galicia is filled with dramatic interest.

As a rule, the writer refrains from touching the political sides of the War. But with all due reserve and moderation of statement, she frequently provides her readers with valuable informa-

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tion as to the conflicting aims and aspirations of the varied races of the Austrian empire. The book is beautifully illustrated and makes delightful reading.

**A DIVERSITY OF CREATURES.** By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

In these stories Kipling presents the lamentable spectacle of the writer who has written himself out. From *As Easy as A. B. C.*, a wearisome, drawn-out, scientific tale in the early H. G. Wells manner, to *Mary Postgate*, an account of the War's reactive effect on two lonely women, he gives on the whole only meagre evidence of that power which in the eighteen-nineties made his name famous over the globe.

Of course, the fourteen tales vary in merit, but by a curious grouping the poorest and dullest rank first, so that the reader is obliged to pass through some very arid stretches before he comes to the last five stories, the best of the collection. Only four of the stories were written since the War began, and in two of these—*Swept and Garnished* and *Mary Postgate*, the most compressed and altogether most artistic tales in the book—we get the real war atmosphere.

In the book there are two stories of practical jokes on a large scale—*The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat* and *The Horse Marines*. The last is the better, and has more than a little of the old rollicking humor of *Soldiers Three*. *The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat* is interesting in conception, but is drawn out to such impossible conclusions and to such an unconscionable length as to destroy its effect.

Paired off with each story and re-interpreting it, is a set of verses, but these never rise superior to their occasion and frequently fall below it. Altogether this book will add nothing to Kipling's reputation, and would receive scant attention from either reviewers or readers were it not for the prestige of his earlier work.

**THE BIRD STUDY BOOK.** By T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary National Association of Audubon Societies. With Pen and Ink Drawings by Will Simmons. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Pearson's book is for the people who know next to nothing about birds, but are ready to attempt their acquaintance. It is a most readable book, very simple and practical, and well calcu-

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lated to initiate the inexperienced in those quiet joys that distinguish the student of bird life. It presents briefly much information that would be overwhelming in formidable scientific publications; and is intended to stimulate rather than to satisfy. Those who are disposed to cultivate an intelligent interest in the habits of their bird neighbors, will find the necessary help and inspiration for beginners in the matter here presented for their guidance.

**THE FRAGRANT NOTE BOOK.** By C. Arthur Coan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This book addresses itself to lovers, not makers, of gardens. In its content there is, as the author warns us, "of horticulture not a word," but its prettily decorated pages are a treasure-house of flower-lore, legends, myths, traditions and stories of history connected with the blossoms that perfume the summer air. These are told in charming prose, as well as in much poetry, some original, some quoted. The appearance of the volume is handsome, and it will doubtless figure as a gift-book.

**THE PREACHER OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.** By Ernest Thompson Seton. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

Mr. Seton's contribution differs in character from the writings we are accustomed to receive from him. It is a picture of life in the Western country some fifty years ago; not life in mining camps, but in the open. It tells the story of James Hartigan's struggle to fulfill the wish of his dying mother, that he should enter the Methodist Church and become a preacher, a calling for which he possesses one qualification, the gift of oratory; of how he is handicapped by two powerful factors for evil, an inheritance from his father in the shape of a craving for strong drink, and a love of horses and horse-racing that nearly causes his undoing; of how he is helped to conquer by the woman who as sweetheart and as wife holds him to high standards and restores his courage when he falls. He is an attractive hero, handsome and brawny, giving more than one practical demonstration of the muscular quality of his Christianity.

The book is vaguely reminiscent of others along similar lines; it is readable, however, and, as might be expected, it breathes a spirit of love of nature, and contains many beautiful word-pictures of landscapes.

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**ENCHANTMENT.** By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Thurston has before now written novels around the occasional hardships that the Church's laws entail upon the faithful, but he has not hitherto gone to such lengths of extravagance as in the present instance. In view of his intimate acquaintance with the heart and mind of the Irish people, this novel, based upon what purports to be a phase of Irish Catholicism, can scarcely be regarded otherwise than deliberate and willful misrepresentation in both theme and treatment. The impious layman whom he presumes to call a "good Catholic," is hardly more objectionable than the priest who is tacitly presented as typical. Such wretched travesties could not be set forth in good faith by any writer save one totally ignorant of the Church, especially as she is found in Ireland.

Despite its title, there is little charm of any kind in the book. It is a disagreeable story, founded on a preposterous premise, and can give employment only to those whose animus against the Church is sufficient to impart zest to anything written in her disparagement.

**AN UNWILLING TRAVELER.** By Mary E. Donovan. St. Louis: B. Herder. 80 cents net.

Merit of somewhat more than the average of its class is in this pleasant little story. It tells the experiences of a ten-year old girl, Anne, during a few moments spent in the prairie home of some relatives. Nothing momentous occurs; but the author evidently realizes the keen interest that normal children take in the practical conduct of life under new conditions, the things that can be seen and handled. The happy time is interrupted by a highly dramatic incident that throws the small heroine into distress and difficulties, from which she is extricated largely by her own good sense and good behavior. Though plainly a sequel, no serious reading is requisite to make the tale complete; nevertheless, the young reader who first made Anne's acquaintance in this volume will want to know all about her from the beginning.

**THE MASTER'S WORD IN THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS.** By Rev. Thomas Flynn, C.C. Two volumes. New York: Benziger Brothers. $3.00 net.

In these sixty sermons Father Flynn has set forth in a simple and orderly manner the special lessons of the Epistles and Gospels

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of the Sundays and special feasts of the year. Each sermon is based on a text from both Epistle and Gospel, and brings out in brief but suggestive fashion the Church's teaching on faith and morals.

**AN EVENING IN MY LIBRARY AMONG THE ENGLISH POETS.** By Stephen Coleridge. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

This book is rather a personal expression of likes and dislikes in the field of poetry than a work of genuine criticism, that will have an abiding value in one's own library. The author has collected some of his favorite poems and commented on them and their authors: sometimes wisely, as when he refuses to praise all of Whitman, sometimes without wisdom, as when he talks about Francis Thompson without a mention of *The Hound of Heaven.*

Mr. Coleridge likes Longfellow, but declines to be impressed by *Excelsior;* once in a while he offers too lavish praise to a poem good enough in itself, but not quite good enough for a judicious critic's larger encomium. Mr. Coleridge illustrates his taste in poetry by examples from the poets of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and the United States, and chooses many fair flowers to show what the English-speaking world has done to translate life in the beauty of rhythm and rhyme.

It is very refreshing in these days of frankness and realism to find a critic withholding his praise from rubbish, and worse, that many a poet allows himself to write and his publishers to print. The present critic is generally on the right side in this respect.

One could wish for a better arrangement of the subject-matter, and for a breaking up of the content of the volume into chapters. The transitions from one subject to another are often too abrupt and too forced to allow the reader easily to get a proper view of the author's design.

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FROM WITHIN.** By Alice Lady Lovat. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

This is the third edition of a book which has done excellent service in the cause of Catholic truth. It is addressed to Catholic and non-Catholic alike, and its purpose is to aid both in the development of the supernatural life of the soul. It is especially valuable for its chapters on the beauty, variety and meaning of the liturgy, the giving and taking scandal, the necessity of religious education, and the cultivation of Catholic instincts.

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**THE MONKS OF WESTMINSTER.** By E. H. Pearce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

The Abbots of Westminster are fairly well known to history. Their life, however, was spent for the most part outside the Abbey itself. Frequently they were sent by the King on foreign embassies, and even when at home they resided as a rule at their manor house of La Neyte.

The daily life of the convent, which Canon Pearce tries to picture for us, depended on the Prior and his brethren. In the present volume, with most painstaking labor, he has compiled a list of the priests and monks of the Abbey from the time of Edward the Confessor to the Dissolution (1049-1540). He has found in the compotus rolls and muniments seven hundred and six names in all, the majority of whom joined the monastery in the fourteenth century. These names are arranged in chronological order, and a brief summary of their lives is added. The volume will remain an invaluable book for the future historian.

Outside of a brief appendix of three pages, little is said about the monks under Queen Mary, and the suppression is practically ignored. We have only the names of those who signed the deed of surrender, January 16, 1540.

**THE SACRAMENTS.** By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Pohle, D.D. Authorized English Version by Arthur Preuss. Volume IV. $1.50 net.

**ESCHATOLOGY.** By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Pohle, D.D. Authorized English version by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

The eleventh and twelfth volumes of the Pohle-Preuss series of dogmatic textbooks contain the treatises on Extreme Unction, Holy Orders and Matrimony, Death, Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, the Resurrection of the Body and the Last Judgment. They follow the traditional method, providing the thesis by Scripture and tradition, and answering in a brief manner the common objections of non-Catholics. The bibliography has been brought up to date by the English translator.

**SERMONS AND DISCOURSES.** By Rt. Rev. John McQuirk. New York: St. Paul's Library.

Monsignor McQuirk, the Rector of St. Paul's Church, New York City, has just published a third volume of his parochial ser-

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mons. They are suggestive, timely, well-written and thoughtful. The present volume contains doctrinal sermons on the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, and Purgatory; moral sermons on Sin, Death, Judgment and Intemperance; and panegyrics on St. Cecilia and St. Patrick.

**THE STORY OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.** By Rev. Denis Lynch, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75 net.

Father Lynch, in this excellent commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, gives a detailed and accurate study of the development of primitive Christianity. In simple and popular fashion he describes the first preaching of the Gospel after Pentecost, the first persecutions, the deacons and their work, the Council of Jerusalem, and the three missionary journeys of St. Paul. Most of the illustrations are from present-day photographs of Jerusalem, Lydda, Antioch, Miletus, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus and Cæsarea.

**ST. BERNARD, ABBOT OF CLAIRVAUX.** The Notre Dame Series of Lives of the Saints. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25.

The figure of the distinguished Cistercian here stands out as the embodiment of his age. From the first chapter, which sets forth the ideal of monasticism in mediæval times, through the thorny days of Citeaux, we follow the story with deeper interest than any romance. With a faith so vivid that it seems vision, the noble band, under Bernard's leadership, leave earthly for heavenly gain, even the children holding the former as dross, and reckoning themselves worsted in the bargain of life when left heirs of worldly manors and estates.

A veritable breath of Pentecost seems to have swept over the face of Christendom, and once again the desert bloomed as the rose.

Bernard had fled the world for solitude, but as the friend of the Bridegroom he was consumed with zeal for the Church, the Bride of Christ. So long as valiant soul and frail body held together he must spend and be spent for souls. Pope and anti-Pope, ruler and Crusader, schismatic and heretic, each in turn felt his marvelous influence. Peter Leone and Abelard; Pons of Cluny and Gilbert de la Porrée; William of Aquitaine and other feudal lords of his ilk, met with the unflinching opposition of the saint, while all that was virtuous and great and good gathered round the humble monk! His winning personality, his noble detachment, his



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ready humor all combine to produce a character, whose far-reaching influence left an ineffaceable impression on his century. The work of St. Bernard and his order easily refutes the stupid prejudice which counts the mediæval monk as useless to his fellowmen. One has but to read this book to realize the debt of Christendom to great Bernard of Clairvaux.

**POLAND'S CASE FOR INDEPENDENCE.** Being a series of essays illustrating the continuance of her national life. By the Polish Relief Committee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00 net.

In his famous work, *Poland,* George Brandès writes: "We love Polond as we love freedom. Poland is a symbol, a symbol of all for which the best of the human race have either loved or fought." This well-deserved love for Poland has grown with the great tragedy of the World War. "A great part of that gigantic struggle has been waged on Polish land, and aims at the possession of Polish territory. Polish towns have been destroyed, Polish villages burnt, Polish industries ruined, and the remaining remnants of the nation's glorious past have been annihilated. Worst and most deplorable of all, her sons have had to fight against one another in the different armies. Yet, when the day of peace comes and the ministers and diplomatists of Europe are gathered round a table to discuss the grave and vital problems of the future, there will be none to represent that Poland which has known famine and devastation, that Poland which has become the cockpit of the East, where innumerable armies have fought and held up the others."

No wonder, then, that Poles, looking to a better future and the realization of their patriotic aims, assert with the pen their imprescriptible right to national independence.

The present volume is the collective voice of Poland for the defence of Polish claims. It comprehends the following treatises: I. Landmarks of Polish History; II. Poland's Struggle for Independence; III. Poland as an Independent Economic Unity; IV. Polish Literature; V. Polish Art; VI. Polish Music; VII. Intellectual Poland. These essays, sketched by Polish writers, with exception of the one on Polish music, are designed to throw light on the continuance of Polish national life, and to interpret the manifestations of that life to foreigners, especially the people of Great Britain.

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The spirit of ardent patriotism, the same indomitable will to restore new life to Poland, the same hope of a united and independent Poland give synthetic unity to this collective work.

Of course, not all the data contained in this book will meet with unanimous approval. Lithuanians, for instance, and Ruthenians will not subscribe to the statistics here presented concerning their own nationalities. An impartial critic will find several bombastic expressions in the essays on the Polish art and music. These may perhaps be excusable because they spring from a tender and almost ecstatic love of the mother country.

The sketch on the Polish literature by Jan Holewinski is most elaborate. Nevertheless, we should have preferred to find in it sounder criticism of writers, who in spite of their talents have shown a lack of good moral taste, and too great a fondness for the standards of a shameful type of realism. We might mention, for example, Zeromski. Furthermore, one page of this essay has the unmistakable odor of anti-clericalism. The writer overestimates the literary influence of the Reformation upon the Polish mind. The following passage in particular merits strong condemnation: "Jesuitism seized upon Poland, and held her in its grip till the middle of the eighteenth century. The influence of the Jesuits was enormous; they ruled the minds, the schools were in their hands, and they lowered the intellectual level so that the literary field became almost sterile, except, perhaps, for the traditional eloquence; even this became infected with ecclesiastical Latin, and resulted in a macaronic medley, without value either as Latin or as Polish" (p. 188). The truth is that the Jesuits not only spread and gave firm root to the highest culture among the Poles, but they contributed powerfully to the fastening of the bonds of political unity, and to the religious and literary influence of Poland upon her non-Polish subjects.

**THE INFLUENCE OF HORACE ON THE CHIEF ENGLISH POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.** By Mary Rebecca Thayer. New York: Yale University Press. $1.00.

In a lengthy introduction Miss Thayer discusses the characteristics of Horace and his poetry, and his influence upon his contemporaries and writers through the centuries. The author enumerates both the unquestionable and probable traces of Horace in the seven principal poets of the nineteenth century, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and Browning. The

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work is carefully done, and her readers will certainly welcome also her promised volume on the wider theme, *Horace and English Literature.*

**EPICTETUS.** *The Discourses and Manual.* Translated by P. E. Matheson, M.A. New York: The Oxford Press. $1.50 each net.

Rome was not built in a day—oft we have heard this story told—and the more one studies the history of the ancient world the more strongly one becomes convinced that the Empire ruled by the Tiber city was not destroyed in a day. In very truth much of Rome was not destroyed at all, but only changed hands like the gold of a careful ancestor.

We are sometimes in our easy interpretation of the philosophy of history led to a belief that Roman character must have been at a rather low stage in the days after Augustus. When we think of Nero and Domitian and their persecution of the Christians, more than a few of us are willing to think that the Roman people must have been a depraved throng, that they had fallen sadly from their high estate of simplicity and justice, and that their spiritual side was bankrupt. Of course, this is not true, and nothing convinces us of the interpenetration of a philosophy of life with the acting of life more than a reading of the *Discourses* and *Manual* of Epictetus.

About this man, the chief exponent of the Stoic philosophy, with the possible exception of Marcus Aurelius, next to nothing is known. We do know, however, that he was a slave, that he came to Rome from Phrygia, that he was lame. Through the grace of his master, Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero, he attended the lectures of the Stoic Musonius Rufus. In course of time he obtained his freedom and became a teacher of philosophy. The Emperor Domitian expelled the philosophers from Rome and all Italy in the year 89, so Epictetus went to Nicopolis, in Epirus. There he lectured to those who came to him, his students including young men from Italy and the Greek East. Some of these were serious youths who asked no better delight than the joys of speculative thought; others were practical young men to whom the world of affairs appealed, and who were pursuing philosophy as a training for the offices that were multiplying with the ever-enlarging empire. It was one of the latter type, one Flavius Arrianus, of Nicomedia in Bithynia, afterward a consul, to whom we owe the

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Greek original of the *Discourses* and *Manual* of Epictetus. Arrianus made notes of the master's lectures, "to preserve his sayings as reminders for myself of the nature of his mind and the directness of his speech."

The present translation of the *Discourses* of Epictetus, made by Mr. Matheson of New College, Oxford, is an admirable piece of work. It is charmingly bound in two dainty volumes that seem to bespeak the Greek flavor of the philosophy that lies within. One of the features of the present edition is a running summary of the argument printed as a marginal interpretation. This additional offering of Mr. Matheson is a very useful aid not alone for one who desires to add Epictetus to his list of light reading, but for those who would make a comparative study of Christian beliefs and ideals and the aspirations and motivations of the Stoic school.

To read Epictetus is to find that conduct is the major portion of life; and that the highest good is to follow the light of reason. Man is captain of his soul, believes Epictetus, and his conduct consists in ruling his will correctly. Still he believed that the highest virtue is to be found in the wisest, and that sin is an error of judgment rather than of the individual. In this, as one example, we can see wherein he falls short of a proper Christian view of good and evil. Another weakness of the Stoic philosophy was that it held no belief in the permanent character of each individual human soul, and offered no happiness beyond the grave. However, generally speaking, it was undoubtedly the finest theory of life in those pagan days, a guide to plain living and high thinking that made its followers in the Empire better and wiser than most of the adherents of Epicurus. And it is pleasant and probably safe to believe that the Epictetus who could advise his followers to "think of God more frequently than you breathe," prepared many an eager Roman youth for the truth and beauty of the wisdom of Galilee.

**NEW ENGLAND.** By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

This beautifully illustrated geographical reader presents a general view of those characteristics which give New England interest and charm. Its youthful readers will find in its pages countless facts drawn from biography, literature, legend, nature and history. It is as entertaining as it is instructive, but the author betrays his prejudice by absolute silence regarding all things Catholic.

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**BELGIUM'S CASE.** By Ch. de Visscher. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.00 net.

**THE GERMAN FURY IN BELGIUM.** By L. Mokveld. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. $1.00 net.

**FALSE WITNESS.** By Johannes Jörgensen. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. $1.00 net.

In *Belgium's Case* Ch. de Visscher, Professor of Law in the University of Ghent, marshals the arguments for and against Germany's action, analyzes them with an admirable degree of care, and offers his results to the world as his contribution to the defence of Belgium in resisting the march of the Prussians. It is a scholarly work, written without bias or a desire to cloud the issues, and is worth the consideration of all who would like the legal issues of the question treated in an entire and comprehensive manner. A bibliography of Dutch, Belgian, French, German and American writings on the subject is appended. The work is translated from the French by E. F. Jourdain, of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and has an interesting preface by J. Van den Heuvel, Minister of State and Belgian Minister to the Holy See.

*The German Fury in Belgium* is the work of a Dutch Catholic journalist, war correspondent of *De Tyd*. He describes the atrocities in Belgium, and seeks to find the reasons for the barbarous treatment of an unfortunate land and people. Mr. Mokveld covers the whole situation in and about Liege, Visé, Louvain and Namur, and other places in the land of desolation, and his conclusions are an indictment of Germany's course.

*False Witness* is the title given to the translation of *Klokke Roland,* a work dedicated to the Archbishop of Malines, better known to all the world as Cardinal Mercier. It is from the pen of Johannes Jörgensen, the author of *The Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* Klokke Roland is the bell that used to ring in the belfry of Ghent. In olden days, says the author, the following legend was written on the bell:

> Bell Roland is my name,
> When I ring it is for Fire,
> And when I chime it is for Victory
> In Flanders.

Roland chimes battle's victory no more, for Belgium is silent under the heel of the oppressor; and yet the old bell of Ghent

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peals deeper and stronger than ever it sounded in the battles of long ago, for it has awakened Europe and America, and its voice is the voice of right triumphant.

The author bases his book on a German work entitled *An Appeal to the Civilized World,* published in the early months of the War. This publication, it may be remembered, was a plea for fair judgment of Germany, and was signed by ninety-three philosophers and literary men and others, an array which included names as well known as those of Eucken, Haeckel, Humperdink, Sudermann, Hauptmann and Harnack. Over against this publication, Jörgensen sets fourteen French and Belgian works on the Belgian invasion. The *Appeal* contained six accusations against Germany's foes, "six words of false witness," which Jörgensen, one by one, refutes.

It is an interesting book, written in genuine and acknowledged sympathy with Belgium, and bears the marks of a craftsman. Not the least impressive of its pages are the four illustrations which symbolize the entire written matter, one of which "A Scrap of Paper"—the treaty of 1839, with the signatures of the powers—typifies the Allied conception of Germany's notion of treaty obligations.

**THE PROSECUTION OF JESUS.** Its Date, History and Legality. By Richard Wellington Husband. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50.

We would advise Professor Husband of Dartmouth to write on his specialty, the classics, and not venture into a province which is evidently *terra incognita* to him. A knowledge of Greek and Latin does not imply a knowledge of New Testament exegesis. Our professor does not prove his extraordinary thesis that Our Lord was legally condemned to death by both Jew and Roman. Everything that goes counter to his theory in the Gospels is rejected *a priori* as improbable, impossible, spurious, unauthentic, or an interpolation. Does the Gospel speak of false witnesses (Matt. xxvi.)? He tells us "that it is quite apparent that the word "false" cannot be historical. Do St. Mark and St. Matthew picture the proceedings against Jesus as a criminal trial? Their narratives are to be set aside as historically inaccurate. Do the words of the Jews to Pilate (John xviii. 29, 31) militate against his thesis? "Then it is impossible to believe that their reply to the request of Pilate has been correctly reported by John."

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**THE PROVOCATION OF FRANCE.** By Jean Charlemagne Bracq, Litt.D., LL.D. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.25.

In his preface the writer frankly admits that his offering to the Cause is not a book of erudition, but a marshaling of facts to prove that Germany in her rulers has consistently endeavored to exasperate and humiliate France. It is shown how Bismarck mutilated the famous Ems dispatch. Dr. Bracq dilates at length on the Moroccan question with its many ramifications, and the ever-present menace of German militarism. He takes for his foundations *Le Temps,* the editorial opinions of *The Revue des Deux Mondes,* and the statements of Lavisse, Sorel, Monod, Taine, Renan, Fouillée, E. Caro and Pasteur.

While one cannot but admire the evident earnestness of the writer, many people would be more convinced by a calmer, more judicial treatment of the matters at issue. There is no doubt of the enthusiasm and patriotism of Dr. Bracq, but it is a question whether he might not have served his end better had he observed more reticence of feeling and precision of phrasing.

**MAKING THE MOST OF THE CHILDREN.** By Professor D. W. La Rue. New York: The Educational Book Co.

A stimulating little book! After the hysterical trash to which we are often treated on the subject of education, it is refreshing to read anything so sane, so practical, so well balanced. The author has no ax to grind, no fad to herald, nobody's trumpet to blow. With discerning humility he assigns to the home the first place in the work of "making the most of the children," thus proving himself above the littleness of thinking and judging in terms of his own specialty. He does not pretend to solve all difficulties, but his little work will be a real help to those of good will who have a modicum of leisure, of inventiveness, and adaptability. If the home is a real home, school at a very early age is not advised, nor are we all expected to become observation bureaus, indeed it is comforting to learn that we are all likely to remain poor discriminators in some departments. Every chapter abounds in apt and illuminating illustrations, notably page 62; and the chapter on "Child Culture." We cannot quite agree with the author's unreserved recommendation of the *Book of Knowledge.* Unfortunately it contains some bigoted history that "is not so," and a little, so-called, science of the same type. As Professor La Rue

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reminds us, first impressions are deep ones: therefore such books are injurious, for they are seldom or never revised. We note a few faulty expressions in English, due perhaps to foreign construction of phrases. Obedience is taught, and punishment is mentioned as sometimes necessary; religion is treated with reverence, but there is no mention of God or of the claims of the Creator to Whom we owe what Longfellow designates "The Flowers of Creation."

**THE IDEAL CATHOLIC READERS.** Fifth Reader. By a Sister of St. Joseph. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

This book, the fifth of the series, seems rather simpler than the one preceding. Variety of subjects favors a variety of words, but these should be suited to the age of the pupil. Many of these lessons are composed of extremely easy words. One thing worthy of great commendation is the use of the exact words of the sacred text, as far as possible, in all the stories from the Bible.

The format of the series is all that can be desired.

**HISTORY OF THE PRIMA PRIMARIA SODALITY OF THE ANNUNCIATION AND SS. PETER AND PAUL.** From the Archives by Father Elder Mullan, S.J. St. Louis: The Queen's Work Press. Cloth, $2.50; paper, $1.50.

Father Elder Mullan crowns his labors for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary by this comprehensive history of the Prima Primaria of Rome. This title does not mean that it was the first Sodality founded in honor of the Blessed Mother, but that it was the forerunner and model of all confraternities erected for this end.

The amount of curious information, gathered in this large volume of four hundred and eighty pages, is truly impressive. It is, indeed, a labor of love. From the inception of the Prima Primaria to the last date of the *Annals*, 1884, every important item receives attention. The growth of the Rules, the requisite changes, the officers and offices, etc., all are noted. It appears to be an exhaustive account of this famous Sodality.

**FROM DARTMOUTH TO THE DARDANELLES.** A Midshipman's Log. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cents net.

Somehow this little book of one hundred and seventy-four pages, written by a midshipman of H. M. *G*—— is one of the most moving tales of the great gray fleet that slipped away to sea that first of August three years ago. When the mobilization word came,

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from Dartmouth College, Devonshire, the naval cadets trooped down, assigned to the ships. The writer of this log was within three weeks of his fifteenth birthday when he went off to war! It will be remembered that on the occasion of the sinking of the *Aboukir,* the *Cressy* and the *Hague,* when many of the cadets were lost, a member of Parliament wrote a vehement letter to the papers, declaring it a horrible act. The school lads that left Devonport that merry summer morning came back ten months later—except those "that went West"—exceeding old with grimmest experience.

In simple, unaffected fashion the midshipman tells the story of the long cruise; of the attack at Gallipoli, and then of how a torpedo snuffed out the life of the ship. She sank in three minutes and a half. Out of the ship's company of seven hundred and sixty, only one hundred and twenty men and twenty officers survived. The writer, though bruised and battered, is saved, and nothing daunted, manages to be appointed to another boat. But the powers-that-be, realizing the mental strain that the boy officer has undergone, sent him home on leave. His mother tells the last chapter of the log:

> I had not seen him since he left for Dartmouth, nearly fourteen months before. Then he was a round-faced, rosy boy....
>
> Up the steps, dragging a seaman's canvas kit-bag, came a tall, thin figure, white of face, drawn, haggard—incredibly old. I had not quite realized this. For a second my heart stood still. Where was my *boy?*
>
> Then he saw me waiting in the hall, and his face lighted with half-incredulous joyous wonder: "Mother! You here?"
>
> * * * *
>
> My *boy* was gone forever—but my *son* had come home.

**BENEDICTUS QUI VENIT.** By Father W. Roche, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 25 cents.

The best idea of this tiny booklet may be given by quoting Father Roche's sub-title—"A new Mass book for Youth, containing instructions and new prayers for Mass and Communion, proper for the days of youth." Father Roche's work is built on the conviction that a too early familiarity with the prayers intended for adults is apt to create a distaste for prayer altogether; and that simpler forms will draw children's hearts to speak their own thoughts freely to God.

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**HOW TO LEARN EASILY.** By George Van Ness Dearborn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00 net.

Alas for the sanguine student, who, lured by the title, opens this book in the hope of finding a short cut, an easy way to learning. There is no royal road, no flowery path along which we may bowl or loiter at our leisure—only the ancient well-trodden way of toil, toil, toil. Even so, along the road of toil we may waste strength and energy. The chapter headings denote the author's plan—foremost stand concentration, observation, method. When the writer leaves his psychological pedestal, and descends to plain statement he is lucid, practical and interesting. One may not always agree with him; sometimes much talk is expended on the obvious; but a practical teacher will surely endorse every word of the chapter on "Examination Preparedness," as the author terms it. The style is uneven, ranging from scientific to colloquial, in a few cases, even careless.

**IN THE CLAWS OF THE GERMAN EAGLE.** By Albert Rhys Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Of "war" books there has been for the past two or three years an unending stream, and now that our country has entered the struggle we may expect an even greater supply of them. Whether or not there is an actual demand for what is so liberally provided may be questioned, since all have more or less the same story to tell. The volume before us, however, has some noteworthy differences from the general run. In the first place, the author was not a professional war correspondent when the War began, but simply an American social worker studying and sojourning in Europe. Hence his narrative possesses a certain freshness of outlook and naiveté of presentation. Secondly, as he tells us, "there is no culling out of just those episodes which support a particular theory, such as the total and complete depravity of the German race..... So I am not to blame whether those episodes damn the Germans or bless them. Some do, and some don't. What one ran into was largely a matter of luck."

There is a very human note running through the book; the author strikes no heroic attitudes, but quite frankly and simply tells how he was badly frightened on several ticklish occasions; or again touched to tears by an act of kindness to himself or by some pathetic sight along the ruined countryside.

The account is episodic with no extended view of the battling

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armies, but merely a series of human pictures of what came before the author's eyes. His conversation with the Belgian soldier who was a Socialist is illuminating, as to how artificial barriers go down before the love of one's country.

"You are a volunteer. You went to war of your own free-will, and you call yourself a Socialist?"

"I am, but so am I a Belgian!" he answered hotly. "We talked against war, but when war came and my land was trampled, something rose up within me and made me fight."

Despite occasional laxity of style the book gives a bright, readable, and sometimes humorous account of the beginnings of the great conflict.

**THE GUILELESS SAXON.** By Louis J. Walsh. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 35 cents.

The theme of this cleverly-written comedy is the prejudice of the English Tory against Catholics in general and Home Rule in particular. It is well-written, full of clear-cut character sketches and abounding in clean and wholesome humor.

## PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne sent us *Why I Am a Catholic,* by Patrick John O'Hurley; *The Catholic Faith,* by Rev. John B. Harney, C.S.P.; *The Church and the Citizen,* by Rev. Chas. F. Ronayne; *The Holy Angels of God,* by Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J.; *The Restoration of the Home,* by Most Rev. J. J. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque; *St. Elizabeth of Hungary,* by Thomas B. Reilly; *Faith Found on the Battlefield,* by Rev. S. M. Hogan, O.P.; *Medically Unfit and Other Stories,* by Miriam Agatha; *The Catholic Working Girl,* by Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J.; *The Cinema and Its Dangers,* by Professor M. Drennan; *The Guilds of the Middle Ages,* by Very Rev. A. Corbett.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland sent us *Our Duties to the Dead,* by Right Rev. Monsignor Hallinan.

The Loyola Press of Chicago has just published a brochure on devotion to St. Joseph, entitled *The Master Key in the Hand of Joseph.*

D. B. Hansen & Sons of Chicago published an interesting pamphlet on *The Way of the Cross, Its Origin, Nature and Object.* It contains the prayers of St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Rev. John J. Clifford, S.J., has edited *The Dream of Gerontius,* by Cardinal Newman, for school use. The editor writes a brief introduction, and instead of annotating the text suggests a hundred questions, which bring out clearly the many merits of the poem.

The latest publications of *The Catholic Mind* are *Religious Bigotry in Action,* by Stephen H. Horgan, and *A Protest* made by the Mexican Hierarchy against the Persecutor's Constitution of February 5, 1917.

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# Recent Events.

**Russia.**

Opinions differ about the outlook for Russia. Some are pessimistic, like Mr. Simonds in the *Tribune,* who thinks it quite possible that there may be a counter-revolution which will place the extreme radical and pacifist elements in control and bring an immediate peace. Within the range of possibilities he numbers the restoration of the old *régime* or the rise of a dictatorship of the Napoleonic type. On the other hand, Mr. Root, as the result of his survey of the situation, declares that the solid, admirable traits of the Russian character will pull the nation through the present crisis. "Natural love of law and order and capacity for local self-government have been demonstrated every day since the revolution." "We found no organic or incurable malady in the Russian democracy. Democracies are always in trouble, and we have seen days just as dark in the progress of our own." To which may be added that what comes to the surface and is published in the newspapers are the events which are disquieting and abnormal. Prince Lvoff, who has been Prime Minister from the inauguration of the Provisional Government, has the same confidence in the good sense of the main body of the Russian people as that felt by Mr. Root. The wild theories to which the new freedom has given an opportunity of public expression are not shared by the population as a whole, which indeed consists of illiterate peasants. A certain degree of disregard for law has appeared in their ranks, which has shown itself in the seizure of lands without compensation, but this danger has to a great extent been averted by the promise that the Constitutional Assembly will deal with the matter.

Order and discipline have been restored to the army by M. Kerensky, who has attained an unheard-of ascendency over the soldiers, and has led them on to the altogether unexpected renewal of the offensive, a renewal which has completely upset the plans of the Central Powers. Considerable progress has been made in the direction of Lemberg. Although not to be compared with the advance made by General Brusiloff last year, yet notable defeats have been inflicted on the Austrians, no fewer than thirty-six thou-

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sand prisoners having been taken, with a large number of guns and munitions of war. It is needless to say that the German hope of a separate peace has vanished.

**Greece.**

Immediately after the abdication of the late King Constantine in favor of his second son, M. Venezelos became the Prime Minister, and the Provisional Government, which some months ago was formed at Saloniki, came to an end, being merged into that of Constantine's successor. Considerable obscurity exists as to the relations of the Powers with the deposed King—for his abdication was in no sense voluntary. He had long forfeited all rights to the throne by infringing upon the Constitution which gave him his sole claim to reign, and the Powers who were its guardians had become almost as delinquent in the matter. Consideration for Russia is said to have been the reason for their dilatoriness. Even when the action was taken it was not fully acceptable to the whole of the nation, for the late King's usurpations and infringements of the Constitution had made ever-increasing numbers of the Greeks desirous of the establishment of a Republic, and opposed to the retention of any form of monarchy. However, M. Venezelos and his supporters acquiesced in the decision of the Powers, who considered that the establishment of a Republic would be a violation of the trust reposed in them as the Constitution's protectors. On assuming the Premiership, M. Venezelos returned to legal methods and summoned the Parliament, which had been arbitrarily dissolved by the late King. The enemy agents and disturbers of the peace were banished and interned, and the normal development of the country resumed along the democratic lines, which had been characteristic. The efforts of a would-be autocrat have been frustrated, although, according to the latest rumor, the present King is making an attempt to walk in the steps of his predecessor. Of the four Kings of modern Greece, half have yielded to these inordinate desires, and have suffered the penalty of deposition.

**Austria-Hungary.**

It was in Austria-Hungary that the Russian Revolution produced its first effects. For the Dual Monarchy the War had had no result which was not a disaster. Beaten in arms by Serbia and Russia, it had no other means of safety except the throwing of itself, bound hand and foot, into the arms of Germany. That

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meant a state of vassalage which German arrogance made not even a pretense to mitigate. This was the condition of things at the time Francis Joseph died. There is every reason to think that his successor ever since his accession has been striving to shake off the yoke. This was shown in his appointment as Premier and Foreign Minister of two Bohemian Conservative noblemen to fill the places held before by a German and a Hungarian. This was done for the purpose of conciliating the Slav elements of the population, and was *eo ipso* a blow to the German element, whose whole object of political action is domination.

The late Emperor, before his death, had assented to a scheme for the Germanization of Austria by the introduction of German as the State language even in Bohemia and the districts inhabited by Slavs. Electoral and administrative districts in Bohemia were to be so redistributed or, as we should say, gerrymandered as to destroy Czech influence in Parliament, and in the appointment of public officials. The one hundred and thirty Polish and Ruthene deputies were to be removed from the Reichsrath by giving autonomy to Galicia. This would give the German deputies an absolute majority. In this way, and by a revision of parliamentary procedure, all opposition to the German party was to be crushed. The young Emperor refused his sanction to this scheme, and soon appointed, as has been said, two opponents of the German policy to the highest offices. The Slav Premier and Foreign Secretary proceeded to make advances to the reactionory ministers of the Tsar for a separate peace with Russia even before the Tsar fell, but failing to carry with them their fellow-Slavs, they, in their disappointment, were falling back upon the German policy, which had at first been rejected, when the Russian Revolution came. Before the end of the month the Foreign Minister made his first peace offer to the new Russian Government, and supplemented it on April 15th by declarations still more precise. The Union of Czech Deputies passed a resolution demanding the reorganization of Austria by the recognition of the right of peoples to determine their own fate. Any attempt to enforce the German scheme by Imperial decree they resolved to meet by the resignation of the whole of the Czech members of the Reichsrath. This led to the convocation of the Reichsrath, which had held no sitting since the beginning of the War. An important question for the Government was the attitude towards it which the Poles would take, for they were able to turn the scale either for or against it. After long negotiations, their

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support was secured by the promise that a bill would be introduced to give back to Galicia its economic position, and that no opposition would be offered by Austria to the eventual union of Galicia with a future kingdom of Poland, to be formed in alliance with the Central Empires.

When the Reichsrath met, the Chairman of the Czech Deputies, in the name of the Bohemian people, demanded a re-shaping of the Austrian Hapsburg Monarchy into a Federal State of free National States with equal rights. This had become necessary in order to remove the privileges possessed and desired by the Austrian Germans, which had resulted in the domination of the latter and the subjection of the other races. A similar demand was made by their representatives on behalf of the Southern Slavs for the union of Croats, Serbs and Slovenes into an autonomous State, free from every racially foreign domination and founded on the basis of democratic principle under the Habsburg dynasty. Finally after the Reichsrath had assembled, Czechs, Poles and Southern Slavs united in the demand for the establishment of a united and independent Poland with an outlet to the sea. This union of the Poles with the Czechs and Southern Slavs in violation of the arrangement which had been made, rendered the position of the Prime Minister untenable, and in June he tendered his resignation to the Emperor. A Ministry of Affairs followed. It offered its resignation after a few weeks: this resignation seems not to have been accepted.

The situation at the present moment remains in so chaotic a state that the attempt to define the position of the ramshackle Empire, as it is called by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is well-nigh impossible. And yet it may prove a decisive element in the War, for the failure of Austria may well be the last straw on Germany's breaking back. There is good reason, indeed, for thinking that the possibility of Austria's defection may have been the occasion of the recent crisis in Germany. It is worthy of note, too, that the aims of the majority of the races in the Austrian Empire, the Czechs, the Poles and the Southern Slavs—almost the same may be said of those who are subject to the Magyars—are substantially in accord with the objects set forth by the Provisional Government of Russia, our own President, and the Entente Allies. All agree in claiming the right of all peoples to choose their own form of government. The peoples now comprised within the Dual Monarchy while willing still to live under the rule of the Habsburg, claim freedom from the respective German and Magyar domination from which they

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have so long suffered, and of which they now fear the intensification. How great these sufferings have been up to the present is seen from the fact that while nearly two thousand Bohemians have been executed for disaffection since the War began, the amnesty recently granted by the Emperor extends to as many as fourteen thousand persons. The Habsburgs, who have so long played upon the discontent of the various races, by setting one set of them against another, in order to preserve their own autocratic power, now listen, from fear of German domination, to these claims for justice hitherto denied, and find their own position even more precarious than before.

Among the Germans of Austria a revival of the agitation which was so strong a few years ago for union with Germany, and which was the occasion of the *Los von Rom* movement, is again being talked of, although it has not yet attained any serious proportions. The threat, however, is being made in order to prevent the Emperor and his advisers from yielding to Slav interests. Count Tisza's successor in Hungary, Count Maurice Esterhazy, is now endeavoring to make the non-Magyar peoples place their confidence in a plan which he has introduced for the extension of those political rights which have so long been denied. None of these efforts cause confidence in the minds of those whose aim it is to make the world safe everywhere for democracy.

**Germany.**

Events of great significance have occurred in Germany. The Reichstag which has for the past three years, with almost complete unanimity, bowed to the will of the Kaiser has at last made a stand and asserted the right to act according to its own judgment, and one not in accordance with the wishes of the Government. A *bloc* has been formed which comprises the Radicals, the Centre Party and the Social Democrats. The chief agent in bringing the Centre into this group is the Catholic Deputy, Matthias Erzberger, who has hitherto made himself conspicuous for his defence of the worst of the German barbarities. Following upon the refusal of the Reichstag to pass the vote of Credit the Chancellor, Herr Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg, gave in his resignation. This has been accepted by the Kaiser "with a heavy heart." Herr Zimmermann, the Foreign Secretary, has also departed leaving an inglorious record. In their train has gone the War Minister, General von Stein. These are the facts, and they indicate an indubitable crisis. What,



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however, is their precise meaning it is impossible to say, and still less what will be their result. The Kaiser has indeed amended the promise of franchise reform made last April in two respects: the new franchise is to be based on equality, and it is not to wait for an indefinite period after the war, but to be put in force at the next elections. This is a step in the right direction, but a very small one. Two vetoing powers stand in the way of every popular wish, the House of Peers and the Kaiser himself. No concession has been made to the desire for parliamentary government; that is to say, the Chancellor and the Ministers of State are left responsible solely to the Kaiser whose right is absolute.

To the demand for reforms made by the *bloc* a declaration in favor of peace is, it is said, to be proposed. A part of this declaration is to the following effect: "The Reichstag labors for peace and a mutual understanding and lasting reconciliation among the nations. Forced acquisitions of territory and political economic and financial violations are incompatible with such a peace." This declaration if passed would commit the Reichstag to the restoration of Belgium and Serbia, the occupied part of France, Rumania and Russia. Even if it were accepted there is no reason to think it would have any influence with the Kaiser and his military advisers. In fact, so long as the Kaiser remains in power it matters very little who is the Chancellor and who are the Ministers. It is he who rules, nor is he likely to abdicate. The rumor that he was on the point of doing so, is the most unlikely thing in the world, although the mere fact that it has been circulated is an evidence of the existence of a widespread feeling of unrest.

**China.**

A short time ago the news came that the largest of the world's Republics had ceased to exist, China having reverted to monarchical institutions. A military leader had brought forth the Manchu heir from his seclusion and had placed him on his ancestors' throne. His triumph, however, was short-lived; within a fortnight the supporters of the Republic forced the youthful sovereign to abdicate, his military supporter being compelled to take refuge in a foreign legation. Whatever may be thought of the methods of the Republic, it seems to be the form of government which is most acceptable to the Chinese. The first President made an effort to place himself on the throne, but was forced, by the opposition thereby excited, to relinquish the attempt. Now that the second

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attempt to establish a monarchy has failed, it is to be hoped that a genuine government for the people, of and by the people will be evolved.

**Socialists and Peace Talk.** The part taken by the Socialists both in the War and in the efforts now being made to end it form both an interesting and a not uninstructive study. In Germany, as a body, they at once fell in with those who until then had been their most bitter enemies, and have since participated by word and deed in all the outrages by which Germany has been disgraced, thereby overthrowing the belief which many had entertained that they would stop any war. The French Socialists were as zealous in defence of their country, but in Italy a great share in the opposition to the War sprang from those who are called Official Socialists. These are as eager even now in working for peace, and even the French Socialists have been led to send a delegation to the Stockholm Conference. Most of the few Englishmen who deprecate the War belong to the Socialist organization, while in this country true Americans have had to renounce the Socialist body with which they have been working as unpatriotic—not to say disloyal. It is, however, in Russia that the power of Socialistic ideas has been made most manifest, for it was by Socialists that the Autocracy was overcome, and when the Provisional Government was established it was not in its hands that the power of the State rested but in those of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee, which was almost in its entirety a Socialist body. The dominant power in Russia is in fact socialistic, a thing to ponder over as another instance of extremes begetting extremes. Under the influence of this Committee the declaration of peace aims, involving no annexation and no indemnities, was made—a declaration which may modify the policy of Great Britain, France and Italy.

It is, however, upon German policy towards peace that Socialist action has the chief bearing. Germany in the straits in which she now finds herself, is seeking to make use of every means to escape. The growing pressure in every department is being recognized, and it is clearly seen that so far from diminishing, it is, owing to this country's embargo on exports, going greatly to increase; the submarine campaign is by no means so successful as had been, not anticipated but promised; doubts are arising in the minds of the people about the power of their troops to stand up

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against the attacks which are being made upon them. These doubts have been intensified by the resumption of the Russian offensive. The entry of this country into the War and the arrival in France of the first detachments which are the heralds of two hundred and fifty thousand men before the end of the year and of half a million by next spring, has deprived those among the Germans who see things as they are—and they are an ever-increasing number—of all hopes of the success which was looked for at the beginning. Even wholesale disaster is now being considered as possible. The desirability of peace is therefore evident; but to declare the terms is still felt to be too great a humiliation; to get peace talked about and to throw the burden of rejecting it upon the Entente is a much better way. For this purpose the Majority Group of the German Social Democrats has been mobilized. The Dutch Socialists had taken the lead in proposing an International Conference at Stockholm for a discussion of the terms of peace, and in this they were supported by Swedish Socialists. Both the Russian and French Socialists accepted the call, the latter by a unanimous vote. The French Government, however, refused passports as our own Government had done. A few British Socialists wished to go, but the feeling among the sailors was so strong that, although passports had been given by the Government, these delegates were unable to leave the country. The chief interest, however, of these efforts for a Conference is the use to which the German Government tried to put it, and the willingness of the German Socialists to further those wishes. For the German Government it is a matter of congratulation that, whether held or not, Socialists in every country have been set to work discussing terms of peace, and filling the public mind with ideas of settlement such as the German Socialists, in subservience to their Government, desire to have adopted. The Conference seems to have failed. The workingmen of the Allied Nations, who have freely given their lives, to use the words which Cardinal Gibbons has made his own, "to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power," were not to be turned aside from the attainment of this end by unauthorized and premature proposals, although these proposals proceeded from their own ranks. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the declarations of devotion to the cause made by their leaders in this country. "Peace can only come through victory."

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# With Our Readers.

THE welfare of our country, the hearty and effective prosecution of the War, is the interest nearest at this hour to the heart of every American. Vitally one with that interest, is the interest of every Catholic in the spiritual welfare of the soldier and the sailor. We are asked to contribute to every cause that concerns the soldier's and sailor's temporal and physical well-being, and it is our duty to do so. But all such work will in the end be vain unless we have also cared for that which is infinitely higher than the temporal, namely the spiritual welfare of the soldier and sailor.

* * * *

IN the calling of hundreds of thousands of young men from their homes and the normal paths and influences of life, our country faces a grave crisis. We speak not of the danger from an external enemy, nor of the possible sacrifice on the battlefield of many of our bravest men; we speak of the moral crisis, which such an extraordinary event means for the country, for society, for the home, and eventually for the welfare of the Catholic body. The event, aside from military victory or defeat, is pregnant with enduring consequences of good or evil for the future generations of America. If the moral standards of our Army are kept up to a high level; if the rulings of the National Commission on Training Camp Activities are rigidly enforced; if the officers and men conform to the regulations laid down, America will weather the storm with honor to herself, and with the fair promise of moral and physical health to the generations yet unborn.

But to think that this can be done without the aid of religion is equivalent to thinking that one can keep the ocean's tide from rising or falling. Those who are conversant with the moral history of great armies; those who know the gross excesses, the ravages of disease occasioned by sinful indulgences in the present armies of England and France; those who know the history of some of our own divisions in the recent encampment on the Mexican border, know well the fearful danger that faces the flower of our American manhood today.

* * * *

AS Catholics we must, first of all, realize the gravity and the extent of the danger both for Church and for country; we must not make it the subject of our prayers alone, but, united as one body, we must give our hearts and our hands to tangible work within our reach for

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the religious, spiritual and moral welfare of Catholic soldiers and sailors. In the faithful observance of Catholic duty and Catholic obligation, of the religious duties incumbent upon them, lies their sole salvation. No cry from Macedonia was ever more appealing than their cry to us, "Come and help us." Every cent at our command; every agency for effective work; every hour that we can give to it; every interest we can command should be used by us, and used at once, to minister to their spiritual welfare.

On every camp site a recreation hall should be erected, where the Sacrifice of the Mass may be offered. The Knights of Columbus have already been authorized by the United States Government to build such recreation halls. They have set about their heavy task with zeal and wisdom. The Knights of Columbus did splendid work among our troops on the Mexican border; erecting and managing there sixteen recreation halls, where men of every creed were welcome. Those recreation halls were the most popular of any in the camps. The whole Catholic body of the country ought to stand back of their present effort. They have undertaken to raise, principally from their own members, a fund of one million dollars. Every Catholic should contribute generously towards that fund. One million dollars will not begin to meet the demands that will be made upon the Knights of Columbus. These halls must be well built, suitable for winter as as well as summer. They must be fully equipped with reading rooms, pool tables, assembly halls, moving picture outfits, all that the comfort and entertainment of the men demand.

* * * *

IN this work every Catholic society, every individual may wholeheartedly join. For the national need demands that we think nationally and act as one country-wide united body.

In many camps as many as twenty thousand Catholic soldiers will be gathered. Provision must be adequate for all these men to assist at Mass on Sundays. The services of many priests who are not official chaplains will be necessary; the salaries and the housing of these priests must be supplied.

We have but sketched some of the more important phases of the problem. We do so that our readers may be informed how vital, how vast it is, and when asked to aid may know that they are participating in a work more important than any other both for time and eternity.

* * * *

TO serve the spiritual needs of the Catholic soldier and sailor, The Chaplains' Aid Association has been organized. The Honorary President of the Association is His Eminence John Cardinal Farley of New York; President, John J. Burke, C.S.P.; Treasurer, John J.

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Pulleyn. The general offices of the Association are at 580 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Through direct letter our readers have been acquainted with the work of the Association, and their financial aid and personal interest requested. The Association asks the aid of, and will itself gladly coöperate with, any other society or agency ready to further the work of the chaplains in caring for our soldiers and sailors. The Chaplains' Aid Association proposes to publish and distribute prayer-books, catechisms, tracts, pamphlets and general Catholic reading matter particularly suited to the needs of men in the military and naval services, as contributory to the work of the chaplains. The magnitude of the undertaking may be judged from the fact that a safe estimate places the number of Catholics in the whole United States Army, formed and to be formed in the immediate future, at three hundred thousand men. This is probably an underestimate. To supply these men with prayer-books alone, costing seven and a half cents a piece, will require twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars. Bibles, particularly copies of the New Testament, are very frequently asked for. The Association should be enabled to furnish every man in the service with a copy of the New Testament; and also to supply every post library with a number of complete Bibles for general use. Rosaries, scapular medals, devotional pictures—these are requested, not by the hundreds, but by the thousands, and it requires no unusually active imagination to estimate the expense entailed if these requests are to be answered in a satisfactory manner. The chaplains themselves must be supplied with their "kit" containing everything—altar stone, missal, altar cards, linens, cruets, vestments, oil stock, etc., etc., requisite for the work of their ministry. Each kit costs one hundred and twenty-five dollars. In the new Army one hundred and sixty-two Catholic chaplains will be appointed; not including the Catholic chaplains of the State Militia regiments, nor those of the Red Cross Base Hospital Units. To supply with kits one hundred chaplains—which again is putting the figure low—an initial expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars would not suffice. Moreover, chaplains in the service frequently require a renewal of "stock;" of the necessities of the Sacrifice of the Mass; of Catholic reading matter, tracts, catechisms and pamphlets.

* * * *

ANOTHER important work for the Catholic body is to keep a record of all the Catholics who enter the service of our country—a vast undertaking, some will say, and others will add "impossible." But no work that ought to be done is ever impossible. Zealous people have already initiated the work in a local way. It is undertaken with no desire for vain glory, nor undue publicity. It is necessary: first, because for their sake we ought to keep in touch with our Catholic

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soldiers, giving them what aid we can; secondly, our claim for a definite number of Catholic chaplains can be based, intelligently and fairly, only on a definite knowledge of the actual number of Catholics in the Army and Navy, for the apportionment of chaplains ought not to be based on the religious census of the country in general, but on the religious census of the Army and Navy, since chaplains are appointed not to serve the general public, but the men of the Army and Navy. Indeed we should endeavor to see to it that, by law, every regiment, with a fair percentage of men professing a definite religious belief, should have a chaplain of that denomination. It is bordering on the ridiculous, that a regiment, where sixty per cent or more of the men are Catholics, should have a Protestant chaplain.

Again definite statistics of this kind will prove the most effective answer to the charge repeated by bigots time and again, that Catholics are not patriotic.

To carry on such an undertaking demands an office staff of at least six expert workers; a large equipment, and a correspondence necessarily heavy. No one society can do it alone. The Chaplains' Aid Association stands ready to do its part, to do its utmost for the success of this work, dear to the Catholic heart, but without means it is powerless. To you; to the great Catholic public, it holds out its hands for support.

* * * *

WE add a "sample" letter, which shows not only the devoted zeal of such a priest as Father Boyle of Gettysburg, but will serve to bring home to our readers the need of this aid and the necessity of getting to work at once.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHURCH
22 High Street,
GETTYSBURG, PENNA.

July 19, 1917.

CHAPLAIN'S AID ASSOCIATION,
New York City.

DEAR SIRS:

I am just in receipt of a circular appealing for aid to The Chaplains' Aid Association. I am glad to know of the existence of such an association, for no one better than myself realizes the need of such an association. While I would be willing and glad to contribute to such a worthy cause, I regret to say that it is impossible for me to do so at this time, due to the fact that we have a training camp here at Gettysburg for the Regular Army, which seems to be on no list of cantonments issued by the National Government, and consequently its existence is unknown to the mass of people throughout the country.

We have at present about eight thousand soldiers, comprising six Regiments, Fourth, Seventh, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth and Sixty-first of the Regular Army. They came here from the border about five weeks ago, and are filling up to war strength by the new recruits who are coming in daily

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from various recruiting stations. There is no Catholic chaplain among them. I have been trying to take care of the Catholics who number, I understand, about twenty-five per cent.

I have been working through their camp trying to get the soldiers to come to church, but have not met with the success I should have made. I am now to have a mission for them beginning July 29th, to be conducted by Father Wood, S.J., of Woodstock, Md., with the hope that I may be able to induce the majority of the Catholics at least go to their religious duties before entering into actual warfare, which they evidently will be obliged to do. I have opened up my hall as a social room for the soldiers, have furnished them with magazines, inks, pens, envelopes and paper for writing, have given them the use of the piano in the hall, and am now preparing some vaudeville entertainments, with the soldiers as the actors. These I am furnishing at my own personal expense.

The Y. M. C. A. have placed three large tents in the camp, one in the Fourth Regiment, one in the Fifty-ninth and one in the Sixtieth Regiments, respectively, with men constantly on the ground.

Of course I am up against a proposition with my congregation of seven hundred people in the country to look after. I am unable to devote as much time as I possibly would like, but all my spare time is devoted to the soldiers and their welfare.

You will realize, therefore, that much as I should like to contribute to so worthy a cause, I will need all my surplus money to look after the boys in khaki here in Gettysburg, who when brought up to war strength will number about twelve thousand.

Am sorry to tire you with this long explanation, but I want you to realize that there is a mobilization of troops here that the world at large knows nothing about, and our little town of five thousand inhabitants scarcely know sometimes how to make the evenings of the soldier boys pleasant and profitable, and shield them from the influences that have a demoralizing effect upon them.

Assuring you of my best wishes for the success of The Chaplains' Aid Association, I remain,

Very sincerely in Christ,
(Signed) W. F. Boyle.

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DISRESPECT and denial of the law have lately been very severely condemned in the courts throughout our country. The importance of law and order, the respect due to authority, the grave dangers of license have been brought home forcibly of late to our leaders in every walk of life. Our country, inclined in certain places and in certain parties, to go insane on the subject of freedom, is being made sane again. Our current literature for the last ten years certainly voiced a philosophy of lawlessness unequaled in all our history. The great seriousness of the times, the evidently disastrous results of academic irresponsibility have made the writers think a bit more deeply, and they have grown to know more intimately both sobriety and seriousness. The daily newspapers have even editorially championed the long-term imprisonment of all who defied the law, spoke disparagingly

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of our country's flag, or sought by spoken or written word to undermine her Constitution.

These condemnations have been voiced against those who by external act violated the law or sought to prevent its execution. Now the condemnation of court, or newspaper, or public opinion is based on the supposition that the guilty person is responsible for his act; otherwise we place such a person in an asylum for the insane. All citizens are asked to respect and obey the law, and are, antecedently, supposed to be intelligent, that is, possessed of reason that can judge, and a free will that can of itself determine. Any one who preaches that man has no intelligence, no free will, is the most guilty of anarchists. He strikes at the most vital part of the life of human society; he makes of man an animal with no inspiration from the past; no present responsibility or dignity, no future glory.

* * * *

FROM ideas, deeds are born. And it is time that the Government, in whose hands is the defence of law, should take steps not only against those who do criminal acts, but also against those who preach a doctrine that not only encourages crime, but empties the word and the deed of all meaning.

Men in high and responsible places should be prosecuted for preaching irresponsibility, as well as those in low places for practising it. It may be said that the law cannot concern itself with other than external acts, but, after all, publishing an anarchial statement in a magazine is an external act. The mail has been denied to journals that unjustly attacked the President; why not deny it to magazines that attack the fundamental worth and dignity of all humankind?

* * * *

IN this hour when our country appeals to us as intelligent citizens, it is certainly surprising, and we may say disreputable, for a magazine of the standing of the *North American Review* to permit Hudson Maxim to publish in its pages a denial of any distinction between animals and men. "The word *instinct,* as a distinction between the intelligence of man and of lower animals, should be abandoned for all time. Instinct in the lower animals is but inherited experiential knowledge. Much of what we know is likewise inherited experiential knowledge. The child who learns with great facility something for which his immediate progenitors possessed especial aptitude, acquires but part of the knowledge by his own efforts; the rest comes to him as instinctive knowledge inherited from those progenitors.

"A condition of mind is a physical condition. It is a physiological condition. It is as much a physical, chemical, electrical phenomenon as is the production of a spark from the discharge of a storage bat-

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tery exploding a gas mixture in an internal combustion engine. It is as much the result of an arrangement of atoms and molecules as is the formation of a frost-crystal. It is as much an electro-mechanical phenomenon as is the establishment of an electric current in an induction coil."

The editor in this same issue asks us "to reason together." If his readers peruse Maxim's article they will answer "What is the use?"

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IN a recent address before the Technical Instruction Congress in Dublin, Ireland, President Dr. Bertram Windle spoke of the shortcomings and handicaps of popular education in Ireland. He is the President of University College, Cork, and Vice-Chancellor of the National University of Ireland. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are familiar through its pages with his writings.

The meeting of the Congress was the first held since the opening of the War, and its President stated that none of its conferences had been held at a more critical time than the present.

England is considering seriously improvements in her own system of education. "But what," asks Dr. Windle, "is being done for education in Ireland? Who or what agency is endeavoring to better it?" He then proceeds to survey the educational field in Ireland. The Elementary Schools are under an independent board, and entirely severed from every other department of the educational system. In fact there is no organic system at all. The Secondary Schools are controlled by still another board, entirely independent, wholly unconnected with other parts of the educational field. Technical education is a distinct department under the control of another board. "Like the other boards it is in its own water-tight compartment as far as regards its sister branches of education. The Universities are totally unconnected with one another."

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DR. WINDLE speaking of how this heterogeneous character was stamped on the Universities of Ireland, reviews for a moment the history of the rise of the so-called University of London. In the earlier part of the nineteenth century, owing to the exclusiveness of the existing Universities in England, and goaded on by the fact that a number of persons not members of the Established Church wanted degrees, and, strange to say, were unwilling to change their religious beliefs in order to get them, England established what she called the University of London—simply an Examining Board, a kind of monstrosity never before known in any land. Eventually it was seen to be the wrong kind of an instrument; but England did not realize this

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until after she had imposed a similar organization upon Ireland in the shape of the late Royal University.

"The Royal University passed away. But it is a matter of common notoriety that there are two independent Universities (Trinity and Belfast) in this country, one of them very well, the other moderately well endowed, and both of them, for the most part, frequented by adherents of the religious faiths of the minority in the country. Then, in addition, there is the Federal University, which the British Government infected us with when they had lost the fever themselves. Frequented for the most part by adherents of the religious belief of the majority in this country, it is badly provided with means, and consists of three Constitutent Colleges (Cork, Galway, Dublin), each of them with slender resources for carrying on its work. It suffers from all the disadvantages from which a Federal University must inevitably suffer—even one like this where the maximum of autonomy is allowed to each College. No one takes any interest in the University as such, or at the best takes but a very secondary interest in it. What each person *is* interested in is the college to which he belongs.

"The whole arrangement of education in Ireland reminds me of an army going out to fight with separate commanders, wholly unconnected with one another, and totally ignorant of one another's plans, for horse, foot, and artillery; not only ignorant of one another's plans, but, perhaps, a little scornful of them. What sort of chance would an army thus led have against coördinated forces adequately controlled? Yes, and what chance are our children going to have against the children of England?

"Is it always going to be 'linen shirts on the sons of Conn and the enemy in chain armor?' Are we going to be content to allow the next succeeding generations of Irish youth to be turned into hewers of wood and drawers of water? That is what is going to happen if something drastic does not take place. Yet none of those who govern us seem to be taking even a moment's thought for us."

Dr. Windle closes with a plea that those who have the immediate care of education in Ireland should confer among themselves, formulate definite plans, and definite demands for increased public funds.

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WHEN the lips of the stranger reëcho our own love and reverence for one who belongs to us, our hearts are pleased because such confirmation is very satisfying. To the citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, not only of New York but of the entire country, John Cardinal Farley is well known and well beloved. The editorial appre-

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ciations on the occasion of his elevation to the Cardinalate, published by the cosmopolitan press, were ample proof of that fact.

We know our readers will be intensely interested in reading the following extracts from an appreciation published in the June 30th issue of the London *Tablet:*

"As the British Commission shot down Fifth Avenue, their eyes, bewildered by the towering skyscrapers, may have descended to rest on the twin spires of the Gothic Cathedral founded by Archbishop Hughes on the spot he foresaw would be the centre of New York fifty years later. Under the shadow of the Catholic church lives, in lonely dedication but in constant business, the Cardinal of New York, to all but himself its leading private citizen. Five years before the Irish famine he was born in Newtown Hamilton, County Armagh. As a young priest he became secretary to Cardinal McCloskey, the first American to wear the purple. During the reign of Archbishop Corrigan he was rector of St. Gabriel's. McCloskey's life he hopes soon to publish himself, based on archives, as well as the stores of his wonderful memory. The threads of Archbishop Corrigan's incomplete and clouded Episcopate he gathered up and made whole.

"John Farley came as a peacemaker, and he brought peace first among the clergy and later among the Hierarchy. It was a labor of love, but it was none the less a labor, calling for the highest and yet most inconspicuous gifts of modesty. In Cardinal Farley America lost a great diplomatist. What every priest is to his parishioners he is to his priests. To religious he is no less fatherly than to his own direct subjects. He is accessible almost to a fault, and open to callers day and night. Many do not come even by appointment. The visitor sees a crowded parlor, which is as much a common meeting-place of clergy as the ante-chamber of a prince.

"Amidst a city inhabited by the men Roosevelt used to describe as 'of soft bodies and hard faces,' what a contrast to meet a prelate with ascetic frame and gentle face! His presence abashes the rough-and-ready, the millionaire and the man of business. Without touching politics he watches and hears all. Taking no sides, he can always say a word on what is vital. The President does not respect him less for his strong view on affairs in Mexico. From his study he has saved the lives of Mexican bishops fated to die. All the troubles and burdens of New York come to him sooner or later. When he can lift a saving or helping or warning finger he does so. Seldom his left hand knoweth the good he has achieved with his right. What strikes a visitor most is his power of entertainment. He can bring to bear a flow of anecdote conversation that seems too good to be lost. Seeing and entertaining others is his relief from business that would appal a European bishop.

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"The New York diocese is decidedly big business. It covers a hundred millions worth of dollars. The statistics are staggering. The stewardship is colossal. New York is a great polyglot metropolis of many rites and languages. It is the most numerous see of the English-speaking world. New York seems to have been called in to redress the balance lost to the old York of Catholic memory. The centre of English-speaking Catholicism has crossed the sea, and reared itself at the gates of the new world. Canterbury has passed away from the the Catholic map, but the primatial name of York lives on in tenfold importance and strength.

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"The Catholic University is one of his cares, but the chief monument of scholarship marking his reign is *The Catholic Encyclopædia,* which bears his *imprimatur.*

"There are two types of American—those who get into the papers and those who keep out. Cardinal Farley belongs to the latter and distinguished minority. He does not seek the public, but they seek him. He does not keep a press agent, but he keeps New York sympathetic to himself and reverent to the Faith. The outlines of Archbishop Hughes, the dreams of McCloskey, and the struggles of Corrigan have found their quiet and gradual achievement. But that the heroic championship of a Hughes, the dignified ardor of a McCloskey, and the martyrized zeal of a Corrigan were necessary preludes to his achievement none would be more ready to grant than the most eminent and most humble servant of the people of New York."

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BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

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E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

*The House in Order.* By L. C. Willcox. 25 cents net. *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage.* By J. van Ruysbroeck. *Helen of Four Gates.* By an Ex-Mill Girl. *The Joyful Years.* By F. T. Wawn. $1.50 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:

*Gems (?) of German Thought.* Compiled by Wm. Archer. $1.25 net.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:

*The Living Present.* By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50 net.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, New York:

*The Czecho-Slovaks.* By L. B. Namier. *The New German Empire. British Finance and Prussian Militarism. Microbe-Culture at Bukarest. England, Germany and the Irish Question.* By an English Catholic. *Plain Words from America.* By Prof. D. W. Johnson. Pamphlets.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

*Those Times and These.* By I. S. Cobb. $1.35 net. *The German Terror in Belgium.* By A. J. Toynbee. *The Battle of the Somme.* By J. Buchan. *The Dead Lands of Europe.* By J. W. Headlam. Pamphlet.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

*The Life and Poetry of James Thomson.* By J. E. Meeker, M.A. $1.75 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

*The Mixed-Marriage Problem. What Luther Taught. American Catholic History and Religion.* Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

*Summer.* By Edith Wharton.

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*The Work of the Clergy and the Religious Persecution in Mexico.* By R. M. Mena. *The Mexican People and Their Detractors.* By F. G. Roa. 25 cents. Pamphlets.

McDEVITT-WILSON'S, INC., New York:

*The Art of Extempore Speaking.* By Abbé Bautain. $1.50 net.

ST. BONAVENTURE SEMINARY, Allegany, N. Y.:

*St. Bonaventure's Seminary Year Book, 1917.*

COMMISSARIAT OF THE HOLY LAND, Mt. Saint Sepulchre, Washington, D. C.:

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THE PEABODY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY, Cambridge, Mass.:

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago:

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THE ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, Springfield:

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CENTRAL BUREAU OF CENTRAL VEREIN, St. Louis:

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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

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T. FISHER UNWIN, London:

*England and Her Critics.* By M. Borsa. *The Ottoman Domination. The Deportations of Belgian Workmen. The Moral Basis of Italy's War.* By G. del Vecchio. Pamphlets.

BURNS & OATES, London:

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THE "UNIVERSE," London:

*German Nationalism and the Catholic Church.* Pamphlet.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, London:

*Why Italy is with the Allies.* By Anthony Hope. Pamphlet.

WILLIAMS, LEA & Co., London:

*The War in April, 1917.* Pamphlet.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:

*L'Église de France durant la guerre.* Par G. Goyau. *Per Crucem ad Lucem.* 3 *fr.* 50. *Les Catholiques au Service de la France.* 3 *fr.* 50.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CV. SEPTEMBER, 1917. No. 630.

## THE ANOMALY OF MODERN EDUCATION.

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE.

MODERN education, taken comprehensively, is eclectic. It is the hybrid product of many different tendencies—a combination of elements heterogeneous in origin and composition. It is the result of no single trend of thought nor any one principle of continuity.

Beginning with the seventeenth century (for it is at this period that a clear line of demarcation shows up between the old and so-called new theories of education) we see the influence exerted by Mulcaster, Bacon, Comenius and Ratke—an influence that modern writers describe as a strong factor in the development of sense realism in education. Mulcaster with his *Elementarie,* Bacon with his *Novum Organum* and *The Advancement of Learning,* Comenius with his *Didatica Magna* and Ratke with his rules for teaching languages receive credit for bringing forward the sense appeal as an educational determinant and making the primary processes concrete and objective.

While these writers of the seventeenth century did much to shape educational thought, their influence judged in terms of present day power was slight and inconsequential compared with the extreme naturalism of Rousseau, Pestalozzi and Froebel which marked the eighteenth century the period of widest departure in education. At most the realists merely pointed to the value of

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objective education; the naturalists, led by Rousseau, not only indicated new lines but they broke away entirely from the very fundamentals which the educators preceding them had always deemed essential, and led their followers far afield. They were more than mere revolters; they laid the very foundation of our modern systems. By their doctrines they so influenced education that, even today, they are the controlling factors in the training given in our public schools. *Emile* was instrumental in bringing attention to Rousseau's "positive" and "negative" education, and is still the source of inspiration to modern educators. Pestalozzi and Froebel in their studies of the child, did praiseworthy work in advancing education along these lines, but in the main they furthered the "naturalism" insisted upon by Rousseau, and helped give impetus to the tendency present in education today to over-emphasize the value of interest and to negative the only real reason for any educational system—its power to discipline.

Another contribution to modern education was made by Herbart, Fichte's pupil at Jena and Kant's successor as professor of philosophy at Königsburg. To him the educators of today like to look with pride, ascribing to him the credit of giving education its psychological interpretation. His work, however, was supplemental of Rousseau's, and was of moment only in so far as he attained success in emphasizing methods whereby the child might be reached naturally or "easily"—a characteristic that is the predominant trait of all modern aims and systems.

Spencer, in no less degree, is honored for the so-called "scientific" impulse given to education. He is the father of our science "course" in elementary and secondary schools, and to him can be ascribed the present day curriculum that places before the child of eight or nine the study of the crustaceans, the dissection of frogs and all the other "advanced" knowledge of vertebrates and invertebrates over which it is now deemed necessary that every little boy and girl should ponder. That his scheme left no room for character development was nothing novel, since from the time of the humanistic reaction, religion had found no place in the curricula of the innovators, and restraints of any kind had been frowned upon as inconsistent with the growth of the little animal known as the child.

These: the realism of the seventeenth century writers, the naturalism of Rousseau, the psychology of Herbart and the science of Spencer, have been the determinant factors in shaping modern

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educational thought. Today they are the basis of our curricula and form compositely the essentials of educational principles. Subtract them and there would be left only a few fragments added by some obscure writers.

But of all these factors the greatest by far was the force exerted by Rousseau and his school. Education as we know it today, is an evolution directly caused by the teachings of the naturalists and there is no system in vogue in our public schools that does not show in its plan and scope the impress of his thought. The means taken by our educators to train our children, are shaped and used along the lines marked out by Rousseau and the naturalists. It is at this point, when we place before ourselves the ideals of modern education and then examine intensively the means used to attain it, that we realize the anomaly of our present systems.

What is the ideal of modern education? The dominant note apparent in all definitions is that education must be sociological. Turning to John Dewey we find education defined as "the increasing participation of the individual in the social life of the race." Professor Nicholas Murray Butler writes: "If education cannot be identified with mere instruction, what is it? What does the term mean? I answer, it must mean a gradual adjustment to the spiritual possessions of the race." These are representative definitions by representative leaders of present day education, and show clearly that education must have an aim higher than the mere imparting of information.

If this then is, and it seems to be, the ideal of education, if the gradual adjustment of the individual to the spiritual possessions of the race or his increasing participation in its social life constitutes the end of our systems of training, we are confronted with this grave problem: How can modern education based upon the mere content theories of Ratke, Comenius, Rousseau, Froebel, Pestalozzi, Herbart and Spencer accomplish this ideal set up by the very educators who sanction the teachings of the former? How can our modern systems, the direct result of Rousseau's influence, with their lack of discipline and restraint, provide our children with characters stable enough, with wills strong enough, with desires lofty enough, to adjust themselves to the spiritual possessions of the race or even to wish to do so? Can we expect to attain an ideal by using means absurdly inefficient, if not even hostile, to its accomplishment?

Never at any previous period in the world's history has the

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need of true education loomed so large as at the present time. The war has made changes in a day that could have been accomplished only in centuries. While we spoke and wrote academically of socialism, of government control of the means of production, of competition and the right to contract and of the freedom of the individual, the Great War came and within a year we saw the governments of Europe take over the railroads, the steamships, the crops and even the men, instituting at a single stroke of the pen more government regulation and control of capital, labor and their complements than the most radical dreamed of. In the name of national necessity, hundreds of industries have been abolished and others established; prices have been fixed, hours of labor have been determined and even the amount and kind of food to be consumed has been made the subject matter of royal decree. In great measure the freedom of the individual has been curtailed and governments have usurped hitherto unheard-of functions.

These are conditions that will have decisive influences on the individual and his social relations. It is idle to suppose that these changes are entirely beneficial in themselves; that they carry no inherent danger to the constitutional rights of the governed. They are the outcome of abnormal causes and are justified by necessity, but if they are not wisely and providently supervised and controlled, they will present a status fraught with tremendous possibilities for evil. Because of this the need is more insistent than ever for the development of men of sound judgment, who can think clearly and act courageously.

Economically the problems that will confront us are very serious. At present the country is suffering from price inflation. All food stuffs have advanced more than sixty per cent and the general cost of living has increased over fifty-two per cent in the last year. On the other hand, profits in business have never been so high. Many manufacturers are making enormous returns, some as high as from one hundred per cent to three hundred per cent. As a solution of a problem that has already reached grave proportions, the people are calling for a minimum price list to be fixed by government mandate. But it is clear that this is not the solution of the difficulty. Prices and market values are not matters subject to government dictation or control. They are the result of causes which the government can reach only partially and then most imperfectly.

But if this situation is serious now, what will it be after the

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War? Will our alliance with the European Powers save us from the effects of a post-bellum drive for lost markets and vanished trade balances? How will we meet the commercial warfare that will surely follow the signing of the articles of peace? Can we expect to find a panacea for all our economic problems in the government? And if the government cannot supply the remedies, where can they be found? Again we see the utmost need of men who have been trained by true discipline to do sustained thinking. Can we expect such men from a system of education that insists upon mere content study, that allows the child at nine or ten to choose the studies that appeal to him because they are easy and omit the ones that are difficult—a prevalent theory that is the direct outcome of Rousseau and the naturalists? Can we expect a youth spent in mental dissipation to become, by age alone, a man of self-sacrifice and large vision?

Sociologically, we will have to face great difficulties. The workingman, through the invention of many time and labor saving devices, has been freed from much drudgery and now finds his day portionable into eight hours for rest, eight hours for work and eight hours for recreation. Immediately we are confronted with this question: Are eight hours needed for recreation? It is equitable that the workman should be accorded this time but what is he to do with it? Who are they who will lead him to safe places of amusement? What are the influences that will bring him to a realization that that period of freedom from his factory work must not be wasted; that it is an opportunity for self-improvement and advancement? Without the proper leaders, he will make himself a temptation to others to exploit. Without the power to think beyond the confines of his day, he will become but a unit in a crowd that blindly obeys the dictates of selfish leaders. Can we expect to give him, or his children, the proper training to meet these problems by whirling them through a vast unseasonable series of sense impressions that give no opportunity for discipline, whether mental or moral? Can we expect his children to rise superior to their environment, or even to adjust themselves to it, by allowing them to dabble in clay modeling, printing, basketry or other soft work, when they should be trained to the realization that hard, exacting work is the basis of a happy and successful life?

Religiously the problem is even worse. With the single exception of the Catholic Church, religion has ceased to be an influence in the lives of the people. The automobile, the Sunday

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newspaper, laziness and general indifference have thinned the ranks of the church-goers until now they are little more than a corporal's guard. Competition with the moving pictures is emptying the churches at the evening services. Can we expect any other condition when all religion has been intentionally excluded from our modern curricula? Can we hope for any happier state of affairs while we follow the doctrines of men such as Rousseau? Morality is impossible without religion, yet to obtain morality, our educators are using means that tend to destroy every vestige of religious feeling in the child.

These, broadly stated, are some of the difficulties that must be met in the coming years. They are apparent now, their full effects will be felt later and will form the burdens carried by the men of tomorrow. If education is a gradual adjustment to the spiritual possessions of the race, if it means "the increasing participation of the individual in its social life," then it should provide the means by which it can enable the child to attain the ideal it sees before him. Education, it is true, is a process of living, but it is more than that. It is today's training for tomorrow's problem. It must fit the child not merely to his life, but also prepare him by discipline of mind and body to rise superior to his environment and make life better for himself and those about him.

It is unnecessary in this article to prove that our present system of education is woefully inefficient in its attempts to attain this end. That is a fact that most people are beginning to realize, and with little comfort. Our children are not receiving the proper training to equip them for their work in life; to participate more actively in the social relations. Nor can this be different so long as education presents the strange anomaly of setting up an ideal and then attempting to reach it by using means that are inefficient and inimical.

The fundamental error lies in the slavish, extravagant adherence to the so-called "naturalism" of Rousseau, the "interest" of Herbart, Froebel and Pestalozzi and the "science" of Spencer. In *Emile* Rousseau laid down the doctrine that the child should learn naturally, that we should let the baby burn his fingers to learn the lesson that he should keep a safe distance from the fire. He would let the tree grow as it would, with little direction from outside forces or influences.

We can see clearly the application of this principle in our

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present day public school and the utter havoc it is making. The elective system is the direct offspring of Rousseau and his followers, and the elective system is the curse of our public, elementary and high schools and our colleges. So far has this mistaken idea, that immature minds know what is best for themselves, been carried, that in a great number of our elementary schools the child of nine or ten is permitted to choose the studies he will take up. We know that the great temptation in such a case is to choose not the subjects that will prove the best source of training, for all such subjects are "drill" subjects and therefore dry, but to take up those which are attractive because they are easy. And it would not be consistent with human nature to expect a child to choose the harder, though more beneficial course, when a comparatively easier one beckons.

This ridiculous condition is equaled by that in the high schools. Here we see boys and girls plotting together, helping one another to find the easiest way through. The whole matter of education has become a patch-quilt match. When the child enters the high school, he has before him a frame which the authorities will require him to fill with so many patches of English, modern languages, mathematics, music, physical training and other subjects. So he begins to pick out his patches, according to the appeal of the subject or the rumor that it is easy or that the teachers are lenient. Towards the end of his course, it may be after three, three and a half, four, four and a half or five years, he presents his frame work of patches to the authorities and if he has enough, he is graduated. Continuity of subject; value of subject matter; regard for mental discipline? These never enter his mind. All he desires is a certain number of "counts" and when he gets them he is satisfied, and many times he enters the last terms of his course not knowing whether he has enough patches or how to fit them in. The absurdity of the whole situation can be seen at a glance when we learn that in one school it takes a corps of especially trained teachers, over sixty in number, seven weeks, working eight hours a day at this problem exclusively, to arrange the pupil's system of patches! This monumental folly occurs twice a year.

But even this waste might be justified if real benefits accrued to the student, but that is not so. Rare, indeed, is the boy or girl who purposely chooses the subjects that will give the most adequate training. Practically every child follows the line of least resistance and when he does that, we can be sure that he is not being educated.

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This freedom, or naturalism, is closely allied in its results with the over-emphasis now being placed on "interest" in education. Froebel and Pestalozzi advocated its use in the kindergarten and now it has spread through the whole school, rendering the discipline ænemic and weak and destroying all possibility of obtaining accuracy or perfection by repetition and drill. Interest in itself is a wonderful asset in education; without it education would become a dull matter of driver and driven. But it is unjustifiable to hold that it should be the sole determinant of a subject's value. Our education has become soft and spineless because the authorities act always in the fear that the child's interest may be lost. They forget, or do not realize, that the keenest enjoyment comes from grappling with problems that are difficult and, therefore, on their face not interesting. But the sad part of it all lies in the fact that the child is left to learn by bitter experience that much of life's work is not always interesting, yet it must be done and done efficiently. Of all the evils inherent in our present systems of education, these two are the greatest: The naturalism influence of Rousseau, and the excessive emphasizing of interest.

A third tendency, which is being especially stressed at the present time, is the use of science as an educational factor. A great impetus was given this by the publication of Dr. Abraham Flexner's plan for *The Modern School.* According to his prospectus (and the school itself will open its doors this month), he discards Latin, Greek and mathematics as inefficient means to educate properly. He centres his curriculum around science and makes science the basis and foundation of all studies. This scheme, since its publication and endorsement by the powerful Rockefeller Foundation, has attracted widespread attention. But when we study the pamphlet carefully, we can readily see that Dr. Flexner has given us little that is new. He has merely torn a leaf from Spencer. To justify his substitution of science for the languages and mathematics, he quarrels with the present curricula that contain these subjects. The justice of his quarrel with the classics cannot be taken up here. That would give matter enough for a paper in itself. What is more important, at the present, is his plea for the widest use of science studies in the school.

In the early part of his paper he informs us that "never has there been greater need for abstract thinking." Yet when he would make science the centre of his course of study and discard the traditional subjects, long recognized for their value to discipline

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mentally, he falls into the serious error of believing that by emphasizing the study of the sciences, he will train the youth to do clear, abstract thinking.

No one who has had practical experience in the elementary or secondary schools, can admit the truth of his contentions. For the most part science studies are mere content studies. They are informative studies only. And any study that merely gives information is of little value for disciplining the mind. It is true that it does improve the powers of observation; it is true that it does strengthen the memory, but it fails in the most essential requisite, in the only real value that a study can have: it seldom trains the mind to think, or the judgment to act. After long contact with some of our most capable science teachers, the writer has found the complaint the same in every instance, whether in zoölogy, botany, biology, chemistry or physics; the pupil will do all the work of observing and experimenting, but when a conclusion must be deduced, he fails absolutely to do any original thinking, and the work then devolves upon the teacher. As soon as any intensive thinking must be done, the child, even in advanced high school grades, loses interest in his subject and evades, by trickery or otherwise, that part of the work which alone can provide him with the sort of training that aids in the development of sound judgment. The study of science is so poorly adapted to the training of the mind, beyond the memory and observation, that it resolves itself into a mere imparting of information that anyone can get by going to the proper page in the encyclopædia. If I care to know the shape of a flounder's backbone (and this is not infrequently an exercise given to school children) I can go to the library and after little effort acquire the proper facts. The judgment exercised in this instance seems an absolute minimum compared with the intensive thought that must come into action if I am called upon to translate an English exercise into Greek or Latin. Yet the modern educators would exclude the teaching of Latin and Greek from our schools and substitute such things as "the making of a camera" or the study of the birds and bees.

Further than instructing the pupil in the principles of sanitary living, the teaching of science in the elementary and for the most part in the secondary schools, is a waste of time. It loads down the mind with fact impediments that the child has no use for, and which he could not use if he needed. And when we find a boy of twelve learning by memory the division of the invertebrates or

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a girl of fifteen studying the frog, we begin to wonder how either can be trained to do abstract thinking by these means.

If any change is to be adopted it should be along those lines that will restrict the mere content studies, such as biology, zoölogy and botany, to the imparting of only such facts as will help the child to live more healthfully.

The Reformation, it has been asserted, marked an era of "freedom." The old inhibitions of the Church were cast aside as obsolete, self-destructive and opposed to the development of all that is best in the individual. Freedom became the watchword—freedom of thought—freedom of action. Discarding the principles on which the Church was founded and which it insisted upon as requisite for right living, the innovators builded along the lines of their new founded freedom. The Protestant creeds that resulted were to accord man the spiritual help that he needed. In the passing of the centuries the test has been made. Today Protestantism, inasmuch as it means religion, stands before the world a futile thing, bankrupt of all spiritual force, a mere convention, powerless to react in any degree upon its members. And in the minds of the thoughtful there is dawning the realization of the emptiness of its tenets. Freedom is not the goal of the creature, and Protestants of today are beginning to discern the fact that the revolt of the sixteenth century was in no sense a reformation but a religious debauch, the price of which they are now paying.

As it has been with religion, so has it been with education. Education and religion are practically synonymous, and when a blow is struck at one, it cannot fail to react upon the other. The license of Luther and his contemporaries was not confined to religion. It had a direct effect upon education. The strict discipline of the Schoolmen, which gave the world such men as St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Dominic, was battered down by the iconoclasts who proclaimed the new "freedom." The aim of education up to this time was to train by thorough drill and constant practice. The mind was reached by intensive training, and abstract thinking was obtained by dialectic exercises that brought the judgment into rapid action. Judged in the light of present day standards, the course of study laid down was unusually severe, yet the training that it gave was magnificent. The studies taken up carried no excess, useless baggage. When the student passed his work in poetry, rhetoric, logic and philosophy, he went forth equipped mentally to do close, concentrated thinking. He was a finished product.

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But when looseness of thought deluged the intellectual world subsequent to the Reformation, this mental discipline of the Schoolmen was found inconsistent with the newly-proclaimed "freedom." In the reaction, the pendulum began to swing wide. The strict, disciplinary methods of the old school were swept aside and the radical naturalism of Rousseau, the science of Spencer and the psychological interpretation of Herbart took their place. Content studies were now insisted upon and the disciplinary subjects, by means of which the mind was put through mental gymnastics, were thrust aside. The results are apparent today. They are forcing us to a candid confession that education, as well as religion, that is born of license cannot efficiently train the youth for life, since life has always been predicated upon the bases of strictest obedience and accountability. After these long years of fruitless experiment and wasted effort, the modern educator must soon realize the absurdity of expecting order out of chaos or strength out of weakness.

This is the anomaly of education. Our modern educators are setting up an ideal of social participation and for its attainment are using means that must ultimately destroy it. How much farther must the pendulum swing before it returns from its quixotic gyrations?

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# THE CATHOLIC FOUNDERS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S majestic figure overshadows all others concerned in establishing the Capital of the United States on the banks of the Potomac. From the hour the first President accepted from Congress the mission of providing a permanent seat for the Federal Government, until a few days previous to his death, some nine years later, he devoted to the task all his consummate wisdom and prudence, his tireless energy and inexhaustible patience. Washington's writings in relation to the founding of the fair city which bears his name, have recently been collected, and the story told in chronological sequence is entertaining even for the casual reader, and has proven extremely serviceable for the historical student.[1] From this volume an adequate idea may be gathered of the assistance which the Chief Magistrate sought and received from distinguished Catholics. Some were owners in the ten miles square taken from Maryland and Virginia to form the District of Columbia. Others were brilliant professional men, like the French engineer, Major Charles Pierre L'Enfant, and the talented young Irish architect, James Hoban. Many others rendered the most important services in the purchasing and laying out of the city, as Daniel Carroll of Rock Creek, brother of the Archbishop, and those whose memory is intimately associated with the erecting and adorning of the Federal structures. All of these early Catholic residents, through their loyal efforts to aid President Washington in the formidable labor of building the permanent seat of government, are honored as co-founders of the splendid city, now the Capital of one of the world's most powerful nations.

Of the sixteen proprietors who owned the estates at present comprising the District of Columbia, six, or three-eights of the total number, were Catholics. Of these six, two, Notley Young and Daniel Carroll of Duddington, were joint proprietors of the vast tract known as Cerne Abbey Manor, which roughly sketched embraces all that portion of Washington city proper, from the site of

[1] *Records of the Columbia Historical Society. Writings of Washington*, vol. xvii. Washington, D. C. 1914.

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the present Bureau of Engraving and Printing to Ninth and K Streets, northwest; and from the confluence of the Anacostia River, or Eastern Branch, with the Potomac along its southeast and southwest shores to the rural districts beyond the navy yard. To this must be added all of the village of Anacostia to Bennings and northeast of the city to the suburb of Eckington. Preëminent distinction must be given the same Notley Young and Daniel Carroll among the founders of the Catholic Church in the Capital of the nation. The chronicle of their achievements, with those who played a different though no less important rôle, makes an edifying page in the history of the Church in its oldest American English-speaking province.

Notley Young was the uncle of Daniel Carroll of Duddington, and their vast estate on the Potomac had descended, on the distaff side, from that Notley Rozier who was the godson and heir of Thomas Notley, Governor of the Province of Maryland, 1676-79. Governor Notley came of a noble Catholic line of Dorset, England, and he had called his Potomac manor grant Cerne Abbey, after the famous Benedictine foundation which Aelfric, the Grammarian, ruled for many years as Abbot. The Roziers were kindred of the most illustrious pioneer families of Maryland; Sewalls, who for three generations gave missionary priests to the Province; Digges, who were militant as well as religious defenders of the Faith, since the founder of the family in Lord Baltimore's Palatinate, Sir Dudley Digges, was the gallant defender of St. Mary's City when it was besieged by Coode in the Protestant rebellion; Neales, who were stanch upholders of the Calverts, and gave eminent churchmen during the years of persecution, as well as in the years of religious liberty; Fenwicks, cavaliers who stood loyally for the Stuarts in the Scottish Highlands and in the wilderness of Maryland, and from whose later descendants came two of the earliest members of the American hierarchy. To this list of sturdy Catholic families of Maryland in the late seventeenth century may be added the Darnalls, the Brents, the Hills, the Queens, the Carrolls, the Jenkins, the Mattinglys, the Spaldings and the Lancasters. All had intermarried with the ancestors of Notley Young and Daniel Carroll. It is conceded that the survival of the Faith in the days of penal persecution was entirely due to the unflagging zeal of these native Marylanders. They sent their sons to St. Omer's to receive a religious education, and their daughters to the convents of Flanders. Many of the sons returned to labor as missionaries

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at a time when a price was set on their heads. They suffered long years of unjust persecution and cruel privation. Their churches were the wigwam of the Indian or some dim room in a secluded manor, and they crept disguised about the country, endeavoring to bring occasional religious consolation to the faithful. Their disregard of comfort and their heroic courage in the performance of duty, makes a glorious chapter in the Catholic history of Maryland.

Of such stern and uncompromising Catholic ancestry came Notley Young, a patriarchal figure in the early days of Washington city. He was twice married; first to Mary, daughter of Ignatius Digges of Melrose, and second to Mary, daughter of Daniel Carroll of Upper Marlborough. By the first alliance he became the brother of Rev. Thomas Digges, S.J., who celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time within the boundaries of Washington city, and by the second, of Most Rev. John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore. More than thirty years before Washington came from Mount Vernon to confer with the proprietors along the Potomac, the manor house of Notley Young was a shelter and a refuge for the Catholics in the vicinity. It stood on the high river bank on what is now G Street, between Ninth and Tenth, southwest. A commodious chapel led from the pillared portico overlooking the Potomac and occupied the entire western wing of the dwelling. Tradition has it Father Digges rode up from his father's mansion, in Prince George County, to visit his sister in the spring of 1760, and administered the sacraments and celebrated Mass in the chapel during the entire week of his sojourn. When Father John Carroll took up residence at his mother's home in Rock Creek in 1774, he began parochial work in an area which was coterminous with what was later the District of Columbia and parts of adjacent counties in Maryland and Virginia. He frequently made long visits to Notley's hospitable mansion and attended to the spiritual needs of Catholics scattered about the countryside.

Notley Young gave generously of his abundance to the struggling church of the District of Columbia. An entire square of land was devoted to the purposes of a cemetery near St. Peter's Church, and lesser parcels were left by his will to be held at the disposal of Bishop Carroll and to be used at his need. He left six children. Notley second became a secular priest, and figures honorably in the first decade after the establishment of the See of Baltimore. Nicholas and Benjamin married and left large families. At least one priest, sometimes more, appears in every generation,

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with more than a generous quota of fair and accomplished daughters who joined the teaching orders locating in the new city.

The Rev. Dominic Young, a member of the illustrious Order of Preachers, was a well-loved pastor at St. Dominic's Church in South Washington. There were two, Revs. Ignatius Fenwick Young, uncle and nephew, and Father Raymond Young, all laboring in parishes of the province of Baltimore during the same juncture of time. Notley Young's eldest daughter, Mary, married into the Fenwick family. She resided for years near St. Patrick's Church and was its liberal benefactor. Eleanor married Robert Brent, nephew of Archbishop Carroll and first Mayor of Washington. A third daughter, Ann, married Peter Casanove, and with her family is counted among the founders and patrons of Trinity Church, Georgetown. Notley Young died in his manor home in 1802, and was buried with his kindred in the stately mausoleum on the river bank. When the growing city began to encroach not only on the homes of the living but of the dead, Robert Brent, the mayor, had all the remains reverently laid in the Carroll burial ground at St. John's on Rock Creek. It is a reproach that the exact location of the grave of this Catholic founder of the National Capital is unknown. But the memory of such men as Notley Young survives without the aid of imposing mortuary marble.

Sprung from the same sturdy Catholic stock on the maternal side as Notley Young, Daniel Carroll of Duddington added the heroic strain of the O'Carrolls, chiefs of Ely. He was the great-grandson of that Charles Carroll, the immigrant, who appears in provincial annals as the Attorney-General of Maryland. He was the second cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Signer. Daniel of Duddington was just entering his majority when President Washington became a familiar figure to the denizens about the Upper Potomac. His was a commanding presence in the development of the Capital in its first half century. His life was full of vicissitudes, but he remained through all reverses of fortune the high type of Catholic gentleman—benevolent to the poor, generous to the Church and to his friends, chivalrous and high principled in the affairs of daily life. When he died in 1849, the *National Daily Intelligencer* (May 15th) said of him editorially: "He made every exertion for the accommodation of the First Congress, erecting numerous buildings which did not prove profitable. He was always an indulgent landlord. He favored the widow and the orphan and other needy tenants, and would yield thousands of

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dollars rather than dismiss them for owing rent. He was the friend of the poor and dispensed large sums in charity from his abundant means. But, alas, the mutability of fortune deprived him of late years of the means of giving to the poor." No one man in the chronicles of the city gave such large sums to the Church as Mr. Carroll. An examination of the archives of Baltimore show how promptly he answered every call, and how prudently he set aside land to be used in the future, when the needs of the parishes increased. The youngest of urban churches in Washington, St. Vincent's, is built on a square of land Carroll deeded to the bishop in 1805. No man showed a broader public spirit. Thus he is found leading the subscriptions of the citizens who were patriotically planning to erect an edifice in which Congress could meet, until the structure destroyed by the British in 1814, was rebuilt. He gave more than two thousand dollars and collected more than half of the sum needed, seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, from his kinsmen, William Dudley Digges, Robert Brent, William Brent of Richland, whose daughter he had married, Charles Carroll of Bellevue, his brother, and James Young. Other generous Catholic subscribers to the fund for the "Brick Capitol," as it is called, were James D. Barry, friend of Archbishop Carroll and founder of Barry's chapel on Greenleaf's Point, the present navy yard, and Nicholas L. Queen, owner of the imposing country seat, "The Enclosure," with its famous colonial shrine, Queen's Chapel. Daniel of Duddington figures in another national emergency, according to Dolly Madison's letter to her sister, Cutts, hastily inscribed after the battle, scornfully called by latter-day historians "the Bladensburg races." In the second paragraph, the distressed lady says: "Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has just come to hasten our departure, and is in a very bad humor because I insist on waiting for the large portrait of General Washington to be secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process is too tedious for the perilous moments and I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvas taken out."[2]

When Major L'Enfant and his colleague, in laying out the Federal city, Baron de Graffe, arrived in the spring of 1791, they were entertained by Daniel Carroll. This was before the famous quarrel over the situation of the new manor house of Duddington, a controversy which eventually caused L'Enfant's dismissal from

[2] *Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison.* Edited by her grandniece. Pp. 110, 111. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1888.

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the post of chief engineer. Carroll owned that beautiful eminence which stands eighty-eight feet above the river, now crowned by the United States Capitol. It was almost the geographical centre of Cerne Abbey Manor domain, and Carroll realizing that his home, Notley Hall, in Prince George County, was too far removed from the city, had fixed on this hill as the ideal site for a new mansion. L'Enfant, however, would hear of no other position for the legislative halls, and Carroll becoming enthusiastic over the engineer's plans, parted with this property at a figure so far disproportionate to its value that it was a virtual gift to the nation.

The slow and inscrutable decrees of truth and justice have worked out the vindication of L'Enfant's memory. He was possessed of untoward temper, and was insubordinate to Presidents Washington and Jefferson and the Commissioners whom they appointed. But to his pure and exalted ideals, his transcendant genius and the integrity of his character, history has paid a belated but entirely adequate tribute. His plan, rescued from a dusty pigeon hole of the War Department, has been executed to its last detail, and as a consequence Washington is one of the beauty spots of the world. It is pathetic to know that for this almost perfect piece of work, he received one thousand three hundred and ninety-four dollars, which was the interest and principal combined of six hundred and sixty-six dollars, the princely sum offered him on his dismissal, and which for ten years he refused to accept. The nation cannot be accused of reckless prodigality towards this unfortunate French patriot to whom it owed such signal benefits. For, several years previous to these events, the lot on Seventeenth Street nearly opposite the White House, given him in the first survey, was sold for taxes. In his declining days, stricken with illness and suffering from loss of fortune, L'Enfant found a home and tender care with William Dudley Digges at Chillum Castle Manor, Green Hill, Montgomery County, Maryland. The chatelaine of Chillum Castle Manor was the daughter of Daniel Carroll of Duddington. It seems poetic justice that this noble lady should smooth his path to the grave with almost filial tenderness since her father, unwittingly, had brought such misery into his life. More than eighty years the eminent engineer rested in a forgotten spot at Green Hill, when the Government, aroused by the efforts of Right Rev. D. J. O'Connell, Bishop of Richmond, then rector of the Catholic University, and the late Rev. D. J. Stafford, pastor of St. Patrick's, to remove the remains to a worthy mausoleum, provided a military



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funeral and a grave among the heroic dead at Arlington. L'Enfant now awaits the last summons on the brow of a hill directly overlooking the city which is his monument, and upon which as an artist and an engineer his fame will rest enduringly.

The name of James Hoban, architect of the attractive home of the Presidents, appears frequently in the annals of Washington from the first five years after the purchase of the ten miles square until his death in 1817. Like L'Enfant, he was a regular attendant at St. Patrick's Church. He came from Dublin in his early manhood, and was winning a competence in Charleston, South Carolina, when the new Capital and its opportunities lured him north. The White House shows the cherished memory of Hoban's old home, many of its features being taken from the palace of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin. Hoban was held in high esteem by General Washington and by all with whom he was associated. He entered heartily into the life of the city, and became captain of the first militia company in the District of Columbia. It was his proud privilege to lead forth his command in 1797 to meet the retiring Executive, who was en route from Philadelphia to Mount Vernon. Besides the White House, which is exclusively his work, Hoban labored on many other public buildings. He laid the foundations of the new Capitol building in 1815, after several sets of contractors had defrauded the Government by spurious attempts, and he became an associate of Dr. William Thornton, the official architect, until the handsome pile which is the admiration of the world was nearing completion, and death bade him rest.

Another distinguished architect, not Catholic in practice but certainly one in education and sympathy, was Benjamin Henry Latrobe, like Hoban an associate of Dr. Thornton in the lofty ideals which inspired the building of the legislative halls. Latrobe had studied for many years in Rome and was entirely permeated with its canons of art. He prevailed on President Jefferson to permit him to seek the best artists of Italy, in order that the interior of the Capitol might be worthy of the designs of the architects. When Latrobe sailed for Europe in 1804, it was with the avowed purpose of influencing Antonio Canova to return with him. The great master, however, was engaged with the Duke of Tuscany and the Venetians, and the infant republic could offer nothing commensurate with the terms of these patrons. Canova, however, was sympathetic and he obtained for Latrobe the best available sculptor Florence and his studio afforded, namely his kinsman and as-

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sistant, Guiseppe Franzoni. This gentle Tuscan came to Washington early in 1805 with a large retinue of servants, several well-known artists and sculptors, among whom was Giovanni Andrei, some master stonemasons and woodcarvers, and before the leaves were green in the parks of the Capital, he was working with the zeal of one of the ancient masters. Franzoni was cultured and intelligent, and he was admitted at once on terms of cordial friendship with that most cosmopolitan and democratic of all American executives, Thomas Jefferson. He supped at the White House several times a week, and politics in Europe—it was the Napoleonic era—art, letters and prominent personalties engaged him until a late hour.

For ten years Franzoni and his assistants labored until the interior of the Capitol began to assume the beauty and ornateness dreamed of by Thornton, Hoban and Latrobe. Of this noble work, practically nothing is known at the present day. Franzoni was worthy of his training under Canova, and he wrought wonders in marble and in bronze. There were exquisite angel heads peeping from obscure recesses, and an allegorical frieze was in progress just above the fine portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, presented by them in 1779: "To our Great, Faithful and Beloved Friend and Ally, General Washington." The letter, accompanying the paintings, sent by Chevalier de la Luzerne, fortunately exists but the portraits have perished. Some faint idea of the superb treasures of art wrought under the direction of Franzoni, may be gathered from the writings and speeches of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. But Franzoni did not possess the art of self-advertising so essential to success in the new world. He made glorious statues, but he wrote no dogmatic treatises on art, and he failed to keep any inventory of his achievements. When the British, under Admiral Cockburn, so wantonly burned the Capitol, all his faithful labors were reduced to ashes—all, save the lovely figure of "Justice" adorning the law library, and a graceful and appealing statuette of "Liberty" above the Speaker's desk. Franzoni never recovered from the grief caused by the British admiral's barbaric act. For days he went about the ruined Capitol wringing his hands and weeping, trying to find something which had been spared and might be restored. Just six months after the burning, death, the consoler, brought him relief. Franzoni was buried in St. Patrick's old cemetery, and later was removed, with other illustrious aliens who had given their best to the United States Capitol,

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to a mausoleum in Oak Hill. A year later Carlo Franzoni, with Francesco Iardello as assistant, came to finish his brother's contracts. Carlo was a sculptor of greater renown than Guiseppe, and had been for many years employed by Pius VII. in the Vatican. His most admired work in the legislative halls are the celebrated corn columns of the north vestibule of which Anthony Trollope wrote, "These pillars are the only original thought I noted in America."

All these first Italian exiles were members of St. Patrick's, until the needs of the growing city caused the division of Washington's most venerable parish. The first modest church of the new parish of St. Peter's occupied the same site as the present stately structure. The inhospitable climate killed off these children of the South one by one, as indeed it had ten years previous to Latrobe's journey, the Irish laborers Hoban had brought to work on the White House. There were few physicians, no hospitals or orders of nursing religious, to which both Irish and Italians had been accustomed. The nation owes these early Catholics a heavy debt, but except to the special investigator, their zeal, diligence and heroic endurance are utterly unknown. To the Italians another debt is owing in that they, with the influence of Thornton, Hoban and Latrobe, stamped on the national mind a sense of true values in art. This is apparent in the first Federal buildings erected when this influence dominated even the subtle plans of politicians. Note the magnificant pile of the Capitol buildings, not without architectural blemish it is true, but of such splendid proportions and general symmetry no later architect could destroy its grandeur, no matter how many terraces and sunken gardens were added. There is the stately Treasury and the majestic Corinthian Patent Office. Nothing so worthy has been erected since, except the Library of Congress and the fine railroad terminal. These Italians effected, moreover, the first organized effort towards good classical music. What has evolved into the nationally famous Marine Band began with a few homesick Tuscans training and conducting some Americans who showed talent. They also were among the first organists and trained choir singers who helped to enhance the beauty and solemnity of the Divine Service.

In the first two decades of Washington's municipal existence, Catholic mayors presided over its destinies for eleven years. Robert Brent, the first mayor of Washington, was appointed by President Jefferson in 1802, and served for ten years. He was the son

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of Robert Brent of Woodstock, on Acqui Creek, Virginia, and his mother was Anne, eldest sister of Archbishop Carroll. The Brents of Acqui were descendants of George Brent, the immigrant who came to the colony of Virginia in the middle of the seventeenth century. They were not, so far as genealogical records can show, related to the Maryland Brents, Gyles and Hugh, who came over with Governor Leonard Calvert's colony on the *Ark* and the *Dove*. During his term as mayor, and during which he served without remuneration, Robert Brent was judge of the Orphans' Court and in charge of the extensive charities devolving on him through his father-in-law, Notley Young's will. His handsome country seat, Brentwood, was a radiating point of social life when Washington was in its infancy. He is buried in the brick vault near the old mansion. Thomas Carberry was mayor in 1819, and is credited with the excellent reform of separating juvenile delinquents from criminal adult inmates of the city jail. Mr. Carberry was the brother of that Mrs. Ann Mattingly, whose miraculous cure through the intercession of Prince Hohenlohe von Schillingsfürst caused such religious enthusiasm in the early part of 1824.[3]

The Carrolls of Upper Marlborough, or of Rock Creek, had two eminent founders, in the limited political as well as the broad Catholic sense, in the Archbishop and the Commissioner, that Daniel Carroll who was a member of Congress from Maryland and is also known in history as the "Statesman." The Archbishop, to the renowned titles which he holds as Primate of the American hierarchy and founder of Georgetown College, adds that of being the first regular parish priest the District of Columbia boasted, until the establishment of the College in Washington's mother city of Georgetown in 1789 and of Trinity Church some five years later. Father Carroll attended the needs of Catholics all along the Potomac until 1783, when he was called to Baltimore to fill a larger rôle. Daniel Carroll, the Commissioner, is intimately associated with the Catholic proprietors, Notley Young and Daniel Carroll of Duddington, his nephew. His name may be found on every subscription list looking towards the erection of Catholic churches or for causes of Catholic charity from the purchase of the Federal property until his death in 1796. He maintained St. John's chapel at Rock Creek out of his private funds, until his brother was in position to support it from diocesan funds. The old manor house at Rock Creek which

[3] Whitfield, *Examination of Evidence and Report on the Miraculous Restoration to Health of Mrs. Ann Mattingly.* Charleston, South Carolina. 1830.

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Daniel, the Commissioner, inherited as his mother's portion of the great colonial grant, "The Woodyard," was destroyed by fire nearly half a century ago. The modern stone church of St. John's, at Forest Glen, is situated about two hundred yards from the hallowed shrine which was the scene of Father John Carroll's missionary labors, and on a tract of land left for church purposes by the Commissioner. The old graveyard, to which reference has been made as the burial place of Notley Young and his kindred, is a sacred spot, although one little known. One of the time-stained tombstones bears the name of Archbishop Carroll's mother, Eleanor Darnall of "The Woodyard," a valiant woman, typical of the daughters of old Catholic Maryland. She died in her ninety-sixth year and lies beside her husband, Daniel Carroll of Upper Marlborough. Another Carroll, worthy of mention, is Charles of Bellevue, younger brother of Daniel of Duddington, who was a generous benefactor both of Trinity and of St. Patrick's. Charles built a fine mansion in Georgetown after the pattern of Duddington Manor, but he soon became interested in a project to join a Catholic colony in New York State. He sold his handsome estates, Bellevue and Evermay in Georgetown, and made a home in the Empire State. He is honored among the founders of the diocese of Syracuse.

Rev. Francis Neale, the first pastor of Trinity Church, was the brother of the second Archbishop of Baltimore, and holds an honored place in Catholic records, in that he is the first shepherd to keep a detailed account of his flock. His old parish book is almost in fragments, but it holds the honor of being the first Catholic register in all this District of Columbia, where such vast and vital Catholic interests are now centred. St. Patrick's, the first parish in Washington city proper, claims a history which though shadowy, nearly approaches in antiquity that of Trinity Church, Georgetown. Father Richard Clarke, S.J., says that the Irish laborers brought here by Hoban found the Notley Young chapel and the Georgetown church both too remote, and they prevailed upon a zealous priest, Rev. Anthony Caffery, to come from Ireland to assuage their spiritual needs. Father Caffery, or McAffery, purchased some lots still in the possession of St. Patrick's parish and set about building a church. Meantime, the Catholics heard Mass in the second story of a brick house in E Street near Tenth. This was the nucleus of the splendid parish which has played a worthy part in the development of the Church in the Capital city. All of the eminent Catholics in Washington attended St. Patrick's in those

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first years. Father Caffery came in 1794, and in 1804 the land purchased, on which a small frame edifice had been built, was deeded to Bishop Carroll and Washington knew him no more. And historians the most diligent have not been able to find satisfactory records of him at any period, before coming to this country, during his pastoral tenure at St. Patrick's or after his return to Ireland. The most beloved pastor in the Capital, in its pioneer days, was Father William Matthews, a native Marylander, the first priest ever ordained in the diocese, and a giant figure in its development. He ruled the destinies of St. Patrick's for fifty years, and in addition to this large responsibility, acted for several years as president of Georgetown College and of Gonzago College which he had founded. Seemingly he accomplished so much, that later his successors found little to do except to erect more splendid churches and parochial buildings. Father Matthews brought the Sisters of Charity for Providence Hospital and St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. He aided the foundations of the Visitation Academy now in Connecticut Avenue, of the Sisters of the Poor and of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Among his assistants was Father Charles Constantine Pise, the chaplain of the United States Senate from 1832-33.

After St. Peter's Church, the progress of Washington parishes went forward phenomenally. The foundations had been built firm and true, and the founders had left a glorious tradition which their descendants have not ignored. It is said old Washington is going out with the tide. Landmarks are passing away and records which should be sacredly cherished are lost and forgotten. Few except the historically inclined know that Washington as it stands, beautiful and symmetrical along the banks of the winding river, is really a monument to the generosity of its early Catholic residents and of Catholics in general. The story is well told in the words of the revered patriot for whom it is named. It may be read at greater length and with more edifying detail in the lives of distinguished members of the Church, from the saintly Primate of Baltimore, down the line of landed proprietors, engineers, architects, renowned public men, to the humble Italians and Irish who played their part with such Christian dignity and completeness. No truer line has ever been penned than the one which says, "history bids us to hope."

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# ST. AUGUSTINE ON INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

BY HERBERT F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

IN recent years philanthropists and statesmen have expended considerable time, money and energy in an effort to find some means of abolishing war and establishing universal peace. That the conflict of physical strength is futile in deciding the justice of the claims of belligerents, has long been recognized in theory and, to some extent, also in practice. Might no longer makes right in private affairs between individuals, for here recourse is had to an impartial arbiter, long since introduced by the community to render a just and unbiased decision. But in international affairs, preference is still given to the ancient and savage method of deciding differences, namely the test of physical strength, war, which after all does not really decide the justice of the conflicting claims, but merely postpones the decision.

Yet even here a subtle influence is found at work, the same influence that gave rise to the present courts of justice, an influence towards a more amicable and more equitable adjustment of individual differences than is obtained by personal combat. For the recent arbitration movement is but the unconscious development of that Christian principle which received such approving commendation in the Sermon on the Mount, when the Saviour of mankind promised to peacemakers the glorious title of "children of God."[1] It is but natural to expect that some traces of this development are to be found among the early Christians. For surely a principle, to the exemplification of which so great a reward has been attached, would not be permitted to lie fallow and undeveloped, but on the contrary, would receive the high cultivation and yield the abundant harvest which it so richly deserved.

In the first days of Christianity Rome, the mistress of the world, was continually beset by the hordes of barbarians from the North. They were with great difficulty repulsed in the third and fourth centuries, and in the following century their onslaught was so fierce that it could not be withstood. In August of the year of Our Lord 410, Rome was stormed and "sacked by a mixed army

[1] Matt. v. 9.

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of Goths and Huns under the command of Alaric.....The shock spread by its capture through the entire Roman world was of unparalleled magnitude."[2] This calamity was attributed by the pagans of the time to the Christian religion, which was fast superseding the religion formerly predominant, polytheism.

It was this charge[3] that prompted St. Augustine, "the most profound thinker and most brilliant writer of the age, a man of vast learning and consummate dialectical skill,"[4] to undertake the production of one of his best compositions,[5] the *De Civitate Dei,* which has been the chief source of disclosing the Christian attitude of the time toward peace. Not only do his thirty-five years[6] as Bishop of Hippo warrant his selection as representative of Christian thought of that period, but his voluminous correspondence with men of all ranks and localities also gives testimony that his contemporaries regarded him as an authority upon all things Christian.[7] It is fitting, therefore, to investigate what St. Augustine's thoughts were upon this most absorbing of present questions.

"What is peace?" he asks in commenting upon one of the Psalms,[8] and immediately sets to work to answer the self-imposed question. "Peace exists where war is absent. What is this where war is absent? Where there is no contradiction, no resistance, no opposition. And so there is no peace where there is a conflict."[9] This definition, being general in character, applies to everything whatsoever of which peace can be predicated. "The peace of the body, then, is the ordered regulation of the parts. The peace of the irrational soul is the harmonious repose of the appetites and that of the rational soul, the harmony of knowledge and action. The peace of the body with the soul, the ordered life and safety of a living creature. The peace of mortal man with God, the ordered obedience in faith to the eternal law. The peace of men, ordered concord. The peace of the home, the ordered concord of those members of the family who rule with those who are ruled.[10] The peace of the city, the ordered concord of those citizens who rule with those who are ruled. The peace of the celestial city, the

[2] Mackail, *History of Latin Literature,* p. 275.

[3] St. Augustine, *Retractiones,* ii., 43, 1. [4] Mackail, *op. cit.,* p. 276.

[5] Teuffel, *History of Roman Literature,* ii., p. 440; *cf.* Simcox, *History of Latin Literature,* ii., p. 428; and Ramorino, *Letteratura Romana,* p. 342.

[6] 395-430 A. D.; cf. Teuffel, *loc. cit.*

[7] *Cf.* Portalié, *St. Augustine of Hippo,* in *The Catholic Encyclopedia,* ii., p. 91; *cf.* also Bardenhewer-Shahan, *Manual of Patrology,* p. 494, *et seq.*

[8] *Enarratio in Psalmum 84,* 10 (in 9). [9] *Loc. cit.*

[10] *Cf. De Civitate Dei,* xix. 13.

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most ordered and most harmonious fellowship of enjoying God and one another in God. The peace of all things, the tranquillity of order."[11]

It is evident then that in its various applications, St. Augustine's definition of peace, as given above, has one common element, namely the absence of war and the presence of "order," which is "the disposition of the equal and the unequal, attributing to each its own place."[12] Obviously, where everything is in its own proper place, there can be no war, no contradiction, no resistance, no opposition, no conflict. The primary concern here, however, is with the peace of men, of the home, and of the city, or, in short, with "ordered concord."

The object or end of this concord is the uninterrupted enjoyment of the temporal goods of this life. "The whole use, then, of things temporal refers to the fruit of earthly peace in the earthly city, while in the heavenly city it refers to the fruit of eternal peace."[13] These two cities, the one, "surpassingly glorious, whether we view it as it still lives by faith in this fleeting course of time and sojourns as a stranger in the midst of the ungodly, or as it shall dwell in the fixed stability of its eternal seat above;"[14] the other, a city, which "though it be mistress of the nations, is itself ruled by the lust of conquest"[15]—these two cities are inextricably enwound and intermingled with each other in this life.[16] And of these "the families which do not live by faith seek their peace in the earthly advantages of this life; while the families which live by faith look for those eternal blessings which are promised, and use as pilgrims such advantages of time and of earth as do not fascinate and divert them from God.....Thus the things necessary for this mortal life are used by both classes of men and families, but each has his own peculiar and widely different aim in using them. The earthly city, which does not live by faith, seeks an earthly peace, and the end it proposes in the ordered concord of those citizens who rule with those who are ruled, is a combination of men's wills to attain the things which are helpful to this life. The heavenly city, or rather that part of it which sojourns in this mortal condition and lives by faith, necessarily uses this peace also, until this condition, to which such a peace is necessary, shall pass away."[17]

It becomes apparent, then, that "the things which this [earthly]

[11] *Ibid.* [12] *Loc. cit.* [13] *Op. cit.*, xix. 14. [14] *Ibid.*, i. 1.
[15] *Loc. cit.* [16] Mackail, *op. cit.*, p. 276. [17] *De Civitate Dei*, xix. 17.

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city desires cannot be justly denied to be good, for it is itself, in its own kind, better than all other human good. For it eagerly desires an earthly peace for the sake of enjoying earthly things; and it wishes to attain this peace when it wages war. Since if it has conquered and no one remains to resist it, there will be a peace which was not had when the opposing parties contested for the enjoyment of those things which were insufficient, unhappily, to satisfy both. This peace is sought for by laborious wars; it is obtained by what is styled a glorious victory. Now, when the victory is gained by those who defended the juster cause, who doubts that the victor should be congratulated and that a desirable peace has been obtained? These things, then, are good and without doubt the gifts of God."[18]

Not only is peace a good or a blessing but it is the one which, after some manner or other, is universally desired.[19] "For anyone, no matter how he looks upon human affairs and our common nature, acknowledges, as I do, that, just as there is no one who does not wish to be happy, so there is no one who does not wish to have peace. For even they who desire wars, desire nothing other than to be victorious: by making war, therefore, they wish to obtain peace with glory. For what else is victory than the subjugation of those who resist us? And when this has been accomplished, there will be peace. Wars, therefore, are waged to secure peace, even by those who are eager to exercise their warlike nature in command and battle. And hence peace obviously is the end sought for by war.[20] For every man seeks peace even in waging war; but no man seeks war in making peace."[21]

"Even those who desire to disturb the peace, in which they are, do not hate peace, but wish it changed to suit their will. They do not, therefore, desire to have no peace, but to have a peace more to their liking. And although men have separated themselves from the rest of men by sedition, nevertheless unless they maintain some kind of peace with their fellow-conspirators and fellow-plotters, they do not accomplish their purpose. And therefore even robbers, in order that they may with greater strength and greater safety invade the peace of others, desire to have peace with their associates."[22]

"And so every man desires to have peace with those of his own circle, whom he wishes to live in accordance with his dictates.

[18] *Ibid.*, xv. 4.
[19] *Cf. Enarratio in Psalmum 48*, 6 (in 7).
[20] *Cf. De Civitate Dei*, xv. 4.
[21] *De Civitate Dei*, xix. 12, 1.
[22] *Loc. cit.*

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For even those against whom he wages war, he desires to make his own, if possible, and impose upon them, when they have been captured, the laws of his own peace."[23]

This natural craving for some sort of peace on the part of St. Augustine's contemporaries, who had complained of Christianity, was quickly perceived and analyzed by him in a passage which discloses the dangers of an ungodly peace. "You do not desire peace and prosperity and plenty," he says, "in order to use these blessings honorably, that is to say, with moderation, sobriety, temperance, and piety; but in order to obtain an endless variety of pleasures in mad extravagances and to generate from your prosperity moral evils which are far worse than raging enemies. But that Scipio,[24] your chief pontiff, adjudged the noblest of men by the whole senate,[25] fearing just such a misfortune as this of yours, refused to agree to the destruction of Carthage, the Roman Empire's rival at that time, and opposed Cato who advised its destruction. He feared that enemy of weak minds, security; and he saw that fear was necessary as a suitable guardian for his wards, as it were, the citizens."[26]

"Nor was he mistaken; the actual result proved how truly he had spoken. For after Carthage had been destroyed, out of their prosperity in quick succession arose disastrous evils. First, concord was weakened and destroyed by raging and bloody seditions. Then soon, by a union of evil causes, such great massacres proceeded from civil wars, so much blood was shed, savageness seethed with such avidity for proscription and plunder, that those Romans who in their more virtuous life had feared evils at the hands of their enemies, now that their virtue had been lost, suffered greater cruelties at the hands of their fellow-citizens."[27]

"This very lust of conquest, which with other vices existed among the Roman people more undiminished than among any other people, after it had taken possession of the more powerful few, pressed under the yoke of subjection the others also, worn and wearied."[28] "For when," St. Augustine continues, "would that lust become subdued in the hearts of the proud, since by a succession of advances they may finally obtain kingly power? Nothing

[23] *Loc. cit.*

[24] Scipio Nasica, the same who afterwards instigated the murder of Tiberius Gracchus (133).

[25] *Cf.* also *De Civitate Dei*, i. 30; Pliny, *Natural History*, vii. 34; and Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. 347, *et seq.* [26] *De Civitate Dei*, i. 30. [27] *Loc. cit.*

[28] *Cf.* also Sallust, *Jugurthine War*, 41 *et seq.*; and Velleius Paterculus, ii., *passim.*

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could obtain this succession of advances unless ambition prevailed. But ambition would by no means prevail, except in a people corrupted by avarice and luxury. And a people becomes avaricious and luxurious through prosperity."[29]

The reason underlying the rise of evils out of prosperity is very evident. For "if the better things of the heavenly city, whereby the victory will be secured in eternal and highest peace, are neglected and these earthly goods are coveted to such a degree that they are either believed to be the only goods or loved more than those which are believed to be better, misery necessarily will follow and the evils already possessed will increase."[30]

Yet, despite their evils, some wars are just.[31] Wars undertaken on the authority of God, for instance, must be just.[32] Hence the Israelites waged just wars.[33] Besides, Christian doctrine does not forbid all wars,[34] or the soldier in the Gospel narrative[35] would not have been given the advice he received, but would have been advised to give up his profession. Nevertheless, when the wise man wages even just wars, he will "far more, if he remembers that he is a man, lament the fact that just wars have been necessary for him. For unless they were just, he would not wage them, and *therefore for the wise man there would be no wars.* For it is the injustice of the opposing party which compels the wise man to wage just wars; and this injustice must be a source of grief to a man, because it is men's injustice, even though no necessity arose therefrom of waging war."[36]

If, then, even the wise man laments the necessity of waging war, why does God permit it? "Either to deter, destroy or subdue the pride of mortals; since not even a war waged on account of human greed can injure not only the incorruptible God, but even His saints, to whom rather it is beneficial for the exercise of patience, humility of soul, and the bearing of paternal correction."[37]

The greatest benefit of war, however, is found in the attainment of its end, peace. For "to make war on your neighbors and thence to proceed to others and through mere lust of conquest to crush and subdue people who do you no harm, what else is this to be called than great robbery?"[38] Therefore, to carry on war and

[29] *De Civitate Dei*, i. 31.
[30] *Quæstiones in Heptateuchum*, iv. 44.
[31] *Quæstiones in Heptateuchum*, iv. 44.
[32] *Epist. 138*, 15, addressed to Marcellinus (A. D. 412).
[33] Luke iii. 14.
[34] *Contra Faustum*, xxii. 65.
[35] *Ibid.*, xv. 4.
[36] *Contra Faustum*, xxii. 65.
[37] *De Civitate Dei*, xix. 7.
[38] *De Civitate Dei*, iv. 6.

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extend a kingdom over entirely subdued nations, to the evil seems to be happiness; to the good, necessity. But because it would be worse if the unjust conquered the just, it would not be out of keeping to call even that 'happiness.' But beyond doubt it is a greater happiness to have a good neighbor at peace than to subdue an evil neighbor by war. Your wishes are evil, when you desire that one whom you hate or one whom you fear be one whom you can conquer."[39] Furthermore, conquest cannot be the end of war. For he who lusts for extensive dominion does not seek conquest as an end, but as a means, the means of obtaining a peace suited to himself. For "wars are waged to secure peace,[40] even by those who are eager to exercise their warlike nature by commanding and fighting. And hence, peace obviously is the end sought for by war."[41]

Nevertheless peace is not obtained by war. The earthly city "is often divided against itself by litigations, wars and battles, and quests for victories either life-destroying or certainly short-lived. For any part of it that wars against another part of it, seeks to triumph over the nations, since it is in bondage to vice. If, when it has conquered, it is swelled up with pride, the victory is life-destroying; and if, considering the common misfortunes of its condition, it is more disturbed by the adversity that may come than elated with the prosperity already obtained, that victory is then only short-lived. For it will not be able to rule abidingly over those whom it has victoriously subdued."[42] And if war does not attain its object, how can that object be attained, how can peace be secured?

Leaving this wider question unanswered for the moment, it might be well to see how peace is secured among individuals. "If we desire to receive the peace of the times, let us not pretend to keep peace with our neighbors. For if you truly wish to conquer the devil, your enemy, be reconciled quickly with your neighbor."[43] Let us not pretend to keep peace, as we would be doing, if we but concealed our belligerent attitude; but let us be quickly reconciled. And how this reconciliation is to take place, is very clearly expressed by St. Augustine. "I am going to tell you something," he says, "that frequently happens among men. Sometimes someone is inimical to a very dear friend of yours, who previously had been a

[39] *Ibid.*, iv. 15.

[40] *Cf.* also *Epist. 189*, 6, addressed to Boniface (A. D. 418).

[41] *De Civitate Dei*, xix. 12, 1; *cf.* also *ibid.*, xv. 4; *Epist. 229*, addressed to Darius (A. D. 429).

[42] *De Civitate Dei*, xv. 4.

[43] *Sermo 174 (De Letania).*

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friend of both. Two of the three friends become mutual enemies. What shall he do, who remained neutral? Your friend desires, entreats, demands that you second his hatred of the other, and flings these words at you: 'You are no friend of mine, for you are a friend of my enemy.' The other also meets you with the same charge. For the three of you were friends. Of the three, to become discordant, you remained. If you ally yourself with the one, the other will become your enemy; if with the latter, the former; if with both, both will object. See the trial; see the thorns in the vine whither we have been led. You expect me, perhaps, to tell you what to do. *Remain the friend of both. Those who mutually disagreed, will agree through you.*"[44] Obviously then, a peaceable adjustment of private differences is secured by the intervention of a mutual friend. Why should not international differences be adjusted on the same principle?

For, since the individuals make the home and "the home should be the beginning or element of the city, and every beginning bears reference to some end of its own kind and every element to the integrity of the whole of which it is a part, it follows plainly enough that domestic peace has reference to civic peace, that is, the ordered concord of domestic obedience and domestic rule has a relation to the ordered concord of civic obedience and civic rule."[45] International peace demands national peace; national peace demands domestic and individual peace. Now it has been seen that individual peace is secured through the kind offices of mutual friends[46] and domestic peace is secured through mutual coöperation.[47] Why, then, is international peace left to be decided by war, which does not really accomplish its purpose, instead of by mutual friends and mutual coöperation?

This question received a very adequate and unequivocal answer in a letter[48] addressed by St. Augustine to the distinguished officer Darius, who had been the instrument of effecting a reconciliation between the Empress Placidia and Count Boniface, and had also been successful in obtaining a truce with the Vandals. "Those warriors," he writes, "are indeed great and worthy of singular honor, not only for their consummate bravery, but also—which is of higher praise—for their eminent fidelity, by whose labors and

[44] *Sermo 59*, 6.

[45] *De Civitate Dei*, xix. 16; *cf. De Civitate Dei*, xix. 13, for the similarity of these two definitions. [46] *Sermo 59*, 6. [47] *De Civitate Dei*, xix. 13.

[48] *Epist. 229*, addressed to Darius (A. D. 429); see also Smith, *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, s. v., *Darius* and *Galla*.

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dangers along with the blessings of divine protection and aid, enemies previously unsubdued are conquered and peace obtained for the state and the province reduced to subjection. But *it is a higher glory to destroy war itself with a word than men with the sword* and to procure or *maintain peace by peace, not by war.* For those who fight, if they are good men, doubtless seek for peace; nevertheless it is through blood. *Your mission, however, is to prevent the shedding of blood.* And so, that which is a necessity to others is a pleasure to you. Therefore, my worthy, illustrious, and very powerful lord, and very dear son in Christ, rejoice in this singularly great and real blessing vouchsafed to you and enjoy it in God, to Whom you owe that you are what you are, and that you undertook such a work. May God strengthen that which He hath wrought in us through you."[49]

It is this spirit of peace-making, so highly lauded by St. Augustine, that should be preserved even in waging war. "Consider this, then, first of all, when you are arming for the battle, that even your bodily strength is a gift of God; for, considering this, you will not employ the gift of God against God. For if, when faith is pledged, it is to be kept even with the enemy against whom the war is waged, how much more with the friend for whom the battle is fought! Peace should be your desire; war should be waged only as a necessity and waged only that God may by it deliver men from the necessity and preserve them in peace. Be peace-makers, therefore, even when waging war, so that those whom you conquer, you may make conscious of the utility of peace by your conquest."[50]

From all that precedes, it may be concluded that the early Christians, as represented by St. Augustine, believed that world-wide peace could be obtained, if at all in this life, by the intervention of an impartial third party, provided that the two belligerents were willing to submit to and abide by his decision;[51] and that two belligerents would do this willingly, only when they have learned to be just. In other words, peace is to be promoted by a more widespread education of the citizens of nations in right morals.

This conclusion is corroborated and affirmed by the general spirit of the writings of St. Augustine, especially the comparisons of the earthly and heavenly cities. They are alike, he says, in that they both seek peace for the enjoyment of earthly things.[52] They

[49] Psalm lxvii. 29. [50] *Epist. 189*, 6, addressed to Boniface (A. D. 418).

[51] This idea corresponds very closely to the modern conception of a permanent court of arbitration with the consent of nations as the sanction of its rulings.

[52] *De Civitate Dei*, xix. 17.

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are unlike in that one makes this the last end, the other uses it as a means to a higher and better peace, the true and perfect peace of eternal life.[53] "Even the heavenly city, therefore, while in its state of pilgrimage, avails itself of the peace of earth, and, so far as it can without injuring faith and godliness, desires and maintains a common agreement among men regarding the acquisition of the necessities of life, and makes this earthly peace bear upon the peace of heaven; for this alone can be truly called and esteemed the peace of reasonable creatures, consisting as it does in the perfectly ordered and harmonious enjoyment of God and of one another in God."[54]

## KILLED.

(AGED 19, 20, 21.)

*"Your young men shall see visions."*

BY EMILY HICKEY.

*"Your young men shall see visions!"* Some who have died,
Having their noon at dawn, have they, clear-eyed,
Seen a fair vision and been satisfied?

These not cut off in promise unfulfilled,
And not with hope's high sunlight lowered and chilled,
And not with deeds undone and wills unwilled,

But bearing autumn's fruit in springtime's leaves;
In sowers' arms home carrying their sheaves;
(Garb royal for the hand one hour that weaves.)

Bright boyhood sprung to splendor of manhood, still
Keeping the dew of youth, its laughter's rill,
With all the ocean strength of adult will.

Oh, have not these, with purged vision clean,
A vision of the supreme Vision seen,
That for which life and death and all have been?

[53] *Ibid.*, xix. 20. [54] *Ibid.*, xix. 17.



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## FRIENDS.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

JUDGE MATTOX rode along the familiar highway, conscious of a reluctance to reach his destination such as he had never experienced before. His tall figure, in his summer suit of black mohair, looked shrunken in his saddle, and his white goatee was flattened against the corners of his collar, for his head was bent and he seemed to travel with unseeing eyes. His old sorrel mare took advantage of her master's mood and slackened her speed to a loitering pace, stopping, unreproved, to browse the fresh grass that grew in the shadow of the toll gate. The keeper of the gate also noted the Judge's unusual attitude. He had thrown the toll in the box by the window, and passed on without making his customary remarks about the parched crops and the possibility of rain.

"Judge Mattox is surely showing his age," said the toll-gatherer to his wife as he returned to his cosy kitchen. "Reckon it's time. He was a young fellow when the war broke out. But Lord! that's more than fifty years ago."

"And now there's another war a ragin'," she replied indifferently, clattering her supper dishes into a pan. "The Civil War wa'n't but a cock fight compared to this here Kaiser."

"Well, I ain't lookin' for nothin' worse," said her husband. "I reckon you're too young to remember and I wa'n't but a boy, but in this here valley of Virginia we caught it comin' and goin'. The Mattoxes and the Jessups was the big people in the county then—that's where the Judge is goin' tonight. I reckon he and 'Doc.' Jessup's been friends seventy years."

"Well, friends don't stay friends now," she declared gloomily. "There's Mirandy Claxton gone and quarreled with me because I wouldn't lend her my new hat to go on the church picnic with her beau. I ain't had a new hat in five years. I don't want people to think I bought it off Mirandy second-hand."

"Course not—course not," said her husband soothingly, "but seems like women are different."

"Different! Well, of course we are different. Men never

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did take any interest in hats. I reckon fussin' with your friends is just a part of life. Nobody makes allowances."

"Well, I don't know," he drawled. "Seems like married men have to make a good many."

He spoke with a certain humorous, irritating conviction and then he sought safety out of doors. The distant honking of an automobile horn gave him an excuse to retreat.

The Judge's horse was still in sight; the toll-keeper's eyes followed it across the narrow foot bridge and into the bridle path of the woods.

"Now why didn't he stay in the open road?" he wondered. "It's gettin' dark and the moon don't rise till nine, but I reckon that horse can find her way blindfolded. She's been there every night for years."

The Judge had chosen the bridle path because it was less direct. He wanted more time to strengthen his failing resolution, to summon up his courage for the ordeal he had set before him. He had lived too long he told himself—three score and ten, the Biblical span of life. No man should desire longevity. Sorrows fall too heavily upon the old when they have lost the youthful buoyancy of hope that cancels most calamities. Now there was nothing left but the spiritual expectancy of a world beyond. The Judge was deeply religious, he looked between the interlacing lindens to the star-strewn sky. "There are other worlds," he murmured softly, "other worlds where we shall understand."

The bridle path branched into a broad avenue bordered with silver poplars. "Doc." Jessup's old home stood revealed. A rambling gray stone house, built on hospitable colonial lines; the white pillars stretching to the roof, were shaggy with ivy; deep-seated chairs stood on the flagged portico to welcome the visitor, and in one of them "Doc." Jessup reposed. He was short and fat and his smooth face, carelessly shaven, was creased by kindly wrinkles; he was smoking a long meerschaum which, in his recumbent position, reached to his gold watch fob.

"Come up, come up," he cried genially as he spied the Judge. "Call that little nigger Abe to take your horse. He's 'round here somewhere polishing my boots. I fell in a mud hole this morning trying to land a five-pounder. You don't believe me? I'll show you the boots."

The Judge laughed mirthlessly. "I'd rather see the fish," he said.

"Oh, the fish! Well, he got away. You know my fish all

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seem to get away. Take that other chair, the one by the window is 'busted.' You broke it last week. You're getting too fat, Tom. Sitting on a bench all day is a lazy way to make your living; it isn't good for your liver. My Lord! we're all getting old and I don't like it. I swear I don't like it."

"Hm," grunted the Judge. "Maybe we don't but we can't stop it. Don't call that little nigger of yours, he's no good. I'll tie Dixie here. Ever since you pastured her last year she thinks she belongs here. Can't go all the way to the east meadow to get her when I'm ready to start home. How's everything?"

He sat heavily down in an armchair close to the Doctor's own and taking a cigar from the box on the rustic table, he asked his host for a light.

"Doc." Jessup pulled at his pipe until it seemed ablaze. "It's no way to light a cigar," he objected. "I'm going to buy you fifty gross of matches and send them to you for a Christmas present. Where's the match box Betsy gave you?"

"I believe I lost it," he answered apologetically. "I always lose 'em. I reckon the last one was stolen—it was too handsome, all silver filagree. Tell Betsy to give me a ten-cent one next time. I never did care for frills."

The Doctor held out his pipe. "Seems to me I've been lighting you up every since we tried smoking corn husk cigarettes over there in the tobacco house. You were six and I was eight. Believe we filled them with the real stuff. My Lord! I was green about the gills and my mother, God rest her soul, thought I was getting the measles, but father caught on and applied the horse-whip. I remember Sister Carrie cried and brought me chocolate cake—the thick layer kind—and I was too sick to eat it. 'Pon my soul, Tom, I believe that chocolate cake has always been one of the most poignant regrets of my life."

"How is Carrie?"

"Carrie is getting gouty though she won't admit it. I tell you we are all getting old, though Carrie shows it less than any of us. Remember how pretty she looked the day we marched off with our regiments? She was dressed in some sort of a sprigged muslin and her black curls were falling about her face. Wonder why don't women dress that way now-a-days; I always suspected you were a little soft on Carrie then, but her mind was fixed upon poor John Dennison. Poor John! It never seemed to me he had a chance at life."

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The Judge looked off into the darkness and puffed patiently at his cigar. "Perhaps that's the happiest way," he said.

"Don't believe—don't believe it," snapped the Doctor. "I can't go round the world preaching a pessimistic doctrine like that. I've got to believe in life, the joy of it. Ever seen the ecstatic look on the face of a young mother?—then you'd know the value of it. I've ushered too many people into this world not to have faith in the worth-whileness of living. Why do we all hang on so? Life is a gift of God and therefore good! Didn't you do all you could to save John? Didn't you haul him on your back for a mile or more? My Lord! when I met you, you were bloodier than he—and you fainted in my arms."

The Judge smoked steadily. He was grateful for the shadow of the swaying ivy; there was a moisture in his eyes that he did not want the Doctor to see. "And then—then we were taken prisoners. I believe I would have died that year in Richmond, Jake, if it had not been for you."

"Well, I couldn't do much," said the Doctor gratefully, "but I believe that winter in the hospital put the notion of studying medicine in my head. We must have been tough customers to have survived it. When I think of the nerve of those old Southern doctors performing major operations without anæsthetics, I take off my hat to them and their patients too. You see such endurance comes back to what I was saying a moment ago—the love of life, the love of life."

"I don't know," said his guest doubtfully, "there are so many things that we value more."

"Well, of course I'll grant you that men have been ready to die since the beginning for 'their country, their king, their God;' but the average man—well, you can't make me believe that he expects to enjoy it."

"You have left out honor and—and friendship," added the Judge.

"Well I always omit a few facts in passing, Tom. You see I haven't your legal love of accurate statement. Friends are scarce in these days; I wonder why. People seem to have so little time to enjoy each other. I wonder if the things they gain are worth the things they are always giving up."

"Friendship means service," said the Judge solemnly, "and sometimes service is harder than death. I'm up against it tonight, Jake, that's why I'm so inarticulate. We've known each other

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seventy years, and I don't believe I ever had a secret from you before, but I've had one for the last week and I meant to let it die with me, but I can't. It wouldn't be fair. I've told myself a hundred times that blood is thicker than water; that may be a true old saw for some people, but it isn't so when *you're* the water, Jake."

The Doctor let the ashes of his pipe fall unheeded upon the crinkles of his waistcoat. "Nonsense, nonsense," he growled. "You're out of sorts, Tom; I don't like secrets, I hate 'em. Had hundreds dropped on me professionally. If you've got any bombs, preserve them in peace or can them. I'm not joking. Carrie has been putting up strawberries, and I've just naturally adopted the present vernacular of the house."

"This is serious," said the Judge looking cautiously around him. "It concerns Betsy and Bob. They are all we have left, Jake. Two grandchildren; rather skimp posterity eh? I believe we've always felt that we owned them jointly. Betsy has always seemed like my own. God bless me! Here she comes now."

The front door was open and through the mellow lamplight of the hall came a slender, girlish figure bearing a waiter which held two old-fashioned goblets encrusted with frost.

"Hebe!" exclaimed the Judge rising from his chair with never failing formality. "Ah, Betsy dear, what kind of nectar are you bringing us two old codgers, since this infernal state went dry?"

"Guess?" she answered laughing, "a little bit of everything and some mint leaves stuck in the top for a make-believe." She put the waiter down upon the table. "Aren't they beautiful?" she added, "frosted on the outside all the way to the bottom; they wouldn't do that last night, but this time I made them." She waited with childish expectancy for the Judge's grandiloquent praise.

His chivalrous speech was equal to the occasion, but his spirit was laboriously forced.

"They look quite dangerously intoxicating and so do you. 'Pon my soul, Betsy, there's something supernatural about you tonight, dressed all in white and your golden hair shining like a nimbus. If I were only forty years younger, I'd call you an angel, and then lasso you to that pillar for fear you would fly away. You're too good to us. Frosted drinks like that are fit for a king."

She laughed again, and leaving the glare of the moonlight she went and leaned over the Doctor's low-backed chair and smoothed his growing bald spot. "Nothing is too good for you and grand-

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father," she said gaily. "I think you both are a great improvement on kings. Are you going to have your game of chess this evening? I put all the men on the board while I waited for the drinks to get frosty."

"It's a little too warm to go inside," answered the Doctor, taking possession of the soothing hand and raising it to his lips. "We'll just smoke a pipe or two and drink these mysterious soft drinks and go to bed, Betsy. Turn out the lamps in the library and see if your Aunt Carrie wants anything. She had a headache when she went upstairs. Old people have to be so durn careful of themselves. An extra spoonful of preserves and we're out of commission for a week."

The girl fell upon her knees beside her grandfather's chair, and putting her arms around him she kissed him passionately. There were moments when her love for him was mingled with the tragic fear of parting. "Now you know you are well—perfectly well. But what do you find to talk about? Haven't you two exhausted every known topic, after all these years?"

"Not quite," answered the Judge. "Not—not—everything." She did not notice the confusion of his manner, as she held up her face to him. He stooped and kissed her reverently, and then she turned and went into the house.

"She is like her mother," said the old Doctor, smiling happily after her. "Not so beautiful but she is more docile. Her mother had a streak of stubbornness, inherited I suppose from me."

"I never thought her stubborn."

"Ah well, I know you never would agree that she had a fault, but I never could quite resign myself to her marriage. George was an impractical reformer, tilting at wind mills. He didn't know how to take care of the fortune his father left him and he couldn't make money himself.

"He was an idealist," said the Judge dreamily, "and they were very happy together. He was so honest, so high-minded I always liked and respected him, even though I wanted her for my boy."

"I know—I know. We had our hearts on that marriage, and before our two young people had time to fall in love with each other, George 'butted' in. Perhaps I was unreasonably prejudiced against him on that account, but it looks like we can remedy it all in this generation. When is Bob coming home?"

A slight shudder passed through the Judge's big frame. "I

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came here tonight to talk about Bob. That is my secret, the secret that is hard to tell. He is not worthy of her, he is not worthy. *Betsy must not be allowed to marry Bob.*"

The Doctor dropped his pipe, the carefully-colored bowl was shattered into fragments on the floor.

"My Lord!" he cried, "Bob and Betsy. Why they were made for each other! Why not? No—no—I won't ask you why, Tom; I'll take your judgment. We know each other too well to ask for reasons. I'll not ask for them. I've had faith in you always. I won't have reasons."

He rose from his chair and paced restlessly up and down, his short shadow showed sharp and black as it advanced and retreated across the square flags of the portico. The Judge sat watching him in silence. For some inexplicable reason the Doctor's agitation produced a calm in his own manner that he could not have attained to alone.

"But I came here tonight to give you reasons," he went on dully. "It's the first time in my life, Jake, that I haven't wanted to come. When you spoke just now of a love of life, I was thinking of myself—I have lived too long." He paused a moment to steady his voice and then went on bravely to the end. "I have lived—lived to find that my grandson is a *thief*."

"My God!" cried the Doctor protestingly, and he leaned weakly against one of the vine-laden pillars for support. "I don't believe it of Bob. Someone has accused him falsely, or you're straining at gnats, Tom. I—I can't, won't believe that of Bob."

"It's God's truth," said the Judge, and his face looked white and strained in the moonlight. "I need not tell you, Jake, the shame it has brought to me. You know he has been trying to help pay his way through the university by acting as secretary to one of the professors. I couldn't quite see how I could meet all the expenses. Professor Carson trusted him and left a large sum of money in his care. Carson was always absent-minded and careless about money matters. It's the same old story. Bob speculated with the money, expected to return it. Carson found him out and threatened to prosecute and I—"

"Go on."

"Well, I sold the fifty acres that the railroad has wanted for so long and Carson has agreed to hush the matter up."

"My Lord! Tom—the fifty acres! Why that's the best part of your farm."

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"I know—I know," he agreed indifferently, "but that does not matter now. Nothing seems to matter now. I feel that Bob is in prison. I have convicted so many men for less. The memory of it will always lie between us as tangible to me *as bars*. Carson trusted him. I feel that it was worse than disgrace—it was dishonor. Betsy must not be allowed to marry a *thief*."

The Doctor paused in his excited walk and laid his heavy hand upon the shoulder of his friend. It was his only outward mark of sympathy. From the shore of the far-away trout stream came the hoarse croaking of frogs and the shrill tuneless notes of the crickets; a fresh breeze, reversing the leaves of the poplars, transformed them into a spectral line: ghosts of a regiment, in tatters of silver gray, guarding the sanctity of the familiar garden, for the peace of the place seemed threatened.

For a long time the two friends were silent, and then the old Doctor spoke as if the Judge had had the insight to follow all the ramifications of his thoughts.

"I don't know about it," he said tolerantly, "I don't know—I don't just see it as—as you do, Tom. Maybe it's because I've been trying to cure people all my life, while you've been judging them. You see the boy may never be tempted again. I believe I would trust him, Tom. I *know* I would trust him because—well you see he is *your grandson*."

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## DAWN IN THE CITY.

BY PIERRE LOVING.

BEHIND dim-carven bridges shadowed deep
In memoried pools of bistre-blue
Where, brokenly, the moon-ribbed waters keep
Musical vigil by pile-guarded quays,
Unfolds the breast-flower of the dawn 'mid dew
And mystic chanting smokes up from the seas.

The withering ebb and flow
Of change and circumstance
Let loose amid the marts and city-canyons, lie asleep,
Whilst star-decked roofs foursquare

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Saliently sculpt the dawn-whist air
Of Heaven;
And plucking one by one sidereal blooms,
Voiceless each looms
And penitent for daylight sins, upstands.
And one by one by strange invisible hands
Are shriven.

Lo, all the while
Across each waking mile
A lean wise wind
With never-idle and incanting hands
Prays all things into life,
Prays old things into new,
Prays green things into rife
And where, a moment gone, dark brooded, still
And shuttered markets lay,
In harried disarray,
Wondering at Night's overstay,
Now, now, full-panoplied, rides down
The chivalry of Day.
Yea, now the onset with sun-tempered brands
Befalls,
The faëry visit of gay hands
Upon Night's portals
Until
At last to all the world of mortals,
Stirring the subject seas,
Flicking the blades of grass,
Speeding the winds that flit and pass,
Unbarring mills and factories
With musings tinged immortal white,
While stare-eyed streets and ways
Grow choked with carts and drays,
God thunders large in light!

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# AIMS AND METHODS IN SOCIAL INSURANCE.

BY JOHN O'GRADY, PH.D.

IT is very important that workingmen receive living wages, that the hours of their labor be reasonably short and that they carry on their work under healthful conditions. They have a right to these things and the welfare of society demands that they be secured for them. But, after all, it is not low wages nor long hours that causes so much of the poverty with which we come in contact. It is when the income of the worker has been cut off that real want begins to stare him in the face.

Contact with powerful machines results in the maiming of thousands of workers in this country every year. Sometimes they are killed outright but, more frequently, they are totally or partially disabled. Contact with poisonous substances, gas fumes and dusts frequently brings about fatal diseases. Harmful conditions in places of employment and excessive fatigue, predispose the workers to sickness. After his day in the factory, the worker frequently has to go to a home which is anything but conducive to health. It is overcrowded, ill-ventilated and unsanitary.

The great speed of the modern factory has an undoubted tendency to shorten man's working life. The man who is past middle life finds it increasingly difficult to keep the pace set by the machine. Should he be displaced by some industrial change, he will find it exceedingly difficult to secure another position.

Workers are subject to periods of unemployment, owing to the seasonal character of certain trades and to financial depressions. Again, it not infrequently happens that the breadwinner of a family dies before his dependents have become self-supporting.

Everyone is interested in devising ways and means of safeguarding the workers against the various hazards to which they are exposed, and which may any day cut off their income and leave themselves and their families penniless.

Insurance is the great means which society has devised to protect its members against risk.

In a small town there are, let us say, one hundred houses valued at ten thousand dollars each. Experience shows that on the average,

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three of these houses will burn down every year. The loss of these three houses may mean financial ruin to their owners. In order to avoid such large property losses in the case of any one or number of individuals, all the owners in the town pay a certain fixed premium every year. They determine, in a word, to spread their risks and to bear their losses conjointly. The same principle applied by the inhabitants of the town to protect themselves against fire losses, is applied in all branches of insurance. By the payment of a fixed premium men protect themselves against probable large losses in the future, whether these losses be due to death, accident, sickness or fire.

There is no reason why this same means, which has been so successfully applied by the more fortunately situated members of society to protect themselves against the various hazards to which they are exposed, should not be also applied in case of the workers. A powerful movement is on foot in this country having for its goal the application of the insurance principle to the hazards which threaten to deprive workingmen's families of their incomes. But why should a movement like this require artificial fostering? Are not the workers sufficiently alive to their interests to render outside interference unnecessary. Upwards of two and one half million workmen in this country belong to trade unions which not alone secure for them higher wages, shorter hours and more reasonable working conditions, but also protect them against the economic losses due to accidents, sickness, invalidity, old age and unemployment. Again, many thousands of workers belong to friendly societies which offer them a certain amount of protection against industrial hazards. It must be remembered, however, that only about eighteen per cent of the organizable workers in this country belong to trade unions. With a few notable exceptions organization has made very little progress outside of the skilled trades, and, even in these trades, the unions have been compelled to devote most of their time to collective bargaining. It is only in the older and more powerful organizations that benefit features have attained any degree of development. Among these, beneficiary activities have been looked upon as a useful means of attracting and retaining members. Scarcely half the members of fraternal organizations in this country belong to the working classes; and, furthermore, the protection afforded by these organizations is not at all adequate. Their insurance is in most instances little more than funeral insurance.

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There are two reasons why workmen have been unable to protect themselves against industrial hazards by means of insurance. A large percentage of them do not receive sufficient to maintain a decent standard of life. These, of course, have no surplus to pay insurance premiums. Even for the worker who has a small surplus, so many and so varied are the hazards to which he is exposed that the cost of insurance becomes almost prohibitive.

If the ordinary workman has no surplus, if he is without protection against industrial hazards, it is not difficult to estimate what will be the result of an industrial accident, of a long period of sickness, of premature invalidity or of two or three weeks unemployment, so far as he and his family are concerned. What then must have been the results of the two hundred thousand industrial accidents every year in this country before the passing of workmen's compensation laws and of the thirty thousand deaths due to industrial accidents? What must be the social consequences of the eight hundred million dollars annually lost to wage-earners in this country by sickness? The poverty and suffering from all these accidents and all this sickness are evidently a social concern. They interfere with the efficiency and well-being of the nation as a whole. Our desire for more efficient workmanship, as well as our charitable impulses, compel us to find a remedy for them.

In the middle ages the guilds protected their members against sickness and other disabilities. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the social functions of the guilds were taken over by the state. The government then took care of those who were not self-supporting by means of the "poorhouse" or outdoor relief. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, many private organizations sprang up in England and elsewhere for the purpose of protecting their members against poverty due to wage losses. These organizations were accorded various privileges by the state. Later it was deemed necessary to regulate them so as to protect them against insolvency. When it was discovered that regulation was not sufficient to extend the benefits of these organizations to all wage-earners, some modern states determined to subsidize them. Within the past twenty-five years many European governments have concluded that if workers are to be effectively protected against the various risks which cut off their incomes and compel them to become dependents, compulsory insurance legislation must be enacted.

There are several ways by which compulsion may be made

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effective in the field of social insurance. The state may say to the employer, "You shall defray the cost of certain occupational hazards in your factory," at the same time leaving him free to protect himself as he thinks best. In such a case the employer will naturally try to spread his risk by means of insurance. Should the employer fail to insure and at the same time prove insolvent, the victims of industrial accidents in his factory or their dependents would be in a rather serious plight. In order to protect the workers against such an eventuality, most states compel the employer to insure. In some instances the employer is free in regard to the form of insurance to be adopted. In other instances he is compelled to adopt a particular form of insurance. In case of other risks besides industrial accidents, the state may conclude that it is not equitable to place the whole burden on the employer. Sickness is due to extra-occupational as well as occupational causes. The state may accordingly compel the employee to bear a part of the cost of sickness and invalidity insurance, while, at the same time, it compels the employer to bear a part and bears a part itself. Finally, the state may impose a tax upon all its citizens for the payment of a pension to workers who have been unable to save anything for old age. It may conclude that their long years of service gives these workers a right to a pension, or that a pension is a better means of relieving their dependency than charity. The foregoing represents, in brief outline, the attitude of modern states towards social insurance. It has been generally admitted that industry should bear the entire cost of industrial accidents, to be transferred to consumers in the form of increased prices. It is considered a better social policy to have the consumer defray the cost of industrial accidents than to have their victims become dependents upon public charity.

Under the old common law of England as applied in this country, every individual was supposed to be responsible for the results of his own actions. In the case of an industrial accident the courts, accordingly, tried to find out who was responsible. But the position of the employee before the court was weakened by reason of the fact that certain defences were developed on the side of the employer, which gave the latter an unequal advantage. The employee was supposed to have assumed the ordinary risks of the trade. If the accident resulted from the negligence of a fellow-employee, the injured party had no recourse against the employer. His only recourse in such a case would be against the fellow-em-

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ployee. If the employee in any way contributed to the accident by his neglect, he had very little hope of obtaining compensation, though the employer might have been equally negligent. It is evident that the application of such legal doctrine must have placed the workers at a very serious disadvantage under modern industrial conditions.

They could not expect to command the same legal talent as the employer in the legal battle which generally followed a claim for compensation. The case was generally before the court for a long time before a final decision was rendered. According to the insurance year book for 1911 there were thirteen thousand and forty-three suits outstanding against fourteen liability insurance companies, December 1, 1910. Of these nearly three thousand had been in court before 1908 and more than five thousand before 1909. In the meantime the worker or his family were, in many instances, depending upon public charity. If the case was finally decided in favor of the injured party, a large part of the money received went to pay lawyers' fees. According to the New York Employers' Liability Commission the lawyers received twenty-six and three-tenths per cent of the total amount awarded to injured employees. The modern compensation law does not take into account the negligence of the employee, except in so far as it is gross and willful. Neither does it take into account the negligence of the employer. It is based almost entirely on the theory that accidents are incidental to the modern industrial process, and that compensation for them should be as necessary a part of the cost of production as the wear and tear of machinery. Under the compensation system, it is not so much the character of the injury received by the worker, as his needs that determines the amount of the award. One rarely finds a modern compensation board granting a large sum to an injured worker. In all probability it would not be turned to the best account by the ordinary wage-earner. A serious effort has been made, under compensation legislation, to adjust the compensation scale to the needs of the worker. The amount of compensation, therefore, generally depends on the economic loss suffered by the injured party or his family, as a result of the accident. When the worker has been totally and permanently disabled, the best compensation laws allow him a pension equal to two-thirds of his wages for life. If he is partially disabled, the amount which he receives depends on his loss of earning power. If the worker is killed, the amount of compensation paid

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to his widow depends on the number of children which she has to maintain.

But the modern state is not satisfied with laying down the general principle that employers must defray the cost of industrial accidents. It also takes the necessary steps to see that they are capable of discharging their obligations in this regard by compelling them to insure. In two countries, namely Norway and Switzerland, the employer is obliged to insure in a state fund. In Germany and in Austria the employers in each district must form their own mutual insurance institutions, which are supervised and regulated by the state. In American states, with the exception of Ohio and Washington where insurance in the state fund is obligatory, employers are free to insure in a state fund, a private stock company, a mutual company or to carry their own risk. Iusurance generally frees the employer from further responsibility in regard to industrial accidents. All the claims of injured employees against the establishment have henceforth to be met by the insurance companies.

Germany was the first modern country to adopt the principle of compensation for industrial accidents on a national scale. The German Emperor, in his now famous message to the legislature, in 1881, recommended the making of national provision for sickness, industrial accidents and invalidity. In 1883 Germany passed a compulsory sickness insurance law, and in 1884 a compulsory accident insurance law. Since that time all European states have followed the example of Germany in making national provision for industrial accidents. Austria was the first to follow the example of her neighbor, passing a compulsory accident insurance law in 1887. Ten years later Great Britain passed a compulsory compensation law, leaving the matter of insurance to the discretion of the employer. In 1898 a similar law was passed by France.

The United States was the last of modern great nations to accept the compensation principle. Up to ten years ago very little was known in this country about the European compensation movement. Most people who gave the question any thought, believed that it would be a better policy to modify our liability laws than to pass workmen's compensation or industrial accident insurance laws.

New York in 1910 was the first American state to pass an effective workmen's compensation law; but a year later this law was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of that state,

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on the ground that it constituted an unreasonable interference with the liberty and property rights of the individual. The decision of the New York court gave a great setback to the compensation movement in this country. The different states were anxious to pass compensation laws, but were prevented from doing so by the constitutional difficulty. It was evident that American courts would not compel employers to pay compensation for accidents which were not due to their own neglect. An interesting compromise was adopted by New Jersey in 1911. Under the New Jersey law the employer is free to elect employers' liability or workmen's compensation; but if he elects employers' liability, he is not permitted to plead the defences of common law, that is, he cannot claim exemption from compensation on the ground that the accident was due to the negligence of a fellow-employee, that the injured employee assumed the ordinary risks of the trade or that the employee himself contributed to the accident by his own neglect. This compromise has already been adopted, with rather favorable results, in twenty-four American states.

With a view to forestalling the constitutional difficulties in the way of compulsory compensation legislation, a number of states have amended their constitutions. Amendments in favor of such legislation were adopted in 1912 in Ohio and in New York in 1913. As a result of the constitutional amendment New York passed a compulsory compensation law in 1913. The constitutionality of this law was again called into question as being at variance with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. A short time ago the Supreme Court of the United States declared the New York law constitutional, its enactment having been justified in the interests of public health and welfare. This decision of the Supreme Court will remove most of the difficulties in the way of compulsory compensation legislation. The same day on which it handed down its decision in the New York case, the United States Supreme Court also upheld the constitutionality of the Washington compulsory insurance law which obliges all employers in certain industries in that state to insure their employees in a state fund. American legislatures, therefore, are not only free to enact compulsory compensation laws, but they may also compel employers to insure in a state fund.

From the foregoing brief outline of the compensation movement in the United States, it may be seen that, although this country was rather slow at first in taking up the compensation



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idea, the progress since 1911 has been very great. Within a short period of six years no less than thirty-five American states have passed compensation laws under one form or another.

But while the great majority of American states have accepted the compensation principle, we must not deceive ourselves into thinking that all the victims of industrial accidents in this country receive compensation. Not more than twenty per cent of the reported industrial accidents are compensated in any American state, and the percentage of those receiving compensation is sometimes as low as six or seven. The elective character of most American compensation laws excludes large numbers. Many employers still prefer employers' liability to workmen's compensation. American states passing compulsory compensation laws have been compelled, on constitutional grounds, to limit their application to certain dangerous trades. Most of the laws exclude large classes of workers, such as those engaged in agriculture, domestic service and office work. Thousands of workers engaged in interstate commerce do not come under any compensation law whatever. We can, therefore, see that much still remains to be done before the American compensation laws approach perfection, before the principle of compensation for industrial accidents becomes effective, so far as American workers on the whole are concerned.

Workmen's compensation, especially when it includes all occupational accidents and diseases, must prevent a considerable amount of dependency, but it can, by no means, be as effective in this regard as sickness insurance. According to the report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, accidents cause only one-seventh as much destitution as sickness. The Immigration Commission, in its study of thirty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-one cases of dependency among immigrants, found that the illness of the breadwinner or other members of the family, was the apparent cause of need in thirty-eight and eight-tenths per cent of the cases, while accidents were the apparent cause in only three and eight-tenths per cent. At the hearing before the New York Legislature on health insurance in 1916 it was shown that thirty-seven per cent of the families aided by the Charity Organization Society of New York City, during the preceding year, were dependent because their wage-earners were disabled by sickness, and that from two-thirds to four-fifths of the expenditures of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, were necessary because of illness. In order to get an exact picture

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of the part played by illness in the dependency problem of California, the Social Insurance Commission of that state examined the records of over five thousand families recently assisted by the charitable organizations of San Francisco and Los Angeles. From this examination it was discovered that illness, combined with other causes, was a factor in dependency in two thousand six hundred and fifty-two cases or fifty-two per cent of the total number of cases, and that illness alone was the cause of dependency in one thousand five hundred and five or twenty-eight and forty-two hundredths per cent of the total number of cases.

A fairly large percentage of American workers do not receive sufficient wages to make any provision for the future. Of the twenty-two thousand four hundred and forty families whose budgets were studied by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, fifty per cent reported an average surplus of one hundred and twenty dollars; sixteen per cent, an average deficit of sixty-five dollars; while the remaining thirty-four per cent reported neither a surplus nor a deficit. Of the six hundred and sixty-seven women employed in department stores in New York City recently investigated by the New York Factory Investigating Commission, less than one-fourth or fourteen and five-tenths per cent had been able to save. Even where individual saving is possible, there may be a serious question whether it is an economical method of providing against a risk which is so uncertain and so unevenly distributed as sickness. We know that the average workmen loses from eight to ten days in the year through sickness, but we cannot tell how much time any one individual will lose. He may escape entirely, or a severe attack may cut off his income for months. If in the latter case the worker is not protected by insurance, that is, if the loss is not spread over a large group, he may be compelled to dissipate the savings of a life time and eventually be reduced to a condition of dependency.

The protection of workers against the economic losses due to sickness has been a source of coöperative effort at all times; it was one of the primal objects of the guilds of the Middle Ages; it forms a part of the policy of the modern friendly society or fraternal order, and is one of the channels through which the fraternal impulse of the modern trade union finds expression. Many of the more progressive employers of our day are beginning to realize the close connection between the health and efficiency of their workers. They know that if their workmen have not proper medical attention

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in sickness, they lose time and are in danger of having their health permanently undermined. It is not from motives of pure philanthropy that so many employers establish welfare departments in their factories, that they detail nurses and physicians to attend to their employees when ill, and establish benefit funds to neutralize the economic losses due to illness. They know that all their efforts will be repaid by the increased efficiency and permanency of their labor force.

The fraternal orders have done a great work in supplying the need for cheap insurance in this country. Through them millions of persons, who would otherwise be left unprotected, have been able to purchase insurance. The fraternals have a singular advantage in the fact that they can combine insurance with other social activities and, also, in the further fact that the weekly or monthly premiums may be collected by the local lodges, thus avoiding the necessity of a house to house canvass which entails such a heavy expense for the old line companies. On January 1, 1915, there were in the United States one hundred and seventy-nine fraternal associations with a membership of seven million seven hundred thousand. Of this number thirty associations, with eight hundred thousand members, paid sick benefits in 1914. The amount paid was one million one hundred thousand dollars or one per cent of the whole fraternal insurance business in the United States. This, however, does not give a complete picture of the work done by fraternal orders in this country. In many of these orders provision against sickness is left to the local chapter or lodge; of the work done by the locals we have very little information. The California Social Insurance Commission found that three hundred thousand members of the local branches of fraternal organizations in that state, were entitled to sickness benefits. This, according to the commission, represented thirty-five per cent of the total membership of the fraternals in California. If the same proportion prevailed throughout the whole country, it would mean that about two million eight hundred thousand persons are entitled to sickness benefits from the local branches of the different fraternal orders. If all these belonged to the working class, it might be said that the fraternal orders, together with the other private organizations in the field, were going a great way towards solving the problem of sickness. But according to the best estimate not more than half the members of fraternal societies in this country belong to the working class, and, in all probability, not more than the same proportion of the

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persons insured against sickness by these organizations are wage-earners. If, as is probably true, the fraternal orders protect two million wage-earners against sickness, they are doing a great work in the field of health insurance.

But the fraternals have their limitations; the two principal ones brought to light by the California commission are the financial insecurity of the small lodges and the absence of medical aid. In a small society of less than two hundred and fifty members, there is not a sufficient distribution of loss for the making of a reliable statistical average. Again, where the central organization does not exercise a high degree of control over the local funds, they are liable to be handled in a rather careless manner. Another important limitation of the fraternals is the absence of the medical benefit. It is generally admitted that the fraternals do not provide proper medical care, and it is unreasonable to expect them to do so. Medical care for the sick which ought to mean the attention of a qualified physician, dental care, drug supplies and hospital care, when necessary, is an expensive undertaking. It cannot be provided by a fraternal order without such an increase of dues as would drive away countless prospective members.

The modern trade union, as the name indicates, is primarily an organization for trade purposes. It regulates wages, methods of payment, hours of labor, application of machinery and entrance to the trades. It is only when it has succeeded in attaining its primary object, that the trade union begins to engage in beneficiary activities. Then it begins to look upon benefits as a useful means of attracting and retaining members, and as a reward for long years of patient service in the cause of labor. Accordingly, we find that sickness as well as other benefits are confined to the old and well-established trade unions like those in the building and printing industries or in railroad train service. A federal investigation in 1908 showed that of the one hundred and twenty-five national unions in this country, only nineteen provided benefits for temporary disability which includes sickness and accidents. The nineteen unions had a membership of three hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred thousand, or about one-fourth of the total trade union membership in the country at the time. The total amount expended by the American national unions for temporary disability in 1907, was eight hundred and thirty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars.

But in providing sickness benefits the local unions play a far

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more important part than the national. The tendency, in fact, seems to be to leave this branch of activity entirely in the hands of the local. How far the different locals respond to the need of providing sickness benefits for their members, is difficult to say, as no complete study of the question has ever been made in this country. Of the five hundred and thirty local unions investigated by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics in 1908, it was found that two hundred and forty-six, having a membership of one hundred and three thousand four hundred and fifty-two, paid temporary disability benefits, including sickness and accidents. The amount paid varied between two dollars and ten dollars a week, the maximum time for which the benefits was paid being generally about thirteen weeks.

Even where no systematic benefit has been established, the care of the sick forms an important part of the activities of the local branches of American trade unions. Every local has its sickness committee, whose duty it is to visit members who are indisposed. In case sick members are in want, an appeal is generally made to the membership on their behalf; in which case an appropriation is made from an emergency fund specially set aside for this purpose or out of the local treasury. If there are no funds on hand a collection is taken up from the members.

Like the fraternals, the trade unions have their limitations as a means of protecting the workers against sickness. Their membership constitutes only about eighteen per cent of the organizable wage-earners in this country. They generally represent the best paid and most highly skilled workers. To the great mass of unskilled workers, they afford practically no protection against low wages or the other risks to which they are exposed. Even in case of the skilled workers, the protection which they offer, in case of sickness, is far from being sufficient. They may protect the worker against the economic losses due to illness, but they fail in the all-important essential of medical care.

Benefits in case of sickness and accidents constitute an important part of the industrial betterment schemes introduced by American employers during the past few years. As was already noted, the more advanced employers are beginning to realize the close connection between health and efficiency. They feel that if their employees have proper medical attention during periods of illness, they will lose less time and that their output will be increased.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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# COVENTRY PATMORE'S "UNKNOWN EROS."

BY FREDERICK PAGE.

Dear Lord, for forty years I tried to raise in the wilderness a house for Thy abode. I painfully gathered bricks, and worked a bit of cornice here, and there a capital; but as I put it together all would suddenly fall, and still I gathered up material, though the more I gathered the greater seemed the chaos; but one day, why none could tell, except perhaps that I felt more despair than ever I had done before, I heard a winnowing of unseen wings, and lo, the bricks and stones all took their place,

And a gay palace fine
Beyond my deepest dreamt design.
May He Who built it all
Take care it does not fall.[1]

IT has always pleased me to draw attention to the unconscious Catholicism of Patmore's poetry written before his conversion. And in treating of his later poetry: the odes in irregular metre published under the title of *The Unknown Eros,* I am still primarily concerned to commend this poetry to Catholics as Catholic and only incidentally to prove it poetry.

*The Unknown Eros* comprises poems of very diverse character, yet was regarded by its author as a single poem. He printed nine of the odes in 1868 for private circulation, and these he then described as fragments of an intended poem which he found himself unable to complete. Nine years later, in 1877, he published anonymously thirty-one odes, under the title of *The Unknown Eros,* and, the next year, these and fifteen more were issued in his own name. The arrangement of the poems in these earlier editions seems quite haphazard, and Patmore's readers had ample excuse to question then whether this series of rural, personal, political, ecclesiastical, and mystical poems had sufficient unity or progression of thought to justify the title. The poems are now rearranged and grouped into two books, and this division and rearrangement makes it possible to trace a very suggestive sequence of thought.

Patmore's work, from beginning to end, was at one with itself, and developed one theme—the reconciliation of body and soul, of

[1] Coventry Patmore. *A posthumously published fragment.*

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which the sacrament of marriage is a type, the man and the woman really finding the fruition of their eternally separate selves only in God. It will not be strange, then, if the poet-mystic, knowing love as few know it, and yet unsatisfied, hungering for God, should conceive of God's relation to the soul as that of a Wooer and (at our consent) a Husband,

> Who woos man's will
> To wedlock with His own, and does distill
> To that drop's span
> The attar of all rose fields of all love.

This progress of the soul, from the earthly symbol to the heavenly prototype, was exhibited in its entirety in each of Patmore's longer poems, and in his later religious prose. "Love shall begin here and so, but not here and so shall it end:" this is the theme equally of *Tamerton Church-Tower,* of *The Angel,* of the odes; and of the prose *Religio Poetæ* and *Rod, Root and Flower;* but the emphasis falls differently in the different writings, for only so could the proposition be set forth in its fullness.

"First the natural, afterwards the supernatural:" this marks the distinction between the two books of *The Unknown Eros.* The second book is to speak of the Beatific Vision mystically apprehended, while in the first book the soul is yet pursuing towards the mark "faint, yet pursuing."

The opening odes speak of the Divine institution of marriage, yet with true Catholicism sing the praise of virginity in those capable of this grace. This latter *motif* is recurrent in Patmore, as it must be in any writing having for its subject the relation of the soul to God. The first ode *(Saint Valentine's Day)* speaks of virginity, as that difficult yet ideal life frequently conceived only to be relinquished by the soul in its awaking to the full life of the senses, in a lovely parable of the earth in February putting by the austerities of winter. Yet "the rash oath of virginity" is "first-love's first cry," and some are divinely moved to persevere therein; to them the more mystical odes each in turn yields nobler praise. The second and fourth odes *(Wind and Wave* and *Beata)* speak of marriage in its sacramental aspect, wherein God condescends to the feebleness of the soul, permitting a mediate approach. Yet in *Wind and Wave* we see His claim as postponed, not remitted. Of the object of marriage-love Patmore writes:

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She, as a little breeze
Following still Night,
Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas
Into delight;
But, in a while,
The immeasurable smile
Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent
With darkling discontent;
And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay,
And all the heaving ocean heaves one way,
'Tward the void sky-line and an unguess'd weal.

For the heavenly attainment, I will refer my readers to the poem itself.

The ode which breaks in between the two last mentioned, is *Winter,* a description in which, were it not an integral part of *The Unknown Eros,* one would not look for any mystical meaning at all. Indeed, if to any its perfect loveliness is spoilt, when regarded as in the least allegorical, I would not press the point, for I am by no means certain of my own interpretation. Some, however, may be willing to read it with me as a not too obvious parable of the celibate life, existing in a wintry world by faith in an unseen future:

Nor is in field or garden anything
But, duly look'd into, contains serene
The substance of things hoped for, in the Spring,
And evidence of Summer not yet seen.

Having so outlined the problem of the spiritual life, Patmore, who was nothing if not definite, proceeds to speak out of his own experience of love and of religion. The fifth ode, *The Day after Tomorrow,* offers some difficulties of interpretation. It has been supposed to refer to the reunion of beloved souls in heaven; but since the following half-dozen odes are autobiographical, telling of the death of the poet's first wife and his own second marriage; and since the whole of *The Unknown Eros* has been rearranged in a certain order, I would suggest that in these autobiographic odes the order is chronological, and that *The Unknown Eros* (regarded as a single poem) represents, in miniature, the whole life of a man. The rapture of this ode, then, is that of a literal day after tomorrow —the anticipation of reunion after an absence: a feeling which (we may learn from the biography) never lost its freshness for these

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married lovers, and which finds at least four separate expressions in the poems of Coventry Patmore. The next ode, *Tristitia,* opens with a description of the most perfect happiness of marriage:

> .....with hearts conjoin'd in such a peace
> That Hope, so not to cease,
> Must still gaze back,
> And count, along our love's most happy track,
> The landmarks of like inconceiv'd increase.

To sum up briefly, this ode and the five following match the utmost sweetness of these lines by the piercing pathos of their desolation, and the merciless sincerity of their self-examination. After that, by a long and slow approach, with constant interruptions, the poet attains to the heart of his theme, the intercourse which the soul was created to hold with God. What this will be in its ultimate expression, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man. What it may be here and now the saints alone know by experience, having attained their knowledge by heroic suffering. But to poets, actual or potential, this knowledge is sometimes granted without the qualifying holiness—" in the counsels of the generosity of God," as Mrs. Meynell says.

Patmore, however, never forgot the responsibilities of revelation. Men of genius, he said, were generally the worse and not the better for their strange prerogative, since sin in them is terribly in danger of being sin against the Holy Ghost. Therefore the moral note is never absent from even his most mystical poetry, as also it is never absent from that of his disciple and fellow, Francis Thompson. In *The Unknown Eros* there is far more said of preparation, of delay, of warning, of reticence, of a withdrawal of vision in mercy or in anger, than there is hinted of the ineffable bliss of union with God.

His biographer has said of him that " the encomium he would have valued most of all might be expressed in a variation of a phrase of Tertullian's: *O mens naturaliter Catholica;*" and it would seem that the whole of the Catholic system makes itself felt in his writings. His religion was no æsthetic hobby, it had been firmly based, twenty years before he became a Catholic, on a sense of the infinite malice of sin, and when he speaks in one of these odes *(Tristitia)* of the possibility of his own eternal reprobation, it is not the easy exaggeration of a sentimentalist, even though he seem

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to write of it too lightly; he but repeats in verse what he had said thirty years before in a plain and unmistakable prose letter. And even in *The Angel in the House,* which to many is a "sweetly pretty story," hell is ever set forth as the dread alternative to the infinite development of the happiness he is depicting.

And so here, religion is a thing to be confessed and agonized for. One of these odes, *A Farewell,* is often read as a valediction to the dead beloved, accepting the separation wrought by death.

> With all my will, but much against my heart
> We two now part.
> My Very Dear,
> Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
> It needs no art,
> With faint, averted feet
> And many a tear,
> In our opposed paths to persevere.

But a friend of Coventry Patmore's tells me that he reads this as referring to the separation wrought by a difference of creed. The poet indeed had his dead wife in mind, and what would have been the mutual pain of their broken unity of sympathy resulting from his conversion. So read, the ode has a terribly important position in this drama of a soul. "If any man come to Me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple." It would be unjust to the poet's affection not to refer the reader to the conclusion of the ode, with its hope of reunion.

A word must be given to the four political odes which break in so curiously upon the last few domestic poems. Patmore is nowhere so fallible as in these despairing and accusing lamentations and prophecies; yet their anger was not all unjust, and their foreboding never less than courageous. They have their place here, as symbolizing the Christian's necessary concern to make the will of God prevail in the world; and we need not ask them to do more than symbolize that: if not these particular odes, then certain other secular odes should be here; and these that are may well stand, in intention, for those that should be.

The remaining five odes of the first book speak of that necessary acquirement of charity which will prevent us from judging others, and will accept even unjust blame, as "missing only the right blot." They speak of the painful life of daily endeavor in

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periods of dryness—the indispensable preliminaries to the peace of God—and the first book closes with a parable of the sudden influx of that peace: the man's painful struggle to please God has been as unhopeful as St. Peter's fishing, yet he will persevere,

> And, lo, I caught
> (Oh, quite unlike and quite beyond my thought),
> Not the quick, shining harvest of the Sea,
> For food, my wish,
> But Thee!
> Then, hiding even in me,
> As hid was Simon's coin within the fish,
> Thou sigh'd'st, with joy, "Be dumb,
> Or speak but of forgotten things to far-off times to come."

It is these things, the mysteries of the love of God, now generally forgotten, of which the second book is to speak; but our present concern is merely to note how, even here, these mysteries are hedged about with hard conditions and threatenings. The first ode speaks of God as the unknown Eros Who waits to crown all the longing of the soul; the second speaks of the nuptial contract of our first parents, which the poet imagines, perhaps only in parable, as a contract of virgin spousals, to which their strength proved insufficient; this weakness they have bequeathed to us, their children in the flesh. Our redemption from the "body of this death" began in the consummated virgin spousals of Our Lady and St. Joseph. The opening theme of the first book is thus repeated, but only to be immediately interrupted by two odes *(Arbor Vitæ* and *The Standard)* on the authority of the Church as the guardian of these mysteries. She is the Tree of Life, of no beauty that the wise and noble of this world should desire her. If I may translate the poet's metaphors, he says of the Church that some of the devotions she permits her children are nothing less than childish; that her decorations are often tawdry; that her history is not much more blameless than that of the men "after God's own heart;" her decrees sometimes harsh; her priests not invariably scholars. But the Tree's fruit, the Church's dogmas—

> Rich, though rejected of the forest pigs
> Its fruit, beneath whose rough concealing rind
> Those that will break it find
> Heart-succoring savor of each several meat,

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And kernell'd drink of brain-renewing power,
With bitter condiment and sour,
And sweet economy of sweet,
And odors that remind
Of haunts of childhood and a different day.

The second of these two poems speaks of the Church as enlisting her children beneath her banner; and again the insincere are repelled with rough truth: the Church is not for gentlemen careful of their gentility; conspicuous among her children are the blind, the lame, the publicans and sinners; but what then?—shall we enlist under the opposed standard?

With this pressed upon our consideration, we go on to hear of the soul as the Spouse of God, and our earthly loves as only a faint symbol of His love; we respond (with the next ode) that our delight is in His law; we thank Him for the joys of the body, but only to exalt the great virgin-souls. We, for our earthliness,

.....needs must, for a season, lie
In the grave's arms, foul and unshriven,

whilst we see with envy

Enoch, Elijah, and the Lady, she
Who left the lilies in her body's lieu.

And here the poet interrupts his high mystical strain once more, to say there is but one of his day who can rightly speak of these things—John Henry Newman:

Behooveful, zealous, beautiful, elect,
Mild, firm, judicious, loving, bold, discreet,
Without superfluousness, without defect.....
O, that I might his holy secret reach;
O, might I catch his mantle when he goes;
O, that I were so gentle and so sweet,
So I might deal fair Sion's foolish foes
Such blows!

At last (in the ode called *Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore*) the poet is at the heart of his theme, the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, celebrated in the glad Palace of Virginity, to which are welcomed all virgins and all who are virginal of thought: "Young Lover true,

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and love-foreboding Maid, and wedded Spouse;" the penitent, also, since

> There of pure Virgins none
> Is fairer seen
> Save One
> Than Mary Magdalene.

These have all loved God, mediately or directly, and are therefore "heirs of the Palace glad." Yet even at the Porch of the Palace, the poet cries aloud for the flaming swords, and after this great ode he thinks well to introduce a satiric interlude.

This corresponds to a similar interlude of two odes in the first book: *The Two Deserts* and *Crest and Gulf*. The first rebukes that "cloudy cant" which thinks to buttress religion with the comfort-shattering conceptions of astronomy, not perceiving that these make demands upon our faith in a man-regarding God, and do not minister to it. What has the telescope shown us, asks Patmore, but that the moon is dead, and the sun in a combustion as terrific as hell-fire? Give me rather the microscope, he says:

> The nobler glass that swells to the eye
> The things which near us lie,
> Till Science rapturously hails,
> In the minutest water-drop,
> A torment of innumerable tails.
> These at the least do live.

This is answering fools according to their folly, since the grotesques of the microscope as little make for the "braced mood" of worship as does the desolation of space. But between these two deserts of the infinitely great and the infinitely small there is, he reminds us in a few lines of poetry after many lines of satire, a "royal fair estate" where wonder and beauty themselves press to catch our gaze. What is this but to say that God has locked some secrets from us, and has given us to eat of all the other trees in His garden?

*Crest and Gulf* rebukes that fussy philanthropy which would assume the whole burden of the world, never having realized the (humanly speaking) hopeless extent of evil. If a man has indeed received the call to a life of service, woe be to him if he does not respond, but let him recognize humbly that he has received a favor, and is by no means conferring one: God was not in desperate straits

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that He called upon him; nor can any, save God, contend with evil.

As these two odes rebuke the foolish good, so does the satiric interlude of the second book *(The Cry at Midnight)* rebuke the foolish "wise." And here Patmore will himself use their own favorite "facts of science" to stop their mouths. The "Rationalists" have accused us of being anthropomorphic; then let them not be anthropometric. The agnostic-turned-deist (that he may by any means resist conviction) asks: Is it thinkable that the Creator of the Universe should enter into personal relationships with His puny creatures? We admit that it is incomprehensible; but with what measure shall we mete the things of God?—or the things of science?

> The Midge's wings beat to and fro
> A thousand times ere one can utter "O!"
> And Sirius' ball
> Does on his journey run
> As many times immenser than the sun:

shall we say that the easily-counted beating of a sea-gull's wings is the normal rate of flight and the midge's abnormal; or our own sun an eminently reasonable sun, and Sirius an unnatural monster? No, each is unique, of its own kind, and as little can we bring God to book: There is no God but God. If He is self-defined as the Inhabitant of the soul, and her Bridegroom, not all our reverence for His immeasurable Majesty must keep us from accepting the seeming incompatibility.

Thrice again the poem reaches the lyrical heights of *Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore,* in two poems of the nuptials of Eros and Psyche, and in an ode to the Blessed Virgin; but before the first of these the poet stops to thank God for having granted him, and then again withdrawn, that open vision, which, in "childish years and since," he had sometime enjoyed. The withdrawal is

> .....by grace
> Lest, haply, I refuse God to His face,

while yet

> Often in straits which else for me were ill
> I mind me still
> I *did* respire the lonely auras sweet,
> I *did* the blest abodes behold, and, at the mountains' feet,
> Bathed in the holy Stream by Hermon's thymy hill.

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It was on principle that Patmore usually spoke of the life of religion in parable. He has used sufficiently often the direct method to convince us that his parables never mean only what they say.

> Wise poets, that wrapped Truth in tales,
> Knew her themselves through all her veils,

and these poems of Eros and Psyche, with all their "heathen fabling," are full of the Christian doctrine of God and the soul. They have been misunderstood, even by such an intimate friend of Patmore's as Aubrey de Vere, and even by Patmore's revered leader, Newman; but anyone who reads the poet's work as a whole, will see them merely as impassioned apprehensions of the love of God, than which surely nothing should be more impassioned.

> A sorry God were He
> That fewer claim'd than all Love's mighty kingdoms three!

If a prospective reader of Patmore would consent to the discipline of passing by these "Psyche" odes till he had read the two little books of prose, *Religio Poetæ* and *Rod, Root and Flower,* I believe he would then find them of devotional value throughout. They are but annotations of the Gospel; they are but "aspirations and ejaculations, that may be made in the midst of our daily actions:" as thus, when the soul's confessor says to her:

> We know the Lover, Psyche, by the kiss,

the soul answers

> If speech of honey could impart the sweet,
> The world were all in tears and at His feet!

We misread the poem if we do not see in this a response to the invitation, "O taste and see that the Lord is sweet!" and a restatement of Our Lord's prophecy, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things unto Me." And for examples of "aspirations and ejaculations" take these:

> Yea, how
> 'Tis easier grown
> Thine arduous rule to don
> Than for a Bride to put her bride-dress on!

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and when God withdraws His more manifest presence,

> Whilst Thou art gone, I'll search the weary meads
> To deck my bed with lilies of fair deeds;

and

> Be my dull days
> Music, at least, with Thy remembered praise.

The ode to the Blessed Virgin fitly closes the poem, since in her is fulfilled God's intention for every soul: "For whosoever shall do the will of God, he is My brother, and My sister, and mother." This climax is approached by an ode to pain—the pain of purgatory, which shall leave the soul,

> .....so dark erewhile,
> The mirror merely of God's smile.

Then, as though to excuse the necessary inadequacy of the great ode which is to consummate the poem, it is preluded by a second "song against singing" *(Prophets Who Cannot Sing)*. It was Patmore's conviction that poetry, though the most expressive of the arts, could barely do justice to the more delicate feelings of human (or even animal) life, and much less to the hidden life of the saint. This can only be imaged in the "weak but not diverse" metaphors of human love. When they treat religion directly, the poets fail miserably of the height of their great argument; and Patmore always maintained that for the "substantial poetry" of religion, for "imaginative insight into the noblest and loveliest reality," we must go to "the, for the most part, hard and stuttering prose" of the great theologians.

After the great and glorious Ode to the Virgin *(The Child's Purchase), The Unknown Eros* actually ends in the bitter self-mockery of a great regret!



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# THE REORGANIZATION OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AND THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF MOSCOW.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A.

THE sudden overthrow of autocratic Russia, has, of course, shaken the very foundation of the Russian Church and the editorial board of the official organ of the Holy Synod, *The Ecclesiastical News (Tserkovniia Viedomosti)*, a weekly magazine, filled with names of decorated priests, of appointments to the varied offices and bureaucratic charges of the Russian Church, has found it necessary to trim its sails to the spirit of revolution. The Russian Church is no longer the spoilt child of the ruling powers of Russia. She has been deprived of support. The ancient laws which gave her ascendancy over all the other Christian Churches and denominations virtually have been abrogated. The rulers of New Russia have a spite against her, because she has been for three centuries the pillar of the autocratic *régime;* on the other hand, the peasantry and the working classes, led astray by a socialism imbued with hatred against Christianity, are wavering in their religious convictions and are ready to divorce themselves from her. The gravity of the danger which threatens her very existence has exerted a beneficent influence. The leaders of the Russian hierarchy have thought it best to allow the widest freedom in dealing with the burning questions of the day in order to prevent the complete isolation of their Church in the new order, and to avoid party spirit in the ranks of the clergy. So the organ of the Synod has been transformed into a daily paper: *The Ecclesiastical and Social Messenger of All Russia (Vserossiiskii tserkovno-obshchestvennii viestnik)*, and *The Ecclestical News* has become a stunted weekly which publishes the official documents of the decaying Holy Synod.

At present the ecclesiastical staff of the Holy Synod is composed of four bishops, Sergii, Archbishop of Finland; Agathangel, Archbishop of Yaroslav; Mikhail, Bishop of Samara, and Andrei, Bishop of Upha. The first is undoubtedly the most intransigent member of the Russian hierarchy, a theologian of renown who sees neither the shadow of God nor the horizons of heaven, outside of the Orthodox fold. The last named, a scion of a princely family (Ukhtonskii), has a good reputation as a religious reformer. He belongs,

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however, to the men of the good old stamp of the Russian Church. Over the signature of the above, in the place of honor in *The Ecclesiastical News* (N. 18-19) of April 29th (old style), 1917, appears a document which will open a new era in the history of the Russian Church, if, as it is hoped, the sun of freedom continues to shine in Russian skies. It points out the absolute need of convoking a General Synod of the Russian Church to discuss radical changes in the organization of the Russian Orthodox Church.

The circular letter of the Holy Synod outlines a plan of reform, aimed at reviving the languid vitality of Russian orthodoxy:

> It is urgent that we bring about changes in every branch of our religious life. The electoral system, which of late has been predominating in the Orthodox Church, ought to be restored in all possible forms of religious administration. All the members of the Church will have bestowed upon them the largest participation in ecclesiastical affairs, without any fear of violation of their rights and duties. These prerogatives will enable them to take a lively interest in matters concerning our Church, and they will become in our own day the main foundation of the ecclesiastical organization. Ecclesiastical schools and tribunals want also to be reorganized. By such measures, the life of the Church will be regulated, and a kind of uniformity established among the different institutions relying on her. It may be that some of the proposed transformations will have a temporary value. It may be that the future Synod will open new roads to a reconstruction of our religious life, but in view of the radical changes which affect the political *régime* of Russia, the Russian Orthodox Church can no longer rest upon her obsolete forms and methods.

This circular letter further contains an earnest appeal to bishops, priests and laymen to contribute in all possible ways to the attainment of the aims of the Council. Priests are reminded that they owe obedience to their bishops, for without bishops the Church must go to wreck and ruin.

The document which we have quoted and partly summarized is too general to demonstrate clearly the architectural lines of the Russian Church of the future. Yet, in its cautious terms and well-pondered expressions, it betrays the fears which haunt the representatives of the Russian episcopate. The political upheaval in Russia sprang from the lower classes of society. It was a popular revolution in the widest sense of the word, and it ought to be remembered, that even the " white " clergy belong to the downtrodden

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mass of the Russian people.[1] Will the movement of political emancipation which began from the people and threw down "the dark powers" of aristocracy and bureaucracy, exert its influence upon the "white" clergy and increase the gulf which separates Russia's married priests from her celibate bishops and monks? The chances are that this question will have to be answered in the affirmative. The bishops of the Synod seem to be aware of this grave danger of an inner schism in their ecclesiastical body, when they stress the fact that the Church cannot live without bishops. Generally the "white" clergy, the rural priests who have been in close contact with the common people, who know by their own experience, their own poverty, their miserable life, the wrongs and difficulties of the autocratic *régime*, are accustomed to distrust their bishops drawn from the ranks of monasticism and linked to the lay bureaucracy which, since the time of Peter the Great, has exhausted the vital sap of the Russian Church. Will these priests, who are now breathing the deep breaths of a liberty bordering on license—will they keep within the bounds of moderation, and stifle their desire for vengeance on their unloved ecclesiastical rulers? *Qui vivra verra!* In any case, it would be hazardous to deny that a crisis of vast proportions is threatening the internally divided body of the Russian clergy.

The fundamental reform of the Russian Church leans toward the reëstablishment of what Russians call the synodal principles, the synodal constitution of the Church. The epithet of synodal in this case has a quite different sense from that which designed the being and activity of the most Holy Synod. It means a recurrence to the convocation of particular and general councils, in which representatives of the hierarchy, of the lower clergy and the laity discussed the problems of their religious life and endeavored to solve them. According to Russian writers, the continuous decay of the Russian Church coincides with the practical suppression of the ecclesiastical councils, a measure imposed on the Russian clergy by the iron hand of Peter the Great. The synodal life of the Russian Church harks back to the earliest development of Russian Christianity, to the eleventh century. Historians of the Russian Church assert that its first council was held in Kiev, in 1051 by order of Yaroslav I., Vladimirovich the Wise (1015-1054). Russian bishops met to elect the Metropolitan of all Russia, and to work out a way for the future emancipation of the Russian Church from the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Byzantium. From the beginning of the fourteenth cen-

[1]The color of the habit determines the names of "white" and "black" clergy for the secular and regular clergy respectively.

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tury Russian councils were held in Moscow, and exercised a powerful influence on the religious life of Russia, especially in reforming ecclesiastical discipline, and in safeguarding the Orthodox faith against heresies. It suffices to recall the Council of the *Hundred Chapters* (Stoglav) in 1551, whose decisions concern disciplinary matters, the rules of Christian life, the Orthodox liturgy, and the government and revenues of the Church. The council of 1667, distinguished by the epithet of great, ended in an ignominious surrender to the civil power—the long and dramatic contest between Patriarch Nikon and Alexis Mikhailovich (1645-1676). These councils certainly gave proof of the vitality of the Russian Church, but, especially in the seventeenth century, they ceased to express the freedom of the Church. The most learned historian of the Russian Church, Kapterev, shows by authentic documents that the Moscow councils of the seventeenth century professedly proclaimed the Tsar the main source of all law both ecclesiastical and civil, *the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth*, the manager of God's business among men. The council of Moscow of 1660 stated that God had delivered the government of His Church into the hands of the Tsars. In spite of the servility of the Russian councils, these last remnants of ecclesiastical freedom were distasteful to Peter the Great. He fostered the memory of the obstinate feud between his father and Patriarch Nikon, and by the institution of the most Holy Governing Synod and the military organization of the Russian Church, closed the period of Russian councils.

A return to the old traditions; to the summoning of a national council to heal the wounds inflicted on the Russian Church by the reform of Peter the Great, was mooted in 1905, when Russia joyfully hailed Nicholas II. as the emancipator of his people, and the creator of a New Russia. In the month of March, the *Tserkovnii Viestnik*, the official organ of the "white" clergy, which stopped publication in 1915, published a memorandum on the necessity of reëstablishing the constitution of the Russian Church. The memorandum pointed to a national council as the only means of restoring the freedom of the Russian Church, and rooting out the abuses which had entwined themselves about her administrative life.

The appeal of the thirty-two priests, who had drawn up the memorandum, fanned the flames of the spirit of reform throughout Russia. Even the decrepit and novelty-hating Pobiedonostsev, felt that the old edifice of Russian autocracy was tottering and breaking under the blows of the new ideas, and that the only way to delay

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its full destruction was to yield somewhat to the spirit of revolution then sweeping over all Russia. The idea of the convocation of a national council was greeted with enthusiasm, even by the paladins of the conservative office of the chief Procurators of the Holy Synod. The leading minds of the Russian Church were called to Petrograd, and asked to form several commissions for the preliminary study of the crucial problems, to be solved by the " Fathers " of the future council. The commissions set to work, and gave proof of an intense activity. The fruit of their laborious researches and Byzantine disputes was condensed in four volumes, printed at the expense of the Holy Synod.

The Russian bishops, in their turn, were requested to address to the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod a sincere statement of the reforms they thought proper to be submitted to the examination of the future council. The fine-spun theories of their reports were garnered in four volumes of a monumental size. The religious press, for three whole years, expended itself in detailing the tasks of the future council, in magnifying the greatness of its mission, in setting forth the blessings to pour down upon the Russian Church from its divinely inspired decisions. Alas! Time proved those rhetorical essays, the painful outcome of three years of labor, to be wholly wasted. Once the sanguinary conflict with Japan was settled, the party of reaction again held up its head, and erased all the plans of reform. It was declared that the debates of the press had revealed an irreconcilable antagonism between priests and monks, between the " white " and the " black " clergy; that a council would have broadened the gulf between both the rival parties; that the poisonous seeds of liberalism had found a congenial soil in the hearts of many village priests; and lastly, that Russia had so much on her mind in the political and social domains, that it would have been a great mistake to embark on the stormy ocean of a religious reform. Little by little the ecclesiastical press was gagged: no one dared to drop a hint as to the council. The champions of religious intolerance stood in the first rank. They silenced all opposers, and openly associated with the apostles of political and religious Russification of all the subjects of the Tsar; they succeeded in alienating the masses more and more from the old *régime,* and in disgracing the name of Russia in Galicia. There Bishop Elogius and Count Bobrynski tried in vain to destroy the United Ruthenian Church, and to eradicate from the Galician soil the " evil weeds " of Ukrainophilism.

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The downfall of the Empire again opens up the discussion of the reëstablishment of the ancient forms of Russian ecclesiastical life. But the cards are now in the hands of the other side. The task of dictating laws is slipping from the hands of the hierarchy. In a Russia ruled by liberals or socialists, the future of the Russian Church hangs on the "white," or secular clergy. The letter itself which convokes the General Synod shows clearly that the lower clergy have won a great victory. The Council will not be an assembly of bishops. Priests and laymen are summoned to participate in its sessions, in its debates, in its decisions.

Bishops who spoke so arrogantly in 1905 have momentarily put aside their fierce intransigence. They no longer deny to the long-despised "white" clergy the right of raising their voices in the full assembly of the Russian Church. They know that those priests whom they have ill-treated with the supercilious arrogance of the old Russian bureaucracy, have sympathized with the bearers of the standards of the great Russian revolution. Yet they declare themselves ready to stand beside them and work with them for the restoration of the Russian Church. In my opinion, the appeal comes too late. The power of the hierarchy is at stake, and it is only by large concessions that they will retain a shadow of their authority.

The first concession is already alluded to in the circular letter of the Holy Synod. The Russian Church is recalled to her primitive organization, to the autonomy of her parochial life. In a series of interesting volumes, Aleksander Papkov has tried to establish his contention that the stagnation of the Russian Church is the outcome of the abolition of the independent life of the Russian parishes. In old Russia, the parish churches were the property of the *mir,* or of the congregation which built them. The *mir* had the right to inspect ecclesiastical goods, and to elect the parochial clergy. The community could choose from among its own members a candidate for the priesthood and present him to the bishop for ordination. In this way the power of the hierarchy over the lower clergy was merely a sacramental one. The parish entirely escaped its jurisdiction. In turn, the parochial clergy depended exclusively on the good will of the *mir* for their support, and the permanency of their cures. This "ideal" state of the autonomous parish was not without its inconvenience. A learned historian of the Russian Church, Znamensky, quotes the complaints of some Russian bishops, who accused the *mirs* of assigning the parish churches to drunken or licentious priests, merely because they were willing to offer their serv-

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ices at a lower rate. The Russian nobility contributed to the degradation of the clergy. They had some of their serfs ordained to the priesthood in order that they might derive profit from their exercise of the ministry.

This state of things will be revived to a certain extent by the restoration of the elective system in selecting the clergy. The question of the choice of clergy by the congregation was sedulously discussed in the great reform movement of 1905-1907. Some Russian bishops even agreed to the necessity of a more active participation of laymen in the life of the Church. Other bishops, in their reports to the Holy Synod, suggested that, in case of the vacancy of a parish church, the parishioners might be authorized to present to the bishop as candidates for the priesthood, young men twenty-five years old, acquainted with the theological teaching of the Orthodox faith. They would be free to make a choice between married life and celibacy before being ordained. In rural districts the election of a candidate to the priesthood would be by the ballot of all the parishioners; in the towns the right of choice would be reserved to political voters, who elect the representatives to the Duma. Moreover, according to the views of Peter, Bishop of Smolensk, Russian priests were to be free to renounce priesthood, if, for reasons of their own, they feel themselves unfit to perform their duties. In this case, they should not be deprived of their academic titles, nor of the allowances they get from the Church or the State because of their services. Others like, for example, Archbishop Antony of Kharkov, are strongly opposed to every attempt at lay interference in the inner government of the Russian Church. "A man," he says, "who suffers from typhoid fever, cannot, without danger of death, absorb the copious meal of an athletic champion. At present, the parochial community is far from having reached that high degree of culture and religious consciousness which will enable it to use the right of electing the clergy. The application of the elective principle within the pale of the Russian Orthodox Church would lead Russia to a vital dissolution of her ecclesiastical body, and would definitely lower the moral and intellectual level of the clergy."

The future Council of the Russian Church is destined to stand midway between these conflicting tendencies. The letter of the Holy Synod permits us to foresee a victory for the reformist wing. In fact, we have already a practical realization of what the above quoted document calls "the largest participation" of all the members of the Church in ecclesiastical affairs. In May, Archbishop Tikhon

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(Bellavin), who lived a few years in America as Bishop of the Aleutian Islands, was elected by popular suffrage Metropolitan of Moscow.

Needless to say, the convocation of the general Council of the Russian Church is awaited with intense interest in Russia, as well as abroad. Besides its religious influences, it is expected to turn the political scale of Russia. At the dawn of the revolution, the hierarchy and monasticism were devoted to wedding the Russian Church with the autocratic *régime;* the " white " clergy on the contrary yearned for popular government. Wise policies on the part of the rulers of New Russia would have enlisted in their cause the great moral influence of the lower clergy, and the favor of the peasantry, which in most villages closely retains its attachment to the Orthodox Church. But their inexperience, or rather their stolidity, has estranged from the revolutionary cause many supporters in the ranks of the " white " clergy. They feel no good can come from a handful of anarchists, who run riot in their Utopian reforms, and give loose rein to the worst elements of Russia. The consciousness of the great danger to the Russian Church and to Russia's national existence may drive into the ranks of the conservatives many in whom radical liberalism had killed both patriotism and all attachment to the Russian Church. In this event, instead of growing weaker, the Russian Church would be stronger; she would give herself an ecclesiastical head who would restore the patriarchal dignity of Russia, and rise in protest against the forces dissolving the enormous fabric of the Russian Empire.

It ought to be remembered that in the most trying times, such as " the period of troubles," when Russia was about to become a province of the Polish Kingdom, the Russian Church powerfully contributed to the rescue and preservation of the independence of the Russian people. In the chaotic disorders now turning the ill-fated democratic *régime* of Russia upside down, the Russian Church will perhaps attempt to act as a sheet-anchor. Consequently her forthcoming Council is anxiously awaited as an event of vast historical significance.

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# THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.[1]

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

DR. PETROVITZ' dissertation on the theology of the cultus of the Sacred Heart, presented this current year for the doctorate at the Catholic University of America, is the only complete treatise we possess in English on this most popular devotion. We feel confident that the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will welcome a brief summary of this scholarly volume, which relates so well the history of this devotion, explains so accurately its theological basis, and discusses so fairly the controversies regarding the Twelfth Promise.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart consists of two distinct elements, the formal, or the love of Christ, and the material, or His Sacred Heart. The formal element is older than Christianity: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength."[2] From the earliest days the love of Jesus Christ has been the chief love of the Christian.[3] The material element is to be found implicitly in other devotions, such as the Passion of Christ,[4] the Five Wounds (St. Ambrose, St. Peter Chrysologus, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Mechtilde and St. Gertrude) and the Side of Christ (St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine and St. Gregory). Explicit mention of the Heart of Jesus dates from St. Paulinus of Nola in the fifth century (+431), but the devotion as such did not begin until the sixteenth century. The Carthusian Lanspergius (+1539) and the Benedictine Louis de Blois (+1566) introduced it among the religious, and two Jesuits, Father Hajnal (+1644) and Father Druzbicki (+1629), strove to popularize it among the laity.

Father Eudes was the first great apostle of the devotion. In 1670 he published a treatise on *Devotion to the Adorable Heart of Jesus,* and inserted in it an Office and Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart. The devotion, however, will always be associated closely with the name of Blessed Margaret Mary, for through her writings

[1] *Theology of the Cultus of the Sacred Heart.* By Joseph J. C. Petrovitz. Washington: The Catholic University of America. 1917. [2] Deut. vi. 5.
[3] Rom. viii. 35; 2 Cor. v. 15. [4] 2 Cor. i. 5; Heb. ii. 9, 10; Apoc. i. 6.

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and her apparitions it became widespread and popular throughout the Christian world.

Blessed Margaret Mary was a Visitandine nun of the Convent of Paray-le-Monial from 1671 to 1690. The instructions she gave her novices and the many letters to her friends abound in expressions of love and devotion towards the Sacred Heart. She ever pictures It as the source of God's love and bounty to mankind. Four apparitions of Christ to her are mentioned by her biographers, and the general belief in their authenticity did much to win over those who were at first opposed to this devotion. She had been the object of much uncharitable criticism, for many regarded her, at first, as a sentimental visionary. But the nuns who lived with her reverenced her as a saint. They saw that she practised virtues to a heroic degree, submitted to most extraordinary tests, and despite her many divine favors, ever talked and wrote with the greatest simplicity, humility and self-forgetfulness.

Father de la Colombière, a devout Jesuit, was the first to popularize the devotion to the Sacred Heart (1677). Another Jesuit, Father Croiset, published a short life of Blessed Margaret Mary in 1691, which set forth in a brief manner the new devotion. This life was reprinted at Bordeaux in 1694, at Lyons in 1698, and at Besançon in 1699. It contributed in large measure to the growth of the devotion. Many chapels were erected in honor of the Sacred Heart, and the feast began to be solemnized on the day after the octave of Corpus Christi.

Within thirty-six years more than three hundred confraternities had been founded in France, Flanders, Germany, Italy, Lithuania, Poland and Bohemia. Two other writers did much to foster the devotion, the Jesuit, Father Galliffet, who wrote in 1726, and the scholarly Bishop Languet, who published his *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary* in Paris, 1729.

Benedict XIII. (1724-1730) refused, however, as his predecessor, Innocent XII. (1691-1700) had done thirty years before, to establish a feast of the Sacred Heart for the universal Church. The objections made at the time against the devotion were that it savored of Nestorianism; that its acceptance would give rise to many scandals and unreasonable requests; that it made the heart the source of all virtues and affections and the centre of all internal pleasures and pains; that the case of the holiness of Blessed Margaret Mary was still pending. Notwithstanding the opposition of certain theologians and especially of the Jansenists, the devotion

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continued to spread. By the time of Clement XIII. (1758-1769) there were one thousand and ninety confraternities all over the world, and bishops kept urging the Holy See to grant a special Feast, Mass and Office. The request was granted for Poland and Rome in 1765, and this did more than anything else, except the beatification of Blessed Margaret Mary by Pius IX. in 1864, to foster the devotion. Finally Leo XIII. in 1899 consecrated the whole world to the Sacred Heart.

The legitimacy of the devotion to the Sacred Heart is understood by all who have a perfect grasp of the dogmas of the Incarnation and the Redemption. Jesus Christ is perfect God and perfect Man in one divine personality. The divine Person is united hypostatically not only to the Humanity of Christ considered in its totality, but also considered in its several parts, as, for instance, His hands, His feet, His precious blood, and His Heart. It follows, therefore, that every one of these organic parts is deserving of adoration, not considered in itself, but in view of its union with the Godhead.

This doctrine was clearly taught by Pius VI., who condemned the Synod of Pistoja which maintained that a direct adoration of the Humanity of Christ, or, what is still less, any part thereof, was equivalent to rendering divine honor to a creature. The Sacred Heart of Christ, therefore, is worthy of the same worship as His Divinity, *provided it is worshipped conjointly with His Person.*

The primary motive of the Redemption was love. "Jesus was conceived by love, the Word became flesh for love of us; and all the subsequent acts of the God-man were an uninterrupted manifestation of a love so ardent that it induced Him to remain with us until the end of the world." The infinite love of Christ for men is both the motive and the formal object of the devotion, while the material object is His Sacred Heart as the symbol of that love. The unanimity of theologians and of spiritual writers on this point is beyond question.

A chapter on *The Heart in Symbolism* discusses the meaning of the word in the Sacred Scriptures, in common parlance, in physiology and psychology. The Scriptures speak of the heart as the ideal seat of the affections,[5] the source of desire and volition[6] and assign to it intellectual operations.[7] The nations of the world use

[5] Is. lxv. 14; Prov. xxiii. 17; 1 Tim. i. 5.
[6] Matt. xv. 19; Rom. i. 24.
[7] Deut. xi. 18; Deut. xxxii. 46; 1 Cor. ii. 9.

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the word heart as "a subject of every class of operation, emotional, intellectual, active, incident to the spiritual nature of man; it is the whole man extensively and intensively, a source both of good and evil." The physiologists of the past were responsible for the erroneous popular belief that the heart was the seat of love, but all physiologists today admit an influence exercised on the heart by the affections and passions of men. The connection between the heart and the emotions, is sufficiently close to authorize the statement that the heart is an indirect organ of the appetitive faculties. It thus participates in all the emotions, the strongest of which is love.

It must be borne in mind, however, that in this devotion the heart is not viewed as the organ, but only as the symbol of love. "Just as the lily represents purity and the scale symbolizes justice, so the heart suggests the thought of love. This symbolical signification is so deep-seated that it is likely to last until the end of the world."

"Psychology teaches that supernatural truths can best be grasped through perceptible objects. The clearness and fullness of our comprehension of such truths depend on the appeal the symbol makes to the senses. The deeper the impression made by the symbol, the quicker the response of the soul, and the more inspiring and enduring the realization of the thing symbolized."

Theologians distinguish between the increated love which Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Trinity, possessed from all eternity, and the created love which He manifested through the instrumentality of His Human Nature. In view of this distinction a controversy has arisen concerning the nature of the love which we worship under the symbol of the Sacred Heart.

Blessed Margaret Mary did not even suspect the existence of such a problem, and the decrees of the Sacred Congregation on the devotion are not at all explicit on this point. After a discussion of some forty pages, Dr. Petrovitz adopts the opinion of Alvéry, Ramière, Bainvel, Vignat and others who declare that directly and immediately the Sacred Heart symbolizes the created love of Christ, but remotely it also symbolizes His increated love. Father Vignat writes: "Jesus being only one Person in two natures, divine and human, manifests to us the whole love of His Person by His Heart, not only His created but also His increated love. Only in this sense, but in the fullest extent of this sense, one may say: Jesus as God loves us by means of His Human Heart."

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The last five chapters of Dr. Petrovitz' dissertation, which treat the Twelfth Promise in its historical, dogmatic and moral aspects, are the most interesting portion of the volume.

The devotion of the Nine Fridays with its spiritual rewards promised by Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary is known as the Great Promise. This private revelation was, as many maintain, mentioned in a letter addressed by Blessed Margaret Mary to Mother de Saumaise. The date of this letter is uncertain, various manuscripts assigning it to the years 1687, 1688 and 1689 respectively. Moreover, the original letter, if it ever did exist, has been lost, so that the Great Promise has come down to us in five different versions. Those who defend its authenticity point to the fact that Bishop Languet, in his well-known life of Blessed Margaret Mary, published in 1729, refers to it, although he does not cite it verbatim. Again this Promise was known to the Visitandines, and the devotion of the Nine Fridays probably practised among them as early as 1714. If the letter had been spurious, the Visitation nuns would never have forwarded it to Rome for the beatification of Blessed Margaret Mary, and the Sacred Congregation would never have let it go unchallenged in their decree of September 22, 1827. On the other hand, those who question the authenticity of the letter marvel at the fact that no mention of the Great Promise is found in any other letter or writing of Blessed Margaret Mary. She never once insisted on the practice of the Nine Fridays. They wonder again why Bishop Languet, who devotes more than one half of the four hundred pages of his life to verbatim extracts from her letters, her autographic memoir, and the letters and writings of her superiors and friends, does not quote the words of this most important letter. And yet as a matter of fact he reprints thirteen other letters which Blessed Margaret Mary wrote to Mother de Saumaise. Moreover, if, as many maintain, her writings had been open to public inspection up to the year 1789 or 1792, how are we to explain the silence of those who were so zealous in spreading this devotion? Why is it that the three Jesuit priests—de la Colombière, Rolin and Croiset—who knew her personally and corresponded with her frequently, make no reference to the Great Promise in their writings? No one did more than Father Galliffet to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart, yet he is utterly silent regarding it in his volumes published in 1726 and 1732.

In fact the Great Promise was not printed until 1867 or 1870, three or six years after the publication of the decree of Beatification.

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It has come down to us in five different versions. The first is found in the first volume of the 1867 and 1876 Visitandine editions of the *Life and Works of Margaret Mary;* the second, in the second volume of the same two editions; the third in the *Life* by Bishop Languet; the fourth, in a manuscript discovered by Father Hamon in 1902 in the library of Joseph Déchelette; the fifth, in the annals of the Monastery of Dijon. It is impossible to determine which of these is the original version. Father Hamon has proved that the Visitandine *Life* of Blessed Margaret Mary, on which Bishop Languet based his book, is full of incorrect citations from the original writings of the *Beata.* He also points out many inexact quotations in the works of Fathers Croiset, Daniel, Bougaud and Galliffet. It is, therefore, very doubtful if the wording of the letter containing the Twelfth Promise has come down to us intact.

All the versions agree in insisting upon Communion for Nine First Fridays of the month, and in promising the grace of final repentance and the grace of not dying without the sacraments. But Bishop Languet's version declares that after one has complied with the required conditions, *he may entertain* a hope of receiving the sacraments of the Church and the grace of final repentance before dying. The fourth version introduces the promise with the words, "*if she be not mistaken.*"

In discussing the meaning of the text Dr. Petrovitz selects the version found in the second volume of the *Life and Works of Blessed Margaret Mary,* published by the Visitandines of Paray in 1876. It is practically identical with the fourth version mentioned above. It reads: "One Friday during Holy Communion He said these words to His unworthy servant, *if she be not mistaken:* 'I promise thee, in the excessive mercy of My Heart, that Its all powerful love will give the grace of final repentance to all those who communicate nine successive First Fridays of the month; they will not die in Its displeasure, nor without receiving the sacraments, My Divine Heart being their assured refuge in that last moment.'"

A doubt at once arises concerning the meaning of the words "*if she be not mistaken.*" We cannot determine whether they are added by the *Beata* in humble obedience to her superior's counsel not to set forth her supernatural favors too dogmatically, or whether as a matter of fact she herself was uncertain about the reality of the revelation. It is clear that to gain the reward of the Great

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Promise one must receive Communion the First Friday of every month for nine consecutive months. With regard to the grace of final repentance, three interpretations are given by theologians. Father Ramière holds that Christ promises only a little more than the ordinary help at the hour of death to the one who fulfills the prescribed conditions. He extends the hope of a particular grace, but gives no assurance concerning the coöperation with it. He promises also a special opportunity of receiving the sacraments one may require.

Father Bachelet declares that one may expect the realization of the Great Promise only after having complied with the requirements of the ordinary means of salvation, as well as with those of the Nine Fridays' devotion.

Father Vermeersch maintains that the Great Promise is complete in itself, and that no one who makes the Nine Fridays properly will be excluded from the moral certainty of a happy death. The grace of final perseverance is an efficacious grace, which will infallibly obtain the consent of the will.

What about those who presume that their salvation is secure irrespective of the life they live in the future, provided they make the Nine Fridays? If their presumption arises before they engage in the devotion, all agree that they lose all right to the promised reward because they lack the necessary dispositions. If it arises afterward, then the interpreters disagree. Some, like Father Bachelet, maintain that sinners, by the very fact of sinning, lose their assured title to this special divine assistance. However, they may hope that the Heart of Jesus, in view of their former devotion, may cause the obstacle of sin to disappear, and at the same time restore to them the right they lost by their infidelity. On the other hand Father Vermeersch holds that once a man has performed the Nine Fridays with the necessary dispositions and good intention, he may entertain a moral certitude regarding his salvation. By this special grace, God will safeguard him from falling into presumption or at least from persevering in it. The most inveterate sinners have the same chance as slight sinners; the merited grace will give an equal assurance of salvation to both.

With regard to the second spiritual favor, some have called attention to the fact of the sudden death without the sacraments of many devout clients of the Sacred Heart. Father Vermeersch answers them by saying that the promise of the sacraments is conditional, inasmuch as Christ will furnish an occasion of receiving

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them, only in case one needs them to obtain the grace of God. The grace of final repentance is indispensable to salvation, but the last sacraments are only relatively necessary.

In a controversy that occurred in the *Tablet* in 1903, some of the opponents of the Twelfth Promise declared it an unauthentic, derogatory and disfiguring characteristic of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, if accepted in the light of the general interpretation of many pious books and pamphlets. It is beyond question that many inaccurate and misleading statements are to be met with in the pious effusions of many over-zealous devotees. Some have seemed to advocate the certainty of salvation, no matter how a person lived after having fulfilled the requirements of the Great Promise. Others have inaccurately asserted that the Great Promise "went further than the promises found in the Gospel; that the grace bestowed by the Twelfth Promise was of a higher order than the grace given by the sacraments; that the Church has adopted and blessed this practice (of the Nine First Fridays); that these Holy Communions will infallibly obtain for us a happy death; that this promise is found in the authentic writings of Blessed Margaret Mary."

In a final chapter Dr. Petrovitz summarizes his conclusions with regard to the Great Promise. While stating that the authenticity of the letter containing it cannot be proved, he argues that such a letter probably did exist. It is impossible to suppose that the Visitandines would have invented such a revelation out of whole cloth, and then backed it up by an impudent forgery. Bishop Languet was too conscientious and too scholarly a man to have mentioned such an important letter unless he himself had seen the document, or had at least heard of its existence from some trustworthy source. His version is not in the least dogmatic, for he speaks of Our Lord "*leading her to hope* for the grace of final repentance," etc. His words say nothing of an absolute infallible assurance, but merely indicate *the idea of hope*. Dr. Petrovitz rightly lays a special stress upon these words, declaring "that this pious expectation, the verification of which may be looked for with humble confidence, in no way nullifies the efficacy of the Great Promise, nor does it render this revelation worthless. Christ, by extending the prospect of greater good, bound Himself to be more generous than He would have been had He not imparted such a supernatural manifestation."

This is a compromise view between those who invest the



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Great Promise with an absolute infallible efficacy, and those who reject it entirely as unauthentic. He rightly thinks it more fitting for sinners to hope for such a reward, rather than to feel that through any action of theirs they have acquired an inalienable right to its infallible fulfillment. In view of the fact that the revelation is at least doubtful, it seems most wise and prudent to reject the third interpretation above mentioned. To advocate the absolute and infallible efficacy of the Great Promise is apt to cause scandal and give rise to material superstition.

## AN OLD MASTERPIECE.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

*"How divine a thing a woman may be made!"—Wordsworth.*

SUCH masterpieces do we love the best!—
Pictures that all are touched and mellowed o'er
With the soft brush of Time;—ay, love them more
For the fine marks of age they bear, the test
The years put on them but to prove the zest
And fadeless glory of that Master's lore
Who dreamed them and Who made them from His store
Of Heavenly magic, at His love's behest:

A masterpiece!—a mother's face!—each day
For the dim secret of the blended years
Loved all the more! See how the soft lights play
Upon the picture, hallowed o'er with tears,
Lit with sweet smiling, till every tone and shade
Tells how divine a thing a woman may be made!

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# THE PROBLEM OF RESEMBLANCE IN PORTRAITURE.

BY ALBERT BESNARD,

*Member of the French Académie des Beaux-Arts and President of the National Academy of France in Rome.*

AT the risk of destroying an illusion very dear to the public, I venture to state that no portrait exists or has existed which is a perfect resemblance—that is, one which will be generally acknowledged to be a perfect resemblance. The face of every person is just as variable as his emotions. This alone precludes all possibility of attaining an absolute and universally acknowledged resemblance. For it is only possible to portray one of the many changing expressions which pass over the face, each revealing the nature of the person in a new light.

There are several kinds of resemblances—a statement which the general public will not admit. This mental attitude of the public is most unfortunate for the painter who has selected one expression of his model, as portraying the widest range of emotions. There are so many "resemblances!" It seems to me three can be defined definitely.

The first is the resemblance which limits itself to the simple reproduction of features. At first glance this one seems most satisfying.

The second resemblance is that which pictures the psychological expression of the individual, the physiognomy. This is the most difficult to grasp, but is also the most valuable.

The third I should like to call the "apparent resemblance," for it aims at catching what may be called the habits or characteristics of a person. This is most surprising and almost undefinable.

From among these three resemblances the spectator or rather the critic, chooses the one most in accord with his own character and with his own estimate of the person represented.

Manifold are the standpoints from which a human being may be viewed. Social position, age, profession suggest a certain traditional formula to the public eye.

According to this popular formula a child must laugh, a

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woman must look dreamy, a man must look manly, his glance must express decision. A general must appear to hear the thunder of cannon in battle. A prince who has his portrait painted, must present that dignified appearance in keeping with his high calling; he must look majestic. A number of conventional symbols are used suitable to the sex, age and rank. A child should have a toy or fruit, a young woman a fan. The man of mature age is usually seated at a table looking thoughtful. The rich young man of leisure might have a globe beside him to indicate the universality of his unused capabilities.

The public of which I speak, will not for one moment place itself in the position of the painter, who sees in the face of his model the passing of complicated, ever-changing emotions and who has chosen one best suited to bring out most strongly the personality of the individual portrayed. The emotions reflected in the face sometimes seem to take special pleasure in overthrowing all formulas of tradition. The general looks like a bishop, the child like a philosopher and the delicate lady assumes a commanding mien. There is, therefore, a continual clashing between the one who reproduces what he has seen and the one who will only see what he wishes to see—between the painter and the public. It would be very easy for the painter to make himself understood if painter and public understood each other.

Mothers value most the first resemblance: the resemblance of features. This resemblance expresses the race or rather the species. The instinct of family, the woman's love which sees in her child an ever faultless work, which loves it for its own sake, the desire to recognize these beloved features in the portrait, all conduce to explain the mother's preference for this sort of resemblance. Hence mothers are very difficult to satisfy. A still more difficult critic is the lover. He has not created his beloved out of his own flesh and blood, but he has re-created her with all the power of his brain; her picture is vividly new and moulded by the fire of his love. Who can tell with what qualities he has endowed her, what picture of her he carries in his heart?

The second kind of resemblance, the physiognomical, is more subtle and more valuable. It is preferred by the philosopher, by the psychologist, by the poet, in fact, by all who seek to read character in the human face. We touch here the mysterious influence of atavism. Unknown hands have dropped good and bad, brilliant and perturbing qualities into the stream which runs from generation to

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generation. Circumstances, which we call fate, regulate its course. Dead bodies can poison these waters. The tendencies and passions which come to us from this atavism are stamped on our physiognomy. But atavism also governs the race. Physiognomy, therefore, reveals the race.

The physiognomy, not the features, reveals the race. A Spaniard, an Englishman, a Turk may at first sight resemble in feature a Frenchman. (Certain variations in the form of nose or mouth or in coloring are of very little consequence here.) But place one of these persons into an emotional state, arouse his passions and suddenly his physiognomy will appear. The soul of every race appears in the real face of the Spaniard, Englishman and Turk. Without this physiognomy they would probably resemble one another.

Few artists have the gift of physiognomical resemblance—few persons discover it. It is the most valuable attribute of a portrait, but it is also the greatest stumbling-block for the portrait-painter.

The last resemblance which I have called the "apparent resemblance," is the one which ensnares the casual observer. It savors of the arabesque, it is more satisfying to the eye than to the mind. It is as flitting and elusive as movement, often uncanny in its power of impression, but when united with the two other resemblances it is a complement to every representation of the human face.

Which portraits can we name as examples of the first kind of resemblance? At first thought come to mind Jehan Fouquet, Raphael, Holbein, Cranach and most of the northern schools. That which prompts me to thus classify them is principally the instant impression of careful execution, the observance of details, an often exaggerated exactness in representing certain conspicuous points. These prove that the painter has tried to reproduce the features with such infinite care that he almost exaggerates. It is obvious that these masters would exemplify the undeniable relation between the types of their day and the types of ours. Features which show the species are the least changeable element in resemblance.

The great painter of the physiognomical resemblance is, and ever will remain, Rembrandt. In order the better to express physiognomy in all its manifold revelations, he made use of the magic of light, the mystery of shadow, and he invented that secondary light without which shadow would be nothing. He became the ingenious creator of the "chiaroscuro." Sometimes the face ap-

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pears brilliant like a revelation, sometimes obscure like a riddle. After Rembrandt comes Dürer, Velasquez, Titian, Giorgione and the wonderful, passionate Tintoretto.

In France at this time there was François Clouet and his school, the cruel and truth-loving portrait painters of the Court of the Valois. In the seventeenth century appear Philippe de Champaigne, the brothers Le Nain, and later the clever and brilliant Rigaud and Largillière. Latour, Perronneau and truest of all, Chardin, follow. Then David and Prudhon, the French Correggio only more brilliant, a colorist and designer at the same time. This combination, a typically French genius, indicates the tendencies of modern French art. Coming down almost to our own days, we have " Monsieur " Ingres, and finally our contemporary, Eugène Carrère. To this great name we must also add the names of the great Englishmen, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Hogarth and Raeburn.

Among the masters for the " apparent resemblance " I place preëminently the Spaniard Goya, and next to him Sir Thomas Lawrence, the elegant and graceful Englishman. These great masters and their schools present life as a mantle under which the personality is more suggested than determined, and this, to my mind, for fear of reality. But in justice to them one must say that, thanks to their quick perception of expression, naturalness and the spontaneity of gesture in portraiture have been renewed. Standing before a certain and very difficult and magnificent picture of mother and child, one almost believes that the lips will open and whisper: " Darling!"

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# CATHOLICS AT OXFORD.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

JUST fifty years ago the Catholic body in England were deeply stirred over the failure of the project to establish an Oratory at Oxford under the guidance of John Henry Newman. The story of the proposed Oxford Oratory is one of the painful chapters in Wilfrid Ward's *Life* of Newman—it is the record of much misunderstanding between great men of deep sincerity, but opposing views, and of the meddlesomeness of small men in affairs they could not understand. To Newman himself the incident caused much pain, not because he had set his heart upon the scheme—in fact he entered into it with some unwillingness—but because the refusal of those in high place to allow him to go back to Oxford was taken by some to reflect a suspicion as to his orthodoxy. And to Newman, with his simple loyalty to the Church and the Holy See, the existence of such a suspicion was torture; "any impeachment of his faith was to touch the apple of his eye."

Looking back from the vantage-ground of "half-a-century afterwards," we are able to consider the "Oxford incident" upon its own merits, and to disentangle it from the many side issues which entered into the heated controversy of the time. Newman's orthodoxy was generously vindicated by Pope Leo XIII. when he bestowed upon the aged Oratorian the Cardinal's hat. The heart of Manning was revealed to the world in the last years of his episcopate, when he fearlessly championed the rights of the laboring class to a living wage and human existence. We know, too, that notwithstanding the efforts of his traducers to represent Newman as a dangerous liberal in matters of faith, Pope Pius IX. had a large trust in his sincerity and loyalty. It was not the Roman authorities who accused Newman, but the coterie of English ultramontanes who were more Roman than the Romans themselves. And so far as the incident of the Oxford Oratory is concerned, it is now evident that the refusal of Rome to allow Newman to reside in Oxford was a matter of policy not directly concerned with Newman himself. The Roman authorities were opposed to any sanction being given to the sending of Catholics to a non-

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Catholic university, on the ground that "mixed education" was a danger to the Faith. To allow Newman to reside in the proposed Oxford Oratory would mean (so it was argued) a virtual infringement of that policy, since the presence there of the great Oratorian would inevitably induce Catholic parents to send their sons to the university. The refusal was an acknowledgment of the influence which Newman's personality had over the educated Catholic laity in England: allow Newman to reside in Oxford and he would, without any deliberate act of his own, draw Catholic youths to the university, and thus the policy of the Roman authorities in regard to higher education would be subverted.

Newman himself was quite aware that this would probably be the case, though in loyalty to the Holy See, he had no intention of laying himself out to attract Catholics to Oxford. In principle, too, his own personal judgment was in accord with the Roman policy of an entirely Catholic education for Catholic youth. He had some years previously accepted the rectorship of the Catholic University in Dublin, with a view to establishing a university under Catholic control which would take the place of Oxford and Cambridge for the Catholics of the United Kingdom. But experience had shown him that as far as English Catholics were concerned, such a scheme was futile. At the time of the Oxford Oratory incident, his own views on this matter were thus formulated in a *memorandum* sent to Father Ambrose St. John: "I have ever held, said and written that the normal and legitimate proceeding is to send youths to a Catholic university, that their religion, science and literature may go together. I have thought there were positive dangers to faith and morals in going to Oxford. But I have thought there were less and fewer dangers in an Oxford residence to faith and morals than at Woolwich....than at Sandhurst, or in London—and especially for this reason, that there is some really religious and moral superintendence at Oxford and none at Woolwich or in London. That the question then lies in a choice of difficulties, a Catholic university being impossible." He adds that things being as they are, the best way out of the difficulty would be "not to forbid Catholic youths going to Oxford, but to protect them by the presence of a strong Catholic mission, such as a community of priests would secure."

All that has happened since, has shown the wisdom of these conclusions: but in 1867 they were not accepted by the authorities; and Catholics in England were strongly at variance on the subject.

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Many who desired a university education for Catholic youths still dreamed of a Catholic university; and only Cardinal Manning's abortive attempt to create such a university finally dispelled the dream. The truth of the situation was, and is, that the Catholics in England who have the means for utilizing a university and supporting it are too small a body. A magnified school is not a university, nor can it supply that peculiar quality of education which a true university supplies. Moreover, Oxford and Cambridge with their historic traditions going back to the Middle Ages—the only universities in Europe of mediæval foundation—and with their intimate connection with the national life of England, would inevitably overshadow any new creation, and draw to themselves Catholic youths aspiring to take part in the national life of their country. As a matter of fact, notwithstanding the known attitude of the Holy See, Catholic youths were sent to Oxford, and even in Rome it was felt that a formal prohibition would put too great a burden on the conscience of English Catholics. Such a prohibition was never issued; and the ultimate failure to provide a Catholic university eventually led to a change of policy on the part of the Holy See itself. In 1895, Leo XIII. formally permitted Catholic youths to go to Oxford and Cambridge, subject to such safeguards as Newman had thought to provide when he accepted the proposal to establish an Oratory at Oxford. The logic of events had proved the necessity for such a change of policy; but more than that, the change was due to a new temper of mind on the part of many English Catholics themselves, such as Cardinal Vaughan, who had hitherto been opposed to Newman's scheme. Newman himself had pointed out what he considered a fundamental weakness of the policy adopted by many Catholics—the tendency to withdraw themselves from the world about them, and to regard themselves as a sect instead of proclaiming their world-wide mission, and going forth to conquer. That tendency was a relic of the penal days when Catholics felt themselves helpless, and were driven to seclude themselves from public view. But Newman felt strongly that the penal days were past, and that Catholics had but to come forth and assert themselves in the common life of the nation to gain the respect of their countrymen and to bring Catholicism to bear upon the nation's life. Again, events had proved Newman to be a true prophet. The increasing activity of Catholics in political and social life; Cardinal Manning's own action in regard to the Dock Strike and the success which attended his

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action, had gradually brought home to the Catholic body at large a sense of solidarity with the nation and pointed the way in the direction of a new policy—the policy of coöperation with all that makes for moral and spiritual betterment in the life of the country. Gradually it came to be recognized that the Catholic Church in England would fulfill its divine mission not by a rigid segregation, but by coöperation and permeation; in the same way as the early Christian Church fulfilled its mission in the Roman Empire. So it came that Cardinal Vaughan, who had opposed Newman in 1867, years later obtained from Leo XIII. a liberty which more than fulfilled Newman's own desire. For Leo XIII. not merely gave leave to Catholics to attend the university; he gave to the Catholic undergraduates a definite ecclesiastical *status* in determining that their religious interests should be in the care of a board of bishops and laity especially created for that purpose; their duties to include the appointment of a chaplain and the provision of specially selected priests to give the weekly spiritual conference during term.

From that time the number of Catholic undergraduates at Oxford gradually increased: in 1914 there were over one hundred lay Catholic undergraduates and about twenty-four undergraduate members of religious orders; whilst the Catholic women-students numbered about twenty-five. Relatively to the three thousand and more undergraduates in the university and the four hundred women-students, Catholics were still but a small body; but in 1914 there was an assured promise that the number would steadily increase. The Catholic higher schools and colleges had begun to link up their teaching with that of the universities, as is the case with the non-Catholic public schools; the Jesuit and Benedictine colleges and the Oratory School in Birmingham were already recognized "feeders" of the national universities. The War has for the time being set back the steady increase in numbers; but there is every hope that with the return of normal conditions the Catholic schools will be even more strongly represented in the university than heretofore.

One immediate result of Leo XIII.'s action was the establishment of a Jesuit house of studies at Oxford in connection with the university, and the Jesuit initiative was shortly followed by the Benedictines of Ampleforth Abbey. In 1911 the Capuchin Franciscans opened a similar house of studies, and later, a secular-clergy house for students of the diocese of Birmingham was

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established. In 1907 the Sisters of the Holy Child had opened a hostel under the Society of Oxford Home Students. Thus besides the Catholic chaplaincy there are at Oxford five religious and clerical houses directly associated with the university. Surely Newman would have rejoiced in spirit could he have foreseen this fulfillment of his dream.

So things stood when the War broke upon us, and for a time brought academic activity to a comparative standstill. Of the Catholic undergraduates who went down for the summer vacation in 1914 only a handful returned at the ensuing Michaelmas term: most of them had at once answered the call of their country, and had either joined the army or undertaken some form of war service. Hardly had the new term begun, when the first *Requiem* for our dead was sung in the undergraduates' chapel; since then many have found their graves on the battlefield. When Oxford resumes its normal life it will be a new Oxford, so far as the undergraduates are concerned.

But should any of the past Catholic undergraduates be spared to revisit the university when the War is over, they will find a new development in the Catholic life of academic Oxford. Before the War the Catholic chaplaincy and the Newman society were the two centres of Catholic life. At the chaplaincy the undergraduates met to fulfill their religious duties. There was the daily Mass and the Sunday conference; the chaplains' "at home" on Sunday afternoons, followed by Benediction in the chapel. Quietly and unostentatiously the chaplaincy has been as it was meant to be, the centre of Catholic life in the university, and few are the undergraduates who do not carry away with them, when their academic course is finished, a grateful memory of the chaplain who has been their friend as well as their spiritual guide. Catholic Oxford was fortunate in its first chaplain, a priest in whose refined and sympathetic presence the best traditions of Oxford social life and of the priestly office were combined. The undergraduates in their reserved youthful way were proud of Monsignor Kennaird and affectionately attached to him. When he retired in 1912, the chaplaincy had established itself firmly in the reverence and esteem of the Catholic youth in the university—no small achievement as the instructors of youth know well.

Then, too, there was the Newman society—an academic debating society which met every fortnight during term, and was run by the Catholic undergraduates themselves. The handful of under-

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graduates, about thirty in number, including the members of the religious orders, who represent Catholic youth in the war condition of the university, still keep the society in existence, holding it in trust until normal life is restored.

We come now to the new development which has just been mentioned. When, in 1895, the Holy See formally allowed Catholic youths to attend the university a condition was made that Catholic instruction should be provided to guard against any dangers to the Faith which might be met with in a non-Catholic university where every shade of religious opinion finds expression. The danger was, and is, a real one. Not that any attempt on the part of lecturers or tutors to subvert the Faith of a Catholic student would be tolerated by the academic authorities, but simply because of the freedom of thought which is found in academic life, and finds utterance there? At Oxford this freedom of thought, as it is encouraged by the university, is in no sense anti-Catholic: a Catholic is as much at liberty to express and uphold Catholic views as is anyone else, and he will receive the same sympathetic hearing as anyone else, provided that he can express himself intelligently. Oxford is preëminently a nursery of ideas and intelligent thinking, rather than of systems, and it welcomes any intelligent expression of an idea. The danger to an uninstructed Catholic youth is manifest; yet in practice the danger is minimized by that respect for religious convictions which goes with this freedom of thought; and further, by the peculiar mentality of the average Oxford undergraduate, which inclines him to hold his own opinions against lecturer or tutor until he is convinced of the reasonableness of opinions he is asked to accept. The danger is thus minimized, but still it exists.

To meet this danger there has hitherto been the weekly spiritual conference during term provided by the chaplain. The weekly conference, however, has never been considered adequate. Something more, it was felt, was needed to meet the *intellectual* difficulties which a student must inevitably be conscious of from time to time as he pursues his studies, whether in philosophy, history or literature. It was proposed by the Holy See a few years since, that lectures dealing with such difficulties and giving the Catholic point of view should be provided, but until now circumstances prevented any attempt to carry out this larger scheme of instruction. The attempt, however, is at last being made, with every hope of a successful issue, by the combined efforts of the religious houses and

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the secular clergy house. An accident, one might say, determined the heads of these houses to seize the present moment to inaugurate a scheme of Catholic lectures such as was desired. The upper rooms of a building known as "The Octagon," admirably suited for the purpose, fell vacant in the autumn of 1916; it was decided that these rooms should be taken as a common lecture-hall, and that the heads of the Catholic houses should form a board to carry out the scheme. The building itself was conveniently situated in the heart of the city, and its Catholic associations gave it a claim upon Catholic sentiment. For in pre-Reformation days it had been a chapel, and a mediæval sculpture of the Annunciation still graces the doorway. Further, circumstances had brought together a small number of Catholic lecturers who might be depended upon to secure a continuance of the lectures with occasional assistance from outside the city. The scheme was inaugurated before the end of the Michaelmas term, and has been further developed during the two following terms. Two classes of lectures are contemplated: courses of lectures for university students only which will have reference to the special subjects included in the university course; and occasional lectures which will deal with topics of the day, and are open to others as well as students. Thus in the Hilary term of this year a course of lectures for students was given on English mediæval literature; and in the summer term a course on the idea of the state in Christian thought. Other lectures included such subjects as Theosophy and Christian Science, International Law and Cardinal Newman's *Apologetics*. The proposed scheme for the next winter takes in a course of lectures on Catholic Christology and another course on modern literature. Other lectures will deal with certain Scriptural problems and the origins of the Benedictine Order. It is indeed but a small beginning, but the attendances at the lectures, considering the depleted condition of the university, has been so far encouraging. Though primarily intended for Catholics, a few non-Catholics have been present at most of the lectures; and doubtless as it becomes generally realized that the lectures are in no sense controversial, but simply an exposition of Catholic thought, the numbers of non-Catholics will increase: and in time the "Octagon" lectures may find their place side by side with the lectures of non-Catholic institutions such as Manchester and Mansfield Colleges, which though not officially recognized by the university, are yet welcomed as a genuine contribution to the intellectual life of Oxford.

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The very freedom of thought which is characteristic of Oxford's academic life is a guarantee that Catholic lectures, which aim at elucidating the Catholic mind and Catholic teaching, will be welcomed and accepted at their real value. And though this freedom of thought may constitute a danger to the Faith of the uninstructed Catholic, it yet gives a liberty to the Catholic body which if taken advantage of, will neutralize that danger and make it possible for Catholicism to obtain a fair hearing even amongst non-Catholics.

But the "Octagon" scheme includes not only lectures, but the formation of a reference library of books which deal fairly with the Catholic point of view, so that the students attending the lectures may be enabled to pursue still further their study of "the Catholic point of view." Consequently the "Octagon" rooms are being fitted out as a library, and an endeavor is being made towards collecting books which will be really helpful to the students, and as the scheme becomes known, Catholics who are interested in Oxford will doubtless contribute to make the library worthy of a place in the life of the university.

The question may be asked: why start such a new scheme in the midst of the hurly-burly of a war which has reduced the academic body to a mere shadow of its normal self? The answer is obvious. The opportunity presented itself, and opportunities neglected, frequently are lost and are not easily regained. Moreover, there is this further reason for beginning now what will be urgently needed after the War. When Oxford resumes its normal life, the "Octagon" lectures will be, we trust, an established thing, ready to take their part in the renewed activity of academic life. If Oxford is willing now to give a fair hearing to the Catholic point of view, it will be still more willing when men come to reconsider the past in the light of the catastrophic upheaval of the War.

There can hardly be a doubt that this new development in the Catholic life of Oxford, would have given satisfaction to the great Cardinal whose name is indissolubly linked with the university in which the great part of his life work was accomplished. And, moreover, there can be hardly a doubt that it has come about under circumstances far more favorable than existed fifty years ago. Five years after the quashing of the Oxford Oratory scheme, Newman wrote deprecating the idea of a Catholic college at Oxford on the ground that "it would be challenging controversy,"

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and would lead to "a mortal fight.... between Protestant professors and tutors and a Catholic college." The decree of Papal Infallibility had indeed aroused Protestant prejudice and opposition to the Church, and the controversies resulting from individual interpretations of the decree had accentuated the dissensions which divided the English Catholics at that period. Manifestly the time had not arrived when Catholic teaching could be put forth dispassionately and uncontroversially, as it must be if it is to gain intellectual assent or a fair hearing upon its own merits; remembering this, we may see in the failure of the Oxford Oratory scheme a disposition of Divine Providence. Newman himself saw in the refusal of Rome to allow him to reside in Oxford an indication of God's will, and in that attitude of mind accepted the decision. Even he himself had not then been forgiven by the university he loved so well. Today his memory is revered. Trinity College, of which he was an honorary Fellow, publicly professes its pride in him, as anyone may see who saunters through the college garden.

## THE MIRROR.

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY.

LORD, make my soul
To mirror Thee,
Thyself alone
To shine in me;
That men may see
Thy love, Thy grace,
Nor note the glass
That shows Thy face.

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## THE RIVERS AND HARBORS BILL.

BY M. R. RYAN.

TO follow the debate on the Rivers and Harbors Bill in the House of Representatives is to realize that our legislators are prone to thrill to the adage that there is no place like home. With earnest fervor, panegyrics were pronounced on various portions of our land, from as far north as Alaska, with its Yukon, one of the "noble rivers" of the universe, to Mississippi's Tombigbee, "without which the Gulf of Mexico would go dry," and from Casco Bay, "the most beautiful harbor in the United States" on the Atlantic Coast, to Richmond, with the "largest winery in the world" on the Pacific. Here is affectionate admiration evidenced; and no doubt sentiments resembling the above are to be found in the hearts of all our representatives in Washington. This is as it should be. And it is only when Congressional love seeks to supply the homeland with quite unnecessary "bacon" that commendation must shift to condemnation.

It has been charged that the Rivers and Harbors Bill recently passed in the House is a "pork" bill. In fact, seven members of the Rivers and Harbors Committee asserted in a minority report on the bill that it was "only the continuation of efforts to secure river and harbor legislation, portions of which invariably bear the justifiable designation of pork." To their belief the public in general seems to have subscribed. It certainly is not a popular measure at this writing.

The annual Rivers and Harbors Bill came into existence years ago when the Republican Party was at the height of its power. There was then a great surplus of money in the Treasury; and it was proposed that with this money the waterways of the country should be developed. Now there is no gainsaying that some excellent results were achieved upon the undertaking of this task. However, it is equally true that many absurd and chimerical schemes were carried out with a big loss to the Government that financed them.

The deplorable failings of the Republicans in regard to obnoxious waterway projects were, of course, criticized by their

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Democratic brothers. Yet when the wheel of fortune put the latter in command at the Capitol, rivers and harbors bills did not fade from the legislative programmes. However, out of the last four bills of this nature, three were defeated; and that one of 1916, which received the Presidential signature, won its way through the Senate by only one vote.

For 1917, the Democratic caucus decided to omit the pork-barrel bill from its plans. Nevertheless it was dragged into this special session of Congress. When the session was convened the understanding was that war emergencies, national defence and military preparedness alone were to be considered. So the Rivers and Harbors Bill entered Congress under the guise of a war measure. Indeed the Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee stated: "Every appropriation in the bill constitutes an emergency either for commerce or national defence, and I wish to state that there is no item of appropriation in this bill, either for maintenance or improvement, which was not specifically recommended by the Secretary of War."

But now observe the minority report of the Committee. "The minority are convinced that the only items that can be justified at this time are of two classes. First, items of maintenance for meritorious projects that would retain the present channel depths or are of such commercial importance as to require continual attention. Second, such harbor improvements as are of value and importance in the general plan of better preparedness, considering both the commericial requirements and naval needs. Unless the bill is materially amended along the lines suggested in this report, the minority of the Committee believe that no rivers and harbors legislation should be passed in this critical time of our national life."

The two opinions widely diverge.

In all probability there is no level-headed person in the United States who is antagonistic to the development of our important harbors and waterways. The natural paths of trade, rightly improved, may, other things being equal (which they are not usually), serve shippers of certain freights. There are those, too, who sincerely urge the development of smaller streams as an aid to commerce. And it might be argued, experimentation along such a line is permissible to a moderate degree, provided the Treasury can stand it.

But this question is before the country today: Is Congress justified in taxing us twenty-seven million dollars for *unnecessary*



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work on our big rivers and harbors, for *unnecessary* experimentation on our lesser streams?

The people of the country, rich and poor alike, have been exhorted to purchase Liberty Bonds. The appeal was not made in vain; the bond issue was over-subscribed. Now a two billion dollar tax is confronting us, that our stupendous financial needs may be guarded. Yet in the face of the apparently embarrassed situation of the Government, which is indicated in the case of the army exemption boards that are operating on the currency of the members of the same, a majority of the House, including Republicans and Democrats, have expressed their willingness to obligate the people to an extent of twenty-seven millions for rivers and harbors work.

"After all our searching and hunting" (on the Committee of Ways and Means), "we were unable to find anything that did not surpass either in degree or in form taxes which were proper in times of peace, and we were obliged in some measure to levy taxes which necessarily inflict hardship on those who have to pay them," said Mr. Green of Iowa to his colleagues in the House. War, however, is a period of sacrifice. Heavy levies upon the individual must be, and are, met with equanimity. And it is only when some of the moneys so raised are frittered away upon far-fetched or non-essential projects that protest bursts forth.

That several of the items of the Rivers and Harbors Bill do not fall in the classes just mentioned must be conceded. For instance, the deepening of the East River in New York at Diamond Reef to forty feet is a vital necessity. At present the depth there is not sufficient for the larger of our naval vessels to gain access to the Brooklyn Navy Yard at low tide. Mr. LaGuardia of New York put the situation concisely when he declared that should our warships in the yard be summoned for sudden duty, they would have to "flash out the signal: 'We cannot come out now; wait for eight hours until high tide.'" Then, the work recommended for Norfolk Harbor is meritorious, inasmuch as it has to do with naval conditions there. Dredging Portland harbor in Maine appears to be a worthy enterprise at this time, too, not only from a commercial standpoint, but also because it could be utilized by the army transports of our Canadian ally. These and other projects undoubtedly deserve consideration. And with an appropriation of six or seven millions and the balance of thirty-two millions from previous appropriations on hand, our rivers and harbors work could proceed satisfactorily.

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But the Bill incorporates, for example, an expenditure of seven millions for three rivers—the upper Mississippi, the Missouri and the Ohio. Perhaps there is a military necessity for spending this amount, but it is not very evident. Of this sum one million two hundred thousand dollars is to be dumped into the upper Mississippi. Now, a short while ago, General Black of the Engineer Corps asserted that as far as improvement goes the Mississippi surpasses the Rhine, about which there is so much laudatory comment. On the two hundred mile stretch between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio an outlay of about eighteen million dollars has been made. Yet J. H. Bernhard, an optimistic boat builder, was responsible for the statement (in 1915) that the Mississippi from St. Louis to its mouth, though possessing the best channel in the world, is comparatively empty of commerce. No doubt this emptiness may be accounted for on the grounds of rate discriminations against the waterways by the railroads and poor wharf facilities. If this be the case, however, would it not seem sensible, before sinking another million and a quarter into the upper Mississippi, to regulate the railroads, and to supply, by some manner of means, the necessities of trade in the lower river?

During the course of the debate on the Bill, Mr. Madden of Illinois suggested a plan that deserves more than a passing thought. He urged that one important channel be selected by the Government and completely improved; in the event of this channel being popularized for trade, the same plan could then be pursued elsewhere. This idea has merit and sound reasoning behind it, to say the least for it.

Some projects numbered in the House Bill present very amusing features. For Cold Spring and Absecon Inlets, Absecon and Tuckerton Creeks, and Toms River, N. J., thirty-five thousand dollars is apportioned for maintenance. Now, in 1915, no commercial report was issued for Cold Spring Inlet for the good and sufficient reason that the commerce there was negligible. Previous to the present date we have appropriated nine hundred thousand dollars for this inlet. In view of the fact that this item comes under the head of war emergencies, note this portion of a 1916 report of an army engineer on the question of improvement work: "It will increase the attractive features of Cape May to visitors" and "also permit the resumption of yacht races." Also, an earlier report on Toms River disclosed the fact that the stream is on one of the principal automobile routes and that "dredging it to

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a suitable depth would increase the traffic, owing to the ease with which owners could communicate with the yachts at this point."

Four hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars is set aside, with an annual allowance of one hundred thousand dollars hereafter, for the Brazos River and vicinity, up to Freeport, Texas. A few years ago, General Black stated that the plan was "in a sense, experimental." The appropriation for the Congaree River was raised from thirty thousand dollars to eighty thousand, and this is a stream that boasts one stern-wheel boat! One is reminded here of some comments on the Bill in general by Mr. Howard of Maryland. "Should we appropriate money.....to improve rivers and harbors that a 'highland' terrapin would die of thirst in?.....I know all about some of these creeks. I have fished in some of them, and if the Secretary of War recommends these projects as war emergency propositions, all I have to say is that some member of the House has perpetrated a great joke on him." Two thundred thousand dollars was appropriated for surveys which Colonel Newcomer asserted were not particularly important at this moment. Five thousand dollars were fixed as the proper sum with which to institute condemnation proceedings on the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.

An extremely interesting fact was also brought out in debate by Mr. Lenroot of Wisconsin. It appears that while the Bill was being drafted in Committee, an item of nearly a million dollars for improvements at the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon, was inserted in it. Before the Bill was quite completed, however, it was discovered that a report on improvements absolutely necessary for our navy, made by a special board, had been neglected, save for the East River item. These improvements would require about a million dollars. Now it is supposed that the Committee desired to keep the appropriations within a certain sum. At any rate, a telegram presently arrived from the district engineer on the Columbia with the cheering information that the work there should be suspended on account of the cost involved, the jetty having been brought up to a fair grade, anyway. At once, on the advice of a subordinate officer, the Columbia item was struck out. The incident leads one to ponder!

Now, there were many members in Congress who realized that a defeat of the Bill would prove disastrous for the items of worth incorporated in it. To save these items, Mr. Parker of New Jersey, offered an amendment, which was further amended by Mr. Treadway of Massachusetts. The latter amendment is quoted: "That

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no money shall be expended for the items of maintenance in this act until and unless the items are certified to by the President of the United States as necessary, in his judgment, for the commercial needs of the country or for the successful prosecution of the present war: And provided further, that no money shall be expended for the items of new projects, surveys, or for continuing improvements until and unless the items are certified to by the President of the United States as necessary, in his judgment, for the successful prosecution of the present war."

It will be noted that this does not give the President any more power. But "it limits the possibility of extravagant expenditure of public money."

The two amendments were decidedly opposed. And the Bill, lacking them, passed the House by a vote of two hundred and four to a hundred and thirty-two.

Immediately announcement was made to the Senate and concurrence of that body to the Bill was asked. Whether it will ever be reported out from the Upper House remains to be seen. It is to be hoped that there it will die the death it deserves. Omnibus legislation, as exhibited in the Rivers and Harbors Bill, is all wrong; and this is no time to tolerate it.

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# New Books.

**POEMS OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.** Collected by Ina Coolbrith. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Forty years ago William Dean Howells said of Charles Warren Stoddard's prose writings that they had in them "the very make of the tropic spray, which knows not if it be sea or sun." The same elusive charm, at once refreshing and languishing, opulently rich and inexpressibly delicate, characterizes Stoddard's poetry, now published after his death. In his lifetime, as Miss Coolbrith, the collector of his poetical writings, tells us, Stoddard published but one book of verse, and that when he was but a mere lad. The remainder of his literary life was devoted to prose writing—though no one at all familiar with his work need be told at this late day how infused and palpitant with the very essence of poetry were his prose productions. They were, in fact, poems in prose, and all the more delightful because lit with a flashing and iridescent humor.

Stoddard was one of the great "intimate" writers of his time: once, when asked why he did not prepare an autobiography, he laughingly replied that it was not necessary—that his books as they already stood were "Stoddard stark naked!" Here in these poems, however, we catch glimpses of the inner man even more revealing than any given in his other books: we see him here, not alone baring his soul to his brothers whom he loved, but secretly communing with himself sadly and wisely, as is the wont of poets.

Stoddard was called "the poet of the South Seas," and in this volume we hear him singing rapturously of those "islands of tranquil delight" which he so loved. In *Otaheite* he celebrates in sonnet form—a form to which his ample spirit was not over partial—that whole lovely hidden corner of the world in which he found so much happiness. So also in *The Cocoa Tree* he sings of the languorous South. This is Stoddard at his best.

But Stoddard is not all South Sea languors. In *The Bells of San Gabriel, Litany of the Shrines,* and *Old Monterey* we have the spirit of California revealed; and here the poet is happy indeed, stirred with the beauty of the land and touched to the soul by the noble story of the Old Missions and the tragedy of their passing. In these poems, too, he shows himself a consummate master of

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lyric verse writing. There is nothing in Swinburne better for the sheer music and swing of words.

Nor is all of Stoddard's poetry gentle and dreamy. Hidden strengths appear in such a little masterpiece, for instance, as *Albatross. One Life* is not only one of the best things in the book, but is likewise a curiously remarkable production—a poem in English without a single sibilant in it. We have never come across such an achievement in the language before. Stoddard's gift of imagery is brought out especially in *Sanctuary;* here he sees the things of nature with the eye of the soul, drawing on the rich symbolism of the altar to picture the beauties of earth about him.

Until we are given a complete and definitive collection of Stoddard's poetical writings (which we hope Miss Coolbrith will some day be enabled to publish) this beautiful little book, illustrated with a fine engraving of the beloved and lamented author, will fill a want in the hearts of his many admirers. The work is published as a memorial by Stoddard's friend, Mrs. Morton Mitchell, who thus makes the literary world her heavy debtor, and it opens with some notable tributes in verse from the pens of Joaquin Miller, George Sterling, Thomas Walsh (the editor), and Ina Coolbrith, whose loving labor has made the work a possibility.

**THE CELT AND THE WORLD.** By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

In this study of the relation of Celt and Teuton in history, Mr. Leslie has woven some of the facts of history and the ideals of men into an interesting volume. For the most part it is not a primer in the chronicle of Celtic achievement nor a first book in the record of Teutonic conquest, but pre-supposes a "well-read" reader and a receptive mind. It begins, however, at the beginning, and tells the story of the Aryan dispersion over Europe, and the various manifestations of religious feeling in that long ago, vaguely outlined people. Then the book views broadly the European camping ground of this westward-looking throng, the appearance of tribes and nations, and the results that came when one group met another in battle or in friendly communion. The Celtic accomplishment in Europe and elsewhere as distinguished from the work of the Northmen is the general thesis of the rest of the book, and this long story displays the quest of the Celt after the infinite and of the Teuton after the absolute. The Celt fought in every battle in the world, but only in the things of the spirit did he win the lion's share;

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the Teuton, as represented by England and Germany, has become the overlord of the things of earth. The conversion of the Celt and his missionary spirit in spreading the tidings of great joy, make an absorbing chapter. Celt that he is, Mr. Leslie does not fail to record Herr Zimmer's praise of the Irish monks in Switzerland and Germany in the long ago. To many the sketch of Irish history will be the most interesting thing in the book; and the praise heaped upon the Celtic hero, Daniel O'Connell, will find few critics. Mr. Leslie surely knows his subject; probably he, best of all, can answer the question he puts to the world: "Who can tell the Irish heart?"

**BRAZIL, TODAY AND TOMORROW.** By L. E. Elliott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

Mr. Elliott, the literary editor of *The Pan-American Magazine,* has written a most complete account of conditions in present-day Brazil. After a brief sketch of the history of Brazil, he treats of its colonization, its social conditions, its industries, its finance, its commerce, its railways, roads and shipping. The book is remarkable for its fairness and kindly tone, and should do a great deal towards fostering interest in our Southern neighbors. The author praises the men of Brazil for their energy, courtesy and sobriety, and the women for their charm, their purity, and their love of home and children.

He reminds Americans of their neglect in the purchase of South American raw materials, such as hides, coffee, rubber, fibres and ivory nuts, declaring: "That it would not matter very much to the United States if she did not sell anything to Brazil." He thinks it most important for accurate information regarding Brazil to appear in our American papers, and for a special news service to keep Brazilian papers informed of important happenings in North America. As it is, the latter hardly ever mention the United States unless to record the sayings and doings of some distinguished Brazilian in New York or Chicago.

**A MEMORIAL OF ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.** His Life and Writings. Edited by Condé B. Pallen. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. $2.00.

In a brief biographical sketch, Condé Pallen gives an interesting picture of the late Andrew J. Shipman. He was an able Catholic ecclesiastical lawyer, an energetic director of the company which published *The Catholic Encyclopedia,* and a member of

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the Board of Regents of the New York State University. Mr. Shipman was chiefly remarkable for his knowledge and love of the Slavic peoples in the United States. His interest in them began when he was assistant manager of the coal mines of W. P. Rend and Co. in Hocking Valley, Ohio, in 1881. He studied their languages, their rites, and their history at first-hand. He came into intimate touch with their clergy, here and abroad, and took up their cause effectively with the bishops of the United States.

The more than thirty articles and addresses in the volume deal principally with the Slavs in America, whose cause he so ably defended, and whose rites and peculiar customs he did so much to make known. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will remember how ably and how thoroughly he refuted the inaccurate and false statements of the English critic, Mr. Archer, who out of prejudice warmly espoused the cause of the anarchist Ferrer. Mr. Shipman visited Barcelona to get his facts at first-hand. He visited the scenes of riot in the city, interviewed the participators, witnesses and officials, looked up and copied records and affidavits, and read up the Spanish law, both civil and military, on the case. The brilliant writer of McClure's, indifferent to facts, was no match for the careful and painstaking student and defender of the Church.

**THE HANDLING OF HISTORICAL MATERIAL.** By L. F. R. Williams. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00 net.

The object of this volume is to make the reader realize the nature of the special training of the modern historical student, and the reasons which make this training necessary. The first two lectures discuss in detail the classification of historical material. The third indicates the pitfalls in the path of the historian. The author discusses the difficulty of preserving the impartial attitude of mind, of separating the provinces of theory and fact, of obtaining adequate evidence, of weighing evidence when obtained, and of distinguishing between essential and non-essential elements. The fourth lecture treats the problem of personality in history. "Are we to say with Carlyle that the great man shapes his surroundings or with Buckle, that he is shaped by them?" Mr. Williams answers this question with the words: "it all depends." Historians writing at a time which favored the free development of individuality are inclined to consider the personal factor as predominant. On the other hand, if conditions are such that the individual experiences difficulty in asserting himself against the overwhelming force of convention and

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custom, there is a tendency to minimize the influence of personality upon the course of events.

The author holds the Chair of Modern Indian History in Allahabad University.

**THE SOUL OF ULSTER.** By Ernest W. Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

It is difficult for the American reader to read this book with patience or to give it serious consideration; it is equally difficult to imagine such a work being accorded attention by the British reading public. Yet it is written avowedly to set English readers right concerning the problem it discusses, and its American publishers advertise it as a document of enlightenment on a much mooted question.

Mr. Hamilton was, we are told, for seven years a member of Parliament from Ulster, and he assumes to speak authoritatively. Yet this very assumption is a contradiction, for it is based on the most partisan of grounds. The author is frankly British Protestant to the core; yet he proposes to reveal to us the "soul" of Ulster, forgetting his own acknowledgment that half of Ulster is Irish and Catholic.

Of that Irish and Catholic half of Ulster, Mr. Hamilton knows nothing—or at best, only the worst! Prejudice and bigotry speak from his every page. How then can he presume to reveal the "soul" of Ulster? He cannot do it. And since his whole thesis is grounded on an assumed knowledge of "the inside"—which, on the face of it he does not possess—his argument falls to the ground.

That is, if what he writes could be called an argument. But that is stretching things. His book is really a rehash of old-time calumnies with some absurd "conclusions" tacked on. The plan of his work is clear enough: he gives an historical survey of the conflict in Ireland between the natives and the usurpers; and with this preliminary he shows how the foundations of the present trouble were laid. This is, of course, quite right: the trouble in Ulster today does unquestionably date back to other times. This is a fact almost too obvious to mention. But according to Mr. Hamilton, all the blame of those unhappy and bloody other times lies with the Irish. The bland ingenuousness with which this Englishman recounts the story of Ireland's crimes and England's wrongs would make one smile, were not the story itself, in its truth, such a horribly tragic one.

The book is full of absurdities and contradictions. It is only

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by unconscious self-contradiction, in fact, that the author does occasionally light on the truth, as when he admits, by clear implication, the superiority of the Irish race over his own: "It will be generally admitted," we read, "that when an expanding race encroaches upon lands of weaker nationalities, and establishes itself in their midst, there is a tendency on the part of the invaded races to disappear. .....In Ireland the reverse has been the case." Would he acknowledge why? In another chapter, apparently without weighing what his admission means, he acknowledges that the Protestants of Ulster are usurpers, and that the Irish have a grievance.

But with such writers, today as of old, the unpardonable sin of the Irish is that they are Irish. Mr. Hamilton's solution of the Irish question is almost comical in its simplicity. Let the Irish cease to be Irish, and the problem will be solved. That is the gist of his book. He thinks that the Sinn Feiners will bring this about. Being, in his unbounded imagination, an anti-clerical party, the Sinn Feiners will intermarry with the Protestants, and in due time a race will be propagated in Ireland which will be neither Catholic nor Protestant, Irish nor English. Can absurdity go farther?

The book has no further value except as another example of the wonderful stupidity of the Anglo-Saxon mind when confronting the Celtic temperament.

**LYLY'S EUPHUES.** Edited by Morris W. Croll and Harry Clemons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25 net.

Scholars will welcome this excellent edition of Lyly's *Anatomy of Wit* and *Euphues and His England*. The introduction on the sources of the Euphuistic rhetoric is written by Professor Croll of Princeton. He defines Euphuism as "a style characterized by the figures known in ancient and mediæval rhetoric as schemes (schemata), and more specifically by the word-schemes, in contrast with those known as tropes; that is to say, in effect, by the figures of sound, or vocal ornament." It was a common form of style in the sixteenth century. Its origin is traced not to the classical orators, Cicero and Isocrates, not to the parallelism of the Psalms or the Prophets, not to the Fathers of the Church, but to the mediæval Latin prose found in sermons, chronicles, lives of the saints and books of devotion. This is proved by citations from Bede's *Sermon on the Annunciation,* Felix' life of St. Guthlac, the thirteenth century chronicle of Jocelyn of Brakelond, and the *Imitatio Christi.* Interesting chapters follow on the humanistic criticism of the schemata,

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and their use in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Euphuism died out through the efforts of the Anti-Ciceronians, of whom Montaigne, Lipsius, Bacon and the Spanish prose-concettists were the chief exemplars.

Copious literary and textual notes, a fair index and a good bibliography accompany this volume.

**SERMON NOTES BY THE LATE MONSIGNOR ROBERT H. BENSON.** New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

Father Martindale has published the first volume of Monsignor Benson's *Sermon Notes,* made while still an Anglican. In his preface the editor apologizes for their lack of literary finish, but reminds us that they are notes, not sermons. They are valuable as a spontaneous expression of Father Benson's personality, indicate his growth in the knowledge of Catholic doctrine, and if not strikingly original at least show the devotional bent of his mind from the beginning. The doctrinal errors are few—about ten in all—and they are carefully pointed out by the editor in his notes and in the appendix.

**THE SPELL OF SCOTLAND.** By Keith Clark. Boston: The Page Co. $2.50 net.

In these days, when the gates of the Old World are shut against him, the armchair traveler is at his best. He may hope some day to see the far lands he dreams of, praying the while that they be not utterly ruined and destroyed before he sets eyes on them; but see them now he cannot except through the pages of his book. Some years ago The Page Company of Boston began the publication of a series of volumes called "The Spell Series," descriptive of the various countries, and most especially of their soul and spirit—the spell they weave over the beholder. The latest of these books is from the pen of a writer who has already contributed to the series a volume devoted to Spain. But though Miss Clark succeeded admirably in *The Spell of Spain,* she could hardly have hoped to achieve there what she has in her second book. For she is Scotch of the Scotch herself, and here every page of her writing breathes an instinctive and inherent sympathy and understanding. To "see" Scotland through such eyes is indeed to feel its spell.

To the Catholic reader Miss Clark's book cannot fail to recommend itself with a very special appeal. Catholics are either bored

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with dull bigotry or confronted with misrepresentation and falsehood in travel books describing those countries where the ancient Faith once was strong. But here they find a writer, although herself not a Catholic, fair-minded and clear-headed enough to see things as they are, not as they have been writ down out of the days of bitter partisanship. With Miss Clark we can view the remains of Scotland's lovely old churches and, alas, desolated altars with a sympathetic eye; she does not halt us in their shattered sanctuaries to give us tirades on the blessings of the Reformation. She senses the lost beauty of those fanes, and her soul speaks out for their now desecrated holiness. Nor can one resist her whole-hearted, open sympathy with the lovely and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.

The publishers have clothed Miss Clark's book worthily. It is a handsome volume, richly bound and boxed, and illustrated with innumerable fine photographs and historical prints, a map, and half a dozen colored plates that are in themselves little masterpieces luminous with the lovely "Spell of Scotland."

**THOMAS HARDY.** A Study of the Wessex Novels. By H. C. Duffin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

In a prefatory note, Mr. Herford of the University of Manchester, in view of the well-known essays of Lionel Johnson and Lascelles Abercrombie, apologizes for another study on the novels of Thomas Hardy. But he is justified in recommending this new book, for Mr. Duffin has indeed "something fresh and stimulating" to say. Whether Hardy attracts or repels you, whether you agree with Mr. Duffin's critical estimates or not, we advise you to read these interesting pages.

Hardy is praised for his mastery of character, especially for the power that makes vitally interesting the prosaic souls of milkmaids, stonemasons, shepherds and hay trussers. His plots are remarkable for their outstanding simplicity, their creative power, and their picturing of the soul's strife under the stress of divided affections. He is an ardent lover of nature, interpreting it and allegorizing it like an old-time Greek, while limning the beauties of his own beloved Wessex with wonderful faithfulness and skill.

After discussing the art of Hardy, Mr. Duffin treats of his philosophy. His defence of Hardy does not ring true. Hardy declares more than once, and implies everywhere, that the rustic faith of England is essentially naturalistic, pagan, animal. He

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implies, at times, that this is the case also with the more cultured classes. His Christians, ministers or layfolk, are all veneer Christians, forgetful of God in times of stress and trial. His doctrine of fatalism makes him necessarily hostile to religion: holding it to play a very small part in the lives of modern English men and women.

His pessimism taints his portraits of women, just as his crude determinism makes their lust and crime inevitable. Mr. Duffin is wrong in saying that Hardy's conception of human nature is not a low one. He sees it as dominantly pagan, ruled by passion and impulse; inevitably forced to sin by emotional or animal wants. To say that his understanding of women is "deep and absolute" is sheer nonsense, for he is incapable of drawing a pure woman. The woman who wrote in Barrie's copy of *Tess:* "How I hate Thomas Hardy," gave the true verdict. The immorality of certain scenes is not half so blameworthy as the theory that the law of chastity knows no other sanction than the conventions of society (Tess), nor can you condone the vice of adultery by calling it a weakness (Jude the Obscure).

**SARDINIA IN ANCIENT TIMES.** By E. S. Bouchier, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Bouchier has written an account of Sardinia from prehistoric times down to the days of Pope Gregory the Great. Although a small and very poor province of Rome, Sardinia merits our attention because of its primitive civilization, the architectural and artistic remains of which are numerous and varied; its old flourishing Phoenician colonies; the culture and martial spirit of its freedom-loving inhabitants, and because of the proof it affords of the consolidating effects of Roman rule.

In a dozen interesting chapters the author describes the chief cities of the country, its natural products and commerce, its architecture and art, its religion, and its history.

**MATTHEW ARNOLD: HOW TO KNOW HIM.** By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50 net.

Professor Sherman of the University of Illinois in this brief sketch of the character and career of Matthew Arnold, gives an excellent appreciation of his ability as poet and literary critic. Although Arnold made an extraordinarily high claim in behalf of his own poems in a letter to his mother written in 1869, he is vastly in-

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ferior to his great contemporaries, Tennyson, Browning, Rosetti, Morris and Swinburne. What Professor Sherman says of his *Merope* may be applied to most of his poetry: "It is the contrivance of an austere and intelligent artisanship without the warmth and vital rhythm of authentic creative impulse." As the critic in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* well says: "In nobility of temper, in clearness of statement, and especially in descriptive power, he is beyond praise. He lacks the one characteristic of the born poet, the instinctive mastery of metrical effects."

As a literary critic he was eminently judicial. The discrimination of values is the final object of all his work. In discussing a principle, a poem or a writer, he ever speaks with a tone of finality and authority in accord with the classic spirit and tradition. He is also an impressionist like Lamb, Hazlitt and Hunt, and like them proves himself a critic of taste by his apt and well-chosen quotations.

The relatively slight use he makes of the historical method is due to the fact that although a scholar of deep and varied culture, he had not the minute and exhaustive erudition required for its successful use. He shows very little acquaintance with the Elizabethan period, sweeps aside with a wave of the hand the great body of French romance poetry which he barely knew, and writes of Celtic literature without any acquaintance with Celtic works in the original. He states truly, however, the function of literary criticism: "To make the best ideas prevail; .....to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by making this known to create a current of true and fresh ideas; .....to keep a man from self-satisfaction, which is retarding and vulgarizing, to lead him towards perfection, by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things."

As inspector of schools for thirty-five years, Arnold did his utmost to raise the standards of English educational methods. Like all secularists he was a determined opponent of the religious schools, although he was right in insisting on state supervision over incompetent teaching. He is to be praised for his strenuous defence for the study of the humanities against Spencer's utilitarian and materialistic view of education. Gladstone well said that Matthew Arnold's books on religion presented Christianity in such a form as to be recognizable neither by friend nor foe. Without any theological learning whatever and without any grasp of Biblical criticism, he dogmatized on such abstruse problems as the existence of God, the idea of religion, miracles, the divinity of Christ, the teaching of St.

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Paul and the like. These volumes have done untold harm to the many who read him for his graceful style, and imbibed unconsciously the poison of his out-and-out rationalism.

**GOD THE INVISIBLE KING.** By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Mr. Wells is seeking God insistently and he knows not where they have laid Him. He said through the lips of Mr. Britling: "Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God he begins at no beginning, he works to no end."

In his latest book Mr. Wells very frankly declares that he has no belief in any Christianity, though he is sympathetic with all sincere religious feeling. His subject-matter is modern, creedless religion as he sees it; a religion without a founder, sprung into being simultaneously and imperceptibly all over the world, among "English, Americans, Bengalis, Russians, French, people brought up in a Catholic atmosphere, Positivists, Baptists, Sikhs, Mohammedans." His faith he proceeds to define in several chapters: "The Cosmogony of Modern Religion;" "Heresies, or the Things That God Is Not;" "The Likeness of God;" "The Religion of Atheists;" "The Invisible King;" "Modern Ideas of Sin and Damnation;" "The Idea of a Church." It is not necessary to analyze his beliefs, if, indeed, his views can be called beliefs. His system, possessing "no church, no authorities, no teachers, no orthodoxy," will be found a weak reed to lean upon amid the convulsions of nations. The new orientation sheds no beam to guide shipwrecked civilization to firm anchorage. When one has finished reading this vague philosophy, one wonders if this feeble attempt of the perplexed, harassed Wells may prove a stepping-stone to true religion.

**CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS IN POETRY, HISTORY AND ART.** By Sara Agnes Ryan. Chicago: The Mayer & Miller Co.

This is a most interesting sketch of Columbus, illustrated by many well-known poems relative to his life and work. The volume contains many photographs of the statues erected in his honor in Santo Domingo, Peru, Washington, Boston, and mentions especially as his living monument that most vigorous body of Catholic laymen in the United States, the Knights of Columbus.

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**THOMAS MAURICE MULRY.** By Thomas F. Meehan. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. Boards, $1.00; cloth, $1.50.

It is not easy to set forth the principles that should govern one in reviewing a book. If the reviewer stands in the relation of guide to prospective readers one might expect him to state the case fully for and against a volume at hand. One reviewer speaks of the work before us as "in every way a worthy tribute to that noble Catholic gentleman. Besides presenting in bold relief the universal high regard in which Mr. Mulry was held, it affords through his correspondence, intimate personal insight into the genuine character of the man."

As a matter of fact the book is most unsatisfactory from every standpoint, if we are to consider it as a biography. It is practically a reproduction of the May, 1916, issue of the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*. That memorial number of the *Quarterly* was fairly well distributed throughout the country within two months after Mr. Mulry died. It was not intended in any sense as an adequate presentation of Mr. Mulry's character and career. The author of this volume did not obtain and could not have obtained permission from the editors of the *Quarterly* to use that material as the basis of a biography. In fairness to possible purchasers it should be known that the author of this work used none or practically none of the sources from which Mr. Mulry's biography must be drawn. Mr. Mulry was worthy of a great biography. The American Church has need of it. American Catholic Charities have need of it. This work on Mr. Mulry falls short at every point. In addition to the contents as described, the volume contains a few of Mr. Mulry's addresses which are, of course, interesting and authoritative.

**THE UPBRINGING OF DAUGHTERS.** By Catherine Durning Whetham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

In a brief preface, the author says, in effect, that she has but restated some old truths and commonplaces that are apt to be overlooked in times of stress and strain. She exploits no personal theory of social reform and makes no contribution to the controversial literature of sex. There is, indeed, so little specialization along the lines suggested by the title, and the outlook is so comprehensive, that the book has a general interest as an elaborate study of certain principles for the conduct of life which, though widely disavowed at present, are corroborated by tradition and experience. In consideration of the various themes correlated to the main subject,



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there is no attempt to turn back the hands of the clock, but the possibility is shown of establishing relations with the wisdom of earlier periods by a reasonable process of adaptation. Concerning education she would, no doubt, be classed by many as a hopeless reactionary. But Mrs. Whetham's restatements are of the kind that make old things new. Her cultured perceptions realize the vast extent of the ground her subject covers; she traverses it searchingly, with keenest insight, and presents her collected gleanings with the addition of much that is fresh and original, expressed gracefully and touched now and then with a quiet, natural humor. Thus, though the book is close, earnest reading, it is neither heavy nor pedagogic; it appeals to all who take interest in intelligent defence of the standards by which alone any true progress has been or ever can be made.

**SOME RUSSIAN HEROES, SAINTS AND SINNERS.** By Sonia E. Howe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

Saints, sinners and heroes are the three outstanding groups in the tapestry of any country's history; of them Russia has had a full share. From the very beginning her leaders have had marked spiritual definition due to the strong religious background which has always given color to Russian life. In lifting them out of this tapestry as definite studies, Mrs. Howe has made almost as valuable a contribution as was her previous book, *A Thousand Years of Russian History.*

The figures she chooses are the following: Oleg, the Wise, Prince of Kiev, who stormed Byzantium and reigned gloriously over ancient Russia for thirty-three years; Olga, the wife of Prince Igor, the first Russian convert to Christianity; Vladimir, whose choice made Russia a Christian country; Predslava and Gradislava, saintly daughters of the warrior of Polotsk; Alexander Nevoki, whose courage helped rid Russia of the Mongol; Dimitri Donski, a saintly soldier who gave the Tartar his death blow; Sergius, the upholder of the pure religious light in dark times; Ivan the Terrible and his saintly foils, Philip and Sylvester; Yermak, who drove the first Russian wedge into Siberia and opened the way to the conquest of that vast territory; the False Dimitri, a figure of great romance in Moscovy; the patriots whose patience restored and elected Mikail Romanoff to the throne; and finally the Boyaryinia Morozov, the last of the Old Believers who was persecuted because she refused to accede to the reforms of Nikon. The background to these high lights in old Russian history forms a fairly comprehensive view of

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what went on in those days, because up to the time of Peter the Great the history of Russia was the history of its leaders; from that reign on it becomes more and more the history of the people.

Mrs. Howe's easy style makes her history eminently readable, while detracting naught from the scholarship evident in every sketch. A lover of Russia's past, she makes no attempt to condone the evils and excesses of Russia's sinners, nor to exaggerate the saintliness of her spiritual leaders. This balance of scholarship and restraint makes the book a genuine contribution to the growing mass of books on Russia. She is especially happy in her studies of Ivan the Terrible, the Boyaryinia Morozov and the False Dimitri, three quite different characters, whose lives add rich color to the picture of Russia and whose outlook on life represent, incidentally, three salient contradictory elements in the present-day Russian soul—its cruel insistence on the attaining of its wishes, its deep religious fervor, and its happy, care-free way of taking life as it comes.

Scattered through the pages of the book are wood cuts from old manuscripts and paintings of the various heroes as pictured by modern artists. Nesteron's "Labors of St. Sergius," Refin's famous "Zaporogian Cossacks," and the fine study of an old Moscow crowd called "Coming" by Ryaboushkin, are beautifully reproduced.

**THE SUMMA THEOLOGICA OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.** Part II. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The latest volume of the English translation of the *Summa* treats of the theological virtues, faith, hope and charity. The Dominicans of the English province deserve the highest praise for the accuracy and literary finish of their translation.

**PRISON REFORM.** Compiled by Corinne Bacon. White Plains, New York: The H. H. Wilson Co. $1.35 net.

The purpose of this book is to give the reader a general knowledge of prison reform in the United States. Miss Bacon has gathered together one hundred articles and speeches by prison experts, grouping them under the various headings of the history of prison reform, conditions and methods in prisons, Sing Sing prison, psychopathic clinics and classification of prisoners, convict labor, the indeterminate sentence, probation, parole and jails.

Everyone will praise the abolition of the oldtime cruelties of convict labor, excessive flogging and the solitary cell, but the new penologists go to the other extreme of making the prison a place

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of recreation instead of punishment. They over-emphasize the reformation idea, and forget altogether the necessity of punishing the evildoer. Few will question the good effected by probation and parole, and the benefits of the indeterminate sentence.

**THE CENTENARY OF THE SOCIETY OF MARY.** By Brother John E. Garvin, S.M. Dayton, Ohio: The Brothers of Mary. $1.50 net.

In connection with the centenary of the Society of Mary, Brother Garvin has written a sketch of its founder, Very Rev. William J. Chaminade of Bordeaux, and a history of the Society in the United States from 1849 to the present day. This well-written volume gives the reader a good insight into the spirit of the Society of Mary and its saintly founder, explains the character of their educational work, enumerates their many foundations, and gives brief accounts of the lives of the Society's superiors here and abroad.

**THE CALL OF THE REPUBLIC.** By Jennings C. Wise. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

In this little volume Colonel Wise gives us a clear, well-argued case against the military system that has prevailed for so many years in this country. He analyzes the question of national defence, and offers proof to show that a purely voluntary system of military service is wastefully inefficient and opposed in principle and practise to the best interests of the individual and the nation. His analysis takes in a general *résumé* of the military systems of ancient, mediæval and modern times. His conclusion is a plea for universal training.

**THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF ARCHITECTURE.** By C. Matlack Price. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.00 net.

This well-written and scholarly addition to the Home Life Enrichment Series, which Lippincott has been publishing on arts and crafts, period furniture, outdoor rose growing, oriental rugs and garden architecture, gives in broad outline the principles of architecture in general, a history of the various styles from the days of Egypt and Assyria to the present day, and concludes with a number of good practical suggestions to the man about to erect a private home or a public building.

Part I., "A Practical Guide to Styles," discusses in a clear and concise manner the value and benefit of architectural appreciation,

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the growth and development of pre-Christian styles, Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture, Gothic and Renaissance Architecture, the Classic Ideal, Byzantine, Romanesque and Gothic derivations, Early and Modern English derivations, Latin derivations in America, Native American Architecture, and the latest developments in the form of the city house, the office building, the modern hotel, the apartment house, and the railroad terminal.

Part II. deals with the selection of a site, the choice of an architect, the nature, cost and suitability of building materials, the question of labor conditions, the different kinds of plans, the details of interior trim and finish, lighting, plumbing and the like.

Two hundred and fifty-five plates perfectly illustrate the text, whether the author is speaking of a Greek temple in Sicily or a skyscraper in New York.

**THE DEFINITE OBJECT.** By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little Brown & Co. $1.60 net.

The hero of Jeffery Farnol's latest novel is a young American millionaire, Geoffrey Ravenslee. Despondent, blasé and weary of life he is about to commit suicide, when a would-be burglar, whom he captures in his beautiful home on the Hudson, suggests to him the idea of living in the slums. He goes off with " Spike " to Mulligan's flat on Tenth Avenue, where he has the most stirring adventures with crooks, gunmen, prize-fighters, peanut venders, and above all " the Definite Object," Hermione. The book has all the romance of Beltane the Smith, the only difference being that the author substitutes Hell's Kitchen in the twentieth century for the woods of mediæval England.

Some of the character drawing—the pompous butler Brimberly, the loquacious Old 'Un, and the shrewish Mrs. Ann Angelina Trapes—is as good as Dickens at his best. Hermione, the good angel of the tenements, is most human in her inordinate love for her scapegoat brother, and certainly deserves to win her Quixotic lover.

**HELEN OF FOUR GATES.** By an Ex-Mill-Girl. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

It is not a novel of industrial conditions and reactions that the anonymous author has given us, but an intensive study of rural life, unpleasant and depressing. We are told that this is her first book; and it is plain that in theme and treatment she has been, probably

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unconsciously, influenced by the writings of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Phillpotts: thus the very considerable powers of expression with which she pictures the rich loveliness of an English countryside in springtime throw into ironical and shocking relief the sins and miseries of the human element. Four Gates Farm is a storm centre where mental and moral deformity, senseless revenge, hatred, cruelty and love that brings years of anguish of spirit, wreak their fury upon the hapless victim, Helen. The author has somewhat overshot the mark; the impression received is not that of a tale so sincerely conceived that it needs must be told, but as the result of laborious effort to evolve a situation sufficiently striking. The material seems at times to get out of hand, the characters are not always intelligible, and there are unnecessary uglinesses. Nevertheless, the ability displayed is such that it is to be hoped the present work may be soon followed by another upon a subject more simple and agreeable.

**THE "CHRONICA FRATRIS JORDANI A GIANO."** By Rev. Edwin J. Auweiler, O.F.M. Washington, D. C.: Catholic University Press.

Father Auweiler has submitted to the Catholic University of America for his Doctor's degree the introduction to his new edition of the Latin text and English translation of the *Chronicle* of Friar Jordan of Giano. It contains a brief preface on the value of this work to students of Franciscan history, a list of the manuscripts of Berlin and Karlsruhe, the indirect sources of the text in Komerowski, Glassberger, Gonzaga and Wadding, the various editions of Voight, Quaracchi and Boehmer, the life of Friar Jordan, and a brief account of the Latin text of the present edition. A complete bibliography and an *apparatus criticus* conclude the dissertation.

**JOURNAL OF SMALL THINGS.** By Helen MacKay. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.35 net.

For the reader, who reads slowly enough to savor literary quality, these quietly written little vignettes will hold a distinctive place, even among many notable impressions of the War. Mrs. Mackay is an American who has been doing hospital work in France, and the book is concerned mainly with her experiences in this service. It is full of appeal; the style, though admirably distinctive, is free from any effort after "fine writing;" the writer's intense sympathy with the sufferings she records is unmarred by emotionalism, and permits her to produce an account objective enough to be valuable; and,

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although Mrs. Mackay is apparently not a Catholic, the *Journal* is full of a beautiful reverence for the religion of the French people.

Truth to tell, such brightening touches are badly needed in a record of this sort. The *Journal of Small Things* is not a book to be happy over. It is too full of tragedy for that—of vivid, unforgettable fragments of suffering, torn by chance from many different lives. The pages seem crowded to the reader who has not sensed war's power of universal desolation, almost intolerably crowded with pain. One is half fretted by the very monotony of human anguish, as person after person, each the symbol and centre of an individual world of hope and happiness, slips unpretentiously along his appointed path of unique and separate agony. One resents, as a cruelty, the being asked to believe that one little hospital could have enshrined so many perfect tragedies.

It is not a book to make one happy, especially at this hour. But it is a genuine and moving piece of literature.

**THE JOYFUL YEARS.** By F. T. Wawn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

In many ways this is an old-fashioned novel—which is another way of saying that it is a romantic, leisurely and delightful one. The plot is the simplest imaginable—an outright love story; a runaway match; obdurate parents; and a reconciliation. But there is really a good deal more than this to the book. There are some excellent character studies; the central figure of the tale, Shaun James, whose unselfish love and unfailing wit pull the strings of the action, is a particularly charming personage. His whimsical ways and wise sayings give a dash of flavor to the story. From one of his saws the book derives its title—"the joyful years are those when you are finding yourselves, my children." It is Shaun James who engineers the elopement of Cynthia and Peter, at the sacrifice of his own great love; for he too has given his heart to the lovely child of the kind but uncomprehending Sir Everard and Lady Bremmer. The whole story of Shaun, in fact, is one of sacrifice—sacrifice offered with brave laughter and never a tear of self-pity. The wholesomeness and sweet reasonableness of the people one meets in the pages of this book are indeed refreshing; and there is some really beautiful writing also. There is more than one memorable word picture of the most interesting scenes in all England—the scenes associated in legend and literature with King Arthur and his court. In visiting these historic spots, one could have no better

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traveling companion or guide than *The Joyful Years.* A word should be said also for the delicacy with which the author has written of love and marriage. The very soul of purity breathes in his pages, and the whole book is worth reading, for the sake of the last chapter alone, the story of Peter's return from the war and finding his young wife and baby in the garden.

**SCIENCE AND LEARNING IN FRANCE.** An Appreciation by American Scholars. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

As stated in its preface, the purpose of this volume is to put before the American public the contributions of France in all fields of scientific knowledge, and to show her status in the forefront of the world's progress, thus furnishing to American university students an incentive to pursue graduate work in France. Each chapter sets forth briefly for a particular field the notable achievements and eminent leaders of French scholarship during the past century; and the courses of instruction given now or recently at the French universities, especially at the University of Paris, with the facilities available for study and research. There is also an introduction, by President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, on the intellectual inspiration of Paris and France, and an appendix describing the organization of French universities, the standards of preparation expected of the student, the system of degrees, the regulations and customs as to residence, attendance, fees and the like. The twenty-two chapters, though varying in thoroughness and detail, cover well the range of human knowledge; the authors collaborating on each section are certainly qualified to speak for American scholarship in their respective fields, and there is a list of sponsors, numbering well over a thousand, who join with the authors in making the book a national homage, offered from the universities of America to the universities of France.

No treatment of French scholarship could be complete which refused recognition to French Catholic scholarship, and, on the whole, the appreciation of Catholic scholars is just. Priests who are really prominent in certain departments like anthropology and philology are duly mentioned, and the names of Catholic laymen, though, of course, not labeled "Catholic," form the larger part of the list. There are occasional omissions of names which might be expected, such as Branly, of the Catholic Institute of Paris, the discoverer of the principal of the wireless, but this could hardly be avoided in view of the fact that there is no absolute standard in

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reckoning prominence. The paper on religion deals almost exclusively with the history of religions, and is written with a carefulness apparently designed to avoid points of controversy. In the list of libraries, that of the Catholic Institute of Paris should certainly have been mentioned, and even that of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, which has a recognized standing. Most regrettable, perhaps, from a Catholic standpoint, is that, in a list of over a thousand sponsors, there is but one name connected with a Catholic institution.

**BURNS: HOW TO KNOW HIM.** By William A. Neilson. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50 net.

A Scotchman born and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Professon Neilson of Harvard is eminently fitted to write a critical and an enthusiastic estimate of Scotland's most beloved poet, Robert Burns. He gives us an interesting and truthful sketch of the poet's life, describing vividly " the cheerless gloom and galley-slave toil " of his youthful days, his unfortunate thirst for stimulants and his gross immorality. He praises him for his independence of character, which made him refuse to write for money or to truckle to his aristocratic friends and patrons in the days of his Edinburgh triumph.

Burns was a master both of English and of Lowland Scots, a dialect of English descended from the Northumbrian dialect of Anglo-Saxon. But as Professor Neilson well says: " He wrote English as he wore his Sunday blacks, with dignity, but not with ease." This is very evident in poems like *The Cottar's Saturday Night,* where both tongues are used, and can be proved by a comparison between such songs as *Corn Rigs* or *Whistle and I'll Come to Thee, My Lad* and the artificial songs to Clarinda.

As a song writer Burns began and as a song writer he closed his career. In 1792 he contributed one hundred songs to George Thompson's *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs,* the best of which are known and loved the world over. He often took old songs like Aytoun's *Auld Lang Syne* and made their crude lines a thing of beauty and a joy forever. He knew scores of the old songs, ballads and melodies of Scotland, and his genius enabled him so to amend them that his version at once superseded all others. At times he would retain the first line, the first stanza or the chorus of the old song; again he would keep merely a striking phrase or epithet. Many of course are entirely original as *Mary Morrison, Handsome*

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*Nell* and *My Nannie's Awa,* and their perfection prove that he was in no way dependent upon old material for his inspiration. Nothing was too mean or insignificant for his lyric flights. No matter what his theme, he speaks directly to the heart of the most humble, and wins the minds of the most exacting critics by his brilliant coloring, his rollicking humor, his vivid descriptions, and his love of external nature.

**THE MADNESS OF MAY.** By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

Mr. Nicholson's little fantasy—it is almost extravaganza—will furnish many smiles and not a little of the mystification which is half the joy in reading fiction. It is only an elaborated short story, but it is just long enough to entertain a reader in the mood for a trifle that is not trash. For trifle it is; but it is far too well done to be called trash. The fanciful spirit in which the story of Robin Hood and his "merrie companie" up to date is conceived, is sustained with perfect artistry. One can imagine that the author had a lot of fun writing this gay little tale; at any rate, even the book-hardened critic cannot resist the fun of it in reading it. Perhaps out of a kind heart, that is what Mr. Nicholson wrote it for!

**NAMES THAT LIVE IN CATHOLIC HEARTS.** By Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents.

We have here interesting biographies of seven great Catholics of history, Cardinal Ximenes, Grand Chancellor of Spain, Michelangelo, painter, poet, architect and sculptor, Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, Oliver Plunkett, the martyr bishop, Archbishop of Armagh, Charles Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, Henri de Larochejacquelein, the hero of La Vendée, and Simon de Montfort, the leader of the crusade against the Albigenses. These brief sketches give the reader an insight into various periods of Church history, teach in a most interesting manner the virtues of the perfect Catholic, and arouse enthusiasm for the Church of God.

**THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.** By Lawrence Byrne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

*The American Ambassador* is the work of an American diplomat, who for obvious reasons employs a *nom de plume.* The story centres around an American embassy somewhere in Europe, and

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deals with the triumph of an inexperienced Westerner over the deceit and intrigue of unscrupulous and scheming European politicians. The heroine for a time is willing to sacrifice herself to save her father's honor, but luckily the villain meets his Waterloo, and the hero comes to his own.

**THE MAGUIRES OF FERMANAGH.** By John Magauran. Edited by Patrick Dineen. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. $1.00.

Gaelic scholars will read with interest this life of Manus and Giolla Iosa, the sons of Donn More Maguire—a Gaelic text of the year 1716 based on an old manuscript of the thirteenth century. Patrick Dineen has added an English translation with copious explanatory notes, and a scholarly introduction describing fully the contents of this interesting history. It recounts the revolt of the O'Flanagans against the Maguires, gives a good insight into the laws and customs of the mediæval Irish clans, and an accurate account of the ancient topography of Fermanagh. The manuscript errs in making the Maguires kings of Fermanagh in the thirteenth century, whereas the Irish annals prove them to have been only the acting lords for the O'Donnells of Tyrconnell.

**THE VINTAGE.** By Sylvia Chatfield Bates. New York: Duffield & Co. 75 cents net.

This little story has a point and a message particularly telling at the present moment. It relates how a reforming-minded, self-sufficient university graduate loses that scorn of country so intellectually fashionable a little while ago, and sees patriotism as an authoritative and a beautiful thing. The transformation is effected by reading the letters written from the Front by his grandfather during the Civil War. These letters see national duty so clearly and express national faith with such generous devotion that the grandson comes to feel that both the duty and the belief are a sacred trust to him. The little tale is very well written. However, as a brief for patriotism, it would lose nothing by the omission of the love-story.

**GETTING TOGETHER.** By Ian Hay. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents net.

For those who wonder why England at war and the United States at peace should have viewed the European conflict from different angles, Captain Hay's little book is a home university course. Written before we entered the Great War it aims to answer the ques

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tions Englishmen and Americans have put to each other in thought or word from August, 1914, until April, 1917. Our neutrality; the British blockade; the interception of our mails; American intervention; the submarine menace; England's will to win, are matters handled here in a clear, vigorous, concrete fashion. It is a little lecture on the seeming inability of Americans and Englishmen to undestand each other, despite the common language, and a plea to "get together" on a sounder basis of understanding than the old blood-is-thicker-than-water creed, a theory so meaningless and irritating to "that not inconsiderable section of the American people which does not happen to be of British descent.

"We both believe in God; in personal liberty; in a law which shall be inflexibly just to rich and poor alike. We both hate tyranny and oppression and intrigue; and we both love things which are clean and wholesome and of good report. Let us take one common stand upon these."

**SPONSA CHRISTI.** By Mother St. Paul. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents net.

These meditations for religious are strikingly original, and specially fitted for women. In his preface Father Rickaby wisely suggests the advisability of women writing on spiritual doctrine for women on the plea "that a woman's piety is not quite a man's piety, her faults not a man's faults, her aspirations, her aptitudes other than a man's." Layfolk will also find this book a most helpful aid in prayer, for the good Christian is always at heart a religious in the sense that Our Lord's invitation, "Be ye perfect" is extended to all. Especially good are the chapters on poverty, chastity, obedience, the fig-tree, the bridal dress, the religious and the Mass.

**ALOYSIUS IGNATIUS FITER.** By Raymund R. Amado, S.J. Translated by Elder Mullan, S.J. St. Louis: The Queen's Work. 50 cents.

Father Mullan tells us that "Father Fiter is unquestionably the most important figure in sodality history in the last two hundred years. He has two titles to the distinction: his sodality at Barcelona and his part in preparing the common rules of 1910." This biography will prove invaluable to directors who wish to obtain correct ideas of the true spirit and working of the Sodality of Our Lady.

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**THE SONGS OF CREELABEG.** By P. J. Carroll, C.S.C. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.25 net.

Father Carroll is at his best when singing of Erin. His sweet, delicate verses come straight from the heart perpetuating her joys and sorrows, the devotion of her people, the purity of her daughters, the legends of her past, the beauties of her hills, streams and skies. He wrote them for the exiles in our American cities, that they might hear again the song of the Irish thrush and cuckoo, and see again the brown sods burning, the wild geese flying, the sweet shamrock growing, the cliffs of Aherfall, the cross of Athery and the skies of Creelabeg.

**OUR REFUGE.** By Rev. Augustine Sprigler. St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents net.

The rector of St. Mary's Church, Sullivan, Ind., has published a dozen simple instructions on devotion to the Holy Eucharist. They deal with types and prophecies, the institution, the sacrifice of the Mass, attendance at Mass, preparation for, and thanksgiving after Holy Communion, and furnish suitable prayers for practical devotion.

**DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FACE.** By E. Seton. New York: Benziger Brothers. 65 cents net.

This volume describes in simple language the significance of the devotion to the Holy Face, and gives a brief sketch of its history from the time of St. Veronica to its modern apostles, Sister Mary of St. Peter and M. Dupont, "the holy man of Tours." An appendix contains a number of prayers and special devout practices in honor of the Holy Face.

**THE NECESSITY OF CHRIST.** By Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

The writer of this book tries to show that the whole modern movement in philosophy and religion so far from denying the divinity of Christ, offers proof of the necessity of that doctrine for all serious speculation, religion, Christianity, personality and society. The author is too vague and indefinite to be convincing, and his statement that the old evidences for the divinity of Christ are now presented in a way which only stimulates revolt, is unproved. However, he utters some wise words, as, for example, "that the modern denial of Christianity is due to superficiality rather than

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to profundity; that the modern mind underestimates the tremendous mental stature and acumen of the scholastics; that to be irreligious is to be really anti-social and inhuman; that the breakup of the one visible Church was one of the greatest catastrophes of history; that Christianity needs religious orders, where men would have the continual inspiration which comes from corporate devotion and corporate sacrifice."

**OUR ANNIVERSARIES.** By Rev. Joseph V. Nevins, SS. St. Louis: B. Herder. 35 cents net.

This little book is dedicated "to the dear memory of Father Chapon, SS.," and will doubtless have a special appeal to those who were honored and aided by his friendship. But it will be welcomed also by all who have passed their years of preparation for the sacred ministry, under the priestly training of the Sulpician Fathers—a reminder of holy days, a renewal at their fountain-head of the stores of grace garnered in earlier years.

TWO officers of the United States Army, Major J. A. Moss and Major M. B. Stewart, have written a little booklet, *Our Flag and Its Message,* which will be read with profit. In the compass of less than thirty pages they give the story of "Old Glory," explain its symbolism and present in addition the President's appeal for unity at the opening of hostilities between our country and Germany. The little book, published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, sells for twenty-five cents. It is neatly bound and is one of the most attractive leaflets we have seen among the host of such publications the War has brought forth.

WAR LYRICS—1914 TO 1917, published in a twenty-eight page pamphlet, while hardly pretending to literary merit, are full of ardent patriotic feeling. They have peculiar interest as the product of the pen of an octogenarian still full of the fire of youth. The author is C. Augustus Haviland, of Brooklyn, N. Y., now in his eighty-fifth year. If his fervent lines succeed in kindling in some of our lackadaisical twentieth century youth the spark of patriotism, the little book will be more than justified.

VOICES OF ERIN, by John J. Walsh and Michael J. Neary, is a book of poems written in the pleasing reminiscent style that characterizes much of the old-time Irish verse. It presents none of the subtleties of the modern school, but is filled with wholesome feel-

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ing and pure religious faith. For many readers it will have an added appeal as the joint work of two young Irish students who are preparing for the Holy Priesthood at St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, and who hope through the sale of the book to secure funds with which to continue their studies. The little volume, very attractively bound, sells for one dollar, and may be procured at 88 Lambert Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

FROM E. P. Dutton & Co. we have a very timely and valuable pocket companion: *The Soldier's Spoken French,* by Hélène Cross (sixty cents net). This comprehensive little volume in one hundred and twenty-five pages gives an epitome of French grammar with vocabularies especially adapted to the soldier's needs. It is the result of the author's practical experience in teaching French to the New Zealand soldiers, and may be confidently recommended to the American soldier as a short-cut to acquaintance with the French language, so much to be desired at the present time. It was an oversight, however, on the part of the American publishers not to give the equivalent of the French money in American, as well as in English currency.

THE *White Knights on Dartmoor,* by Olive Katherine Parr (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents net), is a little brochure on the crusade of the White Knights, an organization to combat the social evil among the English soldiers at the front.

BENZIGER BROTHERS have published in a fifty cent edition three well-known and highly prized volumes, *Life of St. Ignatius Loyola,* by Father Genelli, S.J.; *Women of Catholicity,* by Anna T. Sadlier, and the *Life of Mademoiselle Le Gras.*

FIONA McKAY has made an excellent and timely collection of the principal moral sayings from the Books of Proverbs, Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, which are published in a tastefully arranged and handy volume, entitled *Leaves of God,* by the Angelus Press.

AN invaluable book for our Catholic schools is *The Gospel According to St. Luke,* compiled by Rev. Robert Eaton (London Catholic Truth Society). The full text is given with able and accurate explanations of every difficult passage. The cost is about seventy-five cents.

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# Recent Events.

**France.** The sacred union which was formed at the beginning of the War by all the political parties in France from the Royalists on the Right to the Socialists on the Extreme Left, has lost indeed something of its strength but is still substantially intact. The proposed Stockholm Conference and the invitation to take part in it sent by the Russian Workmen's and Soldiers' Council is responsible for any weakening of the union that has taken place. The Socialist parties of France decided to accept the invitation and to send delegates to the Conference. Passports for these delegates were refused by the Government. This refusal threatened the loss of one of its most useful members—M. Thomas, the Minister of Munitions. However regrettable his loss would have been in itself, a worse result would have been the alienation of the large number of Socialists which would have followed upon his resignation and might have led to a serious disruption of the unity which is now of such extreme importance. M. Thomas, however, has withdrawn his resignation, and the danger has for the time being, at least, been averted. There are still, however, many elements of uncertainty. The enemy is making a supreme effort to cause the divisions upon which alone his hopes of success now depend.

When the envoys of the Government were in this country there was much said about the losses which the French had sustained in the course of the War. France was represented as having been bled white. Doubtless this was done in order to impress upon our Government the importance of sending troops to France; for at the time there was some doubt as to whether this step would be taken. Statements of this kind were greatly exaggerated, as was at once pointed out on their appearance. The High Commissioner of France in this country has done good service in laying before the public the real state of the case. So far from being exhausted, France has actually engaged in military operations something more than three millions of men. Besides these there are great numbers engaged in the manufacturing of munitions, estimated at about a million and a half. Owing to the great use of artillery the losses in battles are growing less and less. For the six months ended in

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December, the rate of loss was only one and twenty-eight hundredth per cent of the enlisted strength. This method of saving the lives of French soldiers is at the same time death-dealing to the enemy. Their losses have been so stupendous, that the morale of their troops has deteriorated to such an extent that they have been obliged to choose out of the main body what are called shock troops to lead the way in an attack. They are no longer able to bring forward the units as a whole. The Allies have now four millions of men on the Western Front, while the enemy has only two million five hundred thousand. The artillery of the Allies far outmatches that of the Germans, the position having been completely reversed from what it was at the beginning. So far is France from having been bled white, that of the five millions of men capable of being mobilized in France, she has suffered the loss, according to M. Tardieu's estimate, of approximately only six hundred and twelve thousand in killed, missing and prisoners. This does not include the wounded, and about these M. Tardieu is silent. If they number one million seven hundred and fifty thousand, which may be considered a fair estimate, the total loss of the French up to the beginning of this year would be approximately one million five hundred thousand, for it may be said that fifty per cent of the wounded are able to return to the front.

**Belgium.**

Heartrending oppression is still the fate of many Belgians, so that it cannot be wondered at if there are some who yield and yet others who suffer with murmuring and discontent. The late Governor flattered himself with the thought that he would ultimately be able to use the Belgian clergy for his purposes. He was doomed to disappointment, as is shown by a typical incident which has recently taken place. The vicar of one of the principal parishes in Brussels was brought before one of the military tribunals and convicted of an offence for which the prosecutor claimed the sentence of death. The court in view of the character and antecedents of the priest contented itself with the sentence of twelve years' hard labor. When he heard the sentence the abbé said: "I desire to thank my judges, first, for preserving my life, because I desire to see the return of my beloved King at the head of the army in which my brothers are serving; and, secondly, for having sentenced me to twelve years' hard labor, because if the sentence had



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been lighter it would appear as though I had not done enough for my country." A few days later he was taken to Germany to work out his sentence in company with the common German criminals.

**Russia.**

Things have gone so badly in Russia during the course of the past month that for a time all reliance upon her fulfilling the part which she had undertaken seemed to have been lost. The fear that a separate peace with Germany would be made had, it is true, been dissipated by the assurances of the Government; but these assurances were worthless when the soldiers at the front mutinied and retired before the enemy without offering in many cases any resistance. The offensive which was begun by General Korniloff on the second of July in Eastern Galicia, had resulted in the capture of Halicz and several other towns with many thousands of prisoners, bringing the recapture of Lemberg within the range of the probable, when the Russian troops at many points refused to obey the orders of their commanders and deserted in large numbers. One of the features of the Revolution which inaugurated the new era of freedom was that this new era was extended to the army. Committees were formed to choose officers and to consult with them in the conduct of the campaign. The result was that all active operations ceased for a time, and in many parts of the line fraternization began with the enemy. He was by this means able to propagate the idea of a separate peace through the ranks of the soldiers. The visits of M. Gutchkoff and of his successor as Minister of War, M. Kerensky, were for the purpose of restoring the necessary discipline. It seemed as if all danger from this cause had been removed, especially when the latter put himself at the head of the attacking forces. But a turn for the worse came. Large numbers in the armies refused obedience and retired before a numerically inferior enemy. A rapid succession of losses ensued—Tarnopol, Czernowitz, and finally the whole of Galicia. Vast quantities of stores and munitions were abandoned, thousands of prisoners taken and the way to Odessa was in danger of being opened, putting in peril the vast quantities of grain stored in that city as well as the crops of Bessarabia and of the most fertile provinces of Russia.

Thereupon it became clear that it was necessary to put an end to a liberty which had degenerated into license. The new Government which had been formed after the resignation of Prince Lvoff

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was proclaimed to be a Government of National Safety, with unlimited powers both at home and at the front, for reëstablishing the organization and discipline of the army and for a fight to the finish against the enemies of public order. M. Kerensky, its head, announced that since argument and reason had failed so far as the army was concerned, Russia must be saved by blood and iron. To traitors no mercy would be shown. This was no mere threat. A whole division of one army was blown to pieces by its own artillery. The commander of the crack regiment who was leader in the revolt was court-martialed. Following closely upon drastic measures of this kind the Russian retreat has slowed down; while on the Rumanian front some slight gains have been made by the Russo-Rumanian army. Strong resistance is being offered once more to the Teutonic advance, but it is too soon to tell how great will be its success. It is not thought, however, that the Germans have enough men to make any great advance into Russian territory, and if they had, such an attempt would not be regarded with any great degree of anxiety. Nor would anything be better calculated to bring about the unity of the Russian people, a thing which defeated in 1812 a far greater master in the art of war than Germany has yet produced.

The internal situation of Russia a few weeks ago may be described in the words of M. Kerensky: "The country has been brought to the brink of a precipice by treason; mortal danger threatens liberty and the conquest of the revolution." The chief weakening influence was the dissension promoted by anarchists who go by the name of Maximalists. These were led by an orator called Lenin, who advocated an immediate separate peace and the confiscation of private property. Some regiments of the army seconded these ideas, and riots of a more sanguinary character than those which took place at the Revolution, took place at Petrograd. Thereupon, but not it would seem for this reason, the moderate members of the Provisional Government with the Premier, Prince Lvoff, at their head gave in their resignations or, as it has been said, deserted their posts. A new Government was then formed, all the members of which were Socialists, with M. Kerensky as Prime Minister. He frankly announced a blood and iron policy for the repression of disorder whether at home or in the armies. The Council of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Committee, a body which had had more power than the Government, and had thereby been one of the chief causes of the misfortunes that had

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taken place, called for strict obedience to its commands under the penalty of being treated as traitors, to whom no mercy was to be shown. The look of things, however, became so dark that even M. Kerensky resigned, and only consented to resume office on the condition that he should be given unlimited powers. A new Cabinet was then constructed, the fourth since the Revolution. In this, representatives of the Cadets as the more moderate party are numbered, M. Kerensky is supreme, and the hopes of saving Russia are centred upon him. Many arrests have been made, and the inopportune reforms which were being demanded have been adjourned for the time when the country shall have been saved from the common foe. It has begun to dawn upon the Russian mind that there is no use in making reforms if the Germans are to become their over-lords.

The influence of the Russian Revolution has so far been detrimental not merely to their own internal affairs, but to the whole of the European situation. The declared policy of "no annexation and no indemnities" has not indeed divided the Allies, but has introduced dissension among the workingmen in the Allied countries. The invitation to the Conference at Stockholm sent forth by the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Committees, has also been the occasion of dissension. This invitation has been accepted by sections of the French and Italian Socialists and by the British labor unions. The action of the last-named body has led to the resignation of a member of the British War Cabinet. His colleagues were opposed to having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the enemy for the purpose of discussing terms of peace; it was not, they held, a subject to be treated by unauthorized bodies, and fell exclusively within the province of the Government.

The army troubles and those which spring from foreign relations, form a very small part of the problems with which the Russian Government has to deal. The peasants, who form something like eighty per cent of the population, have but one supreme and all-absorbing desire, and that is the distribution of the land, and as a means to this the stripping of its present owners of their possessions. In many cases they have already taken the law into their own hands. The artisans of the towns are clamoring for a large increase of wages and at the same time demanding a diminution of the hours of labor. No small number of the workingmen hate the capitalists of their own nationality more than they hate the German soldiers with whom they are at war, and are seriously

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aiming at a union between the proletariat of all nations in opposition to the classes that possess property. The Finns are making claims which amount to virtual independence, and a question somewhat similar has arisen in the districts which go by the name of the Ukraine. The Polish question has been settled—so far as it is in the power of the Provisional Government to settle anything—by a full concession of the rights for which the Poles have so long contended. Similar concessions have been made to the Jews. Here and there sporadic efforts have been made to revive the ancient ways which preceded the domination of the Romanoffs—when Russia was a loosely-knit federation of a large number of small states. These efforts have not, however, been successful. When it is remembered that immense numbers of hostile spies and provokers of disturbance, are scattered throughout the Empire, and that paper money is the sole alternative to bankruptcy, it will be seen how stupendous is the task which it has fallen to the lot of Russian statesmen to solve. Great, however, as is the task, confidence is felt that it will be accomplished, and that Russia will be made into a stable, well-organized and prosperous Republic. This is the opinion to which the members of the American Commission have given expression, based on the observations which they have made during their recent visit. They may, of course, be mistaken, but their opinion is not lightly to be disregarded.

A noteworthy feature of the Revolution is the secondary part which was taken by the Duma. Since 1905 the battle for liberty has raged round this body; the fight was for and against the extension of its powers. Yet when the time came for action as a body it hesitated, and took only a subordinate part in the events by which the result was achieved. The first act of the All-Russian Congress of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates was to pass an almost unanimous vote for the abolition of the legislative body on the possibility that it might become a centre of reaction and counter-revolution. The Council of the Empire shared the same fate. The members of the Duma did not submit in silence. They passed a resolution that as it had contributed to the Revolution it had received an implied vote of confidence from the people, and that, consequently, it was a revolutionary institution. The patriotic duty, therefore, was still imposed upon it of raising its voice to save the fatherland from the dangers which threaten it, and to guide it into the right path. Another of many Congresses to which the Revolution has given birth, that of the Cossacks, one of the

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most powerful of the Russian peoples, endorsed this resolution of the Duma, and exhorted it not to cease fulfilling its function as a mouthpiece of the people. The all-powerful Workmen's and Soldiers' Council seems to have paid no heed to these representations. The Council of the Peasants joined forces with them. All the subsequent changes have been made by their sole authority, all alike have now been superseded by the grant of unlimited powers to M. Kerensky, who is at present invested with virtually dictatorial powers.

**Greece.**

Shortly after the departure of the ex-King, Constantine, M. Zaionis, the last of the many Prime Ministers who had held office under him, resigned. M. Venezelos, who had been head of the Provisional Government established at Saloniki, took up the vacated post. The first step taken by him after assembling the Parliament, arbitrarily dissolved by Constantine, was to propose the calling of a Constituent Assembly to revise the Constitution, so that it would become legally as well as morally impossible for the Sovereign ever again at his own will and pleasure to dissolve the Chamber and take into his own hands the powers which of right belonged to it. The Premier then proceeded to purge the Greek services of anti-Ally officers, of whom large numbers were arrested. Those who were guilty of the crimes committed last December by the treacherous attack made on the Allied troops, are to be prosecuted. Enemy intriguers have been deported, and finally the existence of a state of war with the Central Powers has been declared. The fear of a rear attack having now at last been removed, the chief obstacle to an advance for cutting the communications between Berlin and Constantinople no longer exists. It may, however, be too late in the season for such an attempt to be made in the present year.

The protecting Powers, in deposing the late King, acted within the rights conferred on them by the Greek Constitution, which made them the guardians of the dynasty. It was for this reason that one of Constantine's sons was chosen in the place of his father. A large number, however, of the Greeks were, and still are, anxious to dispense with monarchical rule altogether, and to establish in Greece the republican form of government. They have only acquiesced in the Powers' decision on account of the difficulties involved in a change at the present time. In this they are supported by the Greeks residing in foreign countries. The efforts made by

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the late King to become an absolute ruler have resulted in reviving among a large number of the modern Greeks the spirit which characterized those of old time. The prospects of the new King depend entirely upon his walking in the steps not of his immediate predecessor, but in those of his grandfather, who scrupulously respected the limits imposed upon him by the Constitution.

**Germany.**

Ever since Bismarck was dismissed by the Kaiser for the purpose of making himself the uncontrolled and absolute ruler, Germany has had a succession of less and less noteworthy Chancellors —Caprivi, Hohenlohe, Bülow, Bethmann Hollweg, and finally Michaelis, an unknown bureaucrat pure and simple. Men of ability are unwilling to bear the military yoke to which the present *régime* subjects them. The late Chancellor had become convinced that an early peace was necessary if Germany was to escape disaster. Hence he entered into intrigues with the Socialists, and supported the plan for a Conference at Stockholm. To win Socialist support he made the promise of democratic reforms somewhat more definite than before, and to be brought into effect at once. The Junkers, the military and the capitalists began to become alarmed, or rather they renewed the contest against the Chancellor, which had been waged by von Tirpitz. In this case they have proved successful and von Bethmann Hollweg has returned to obscurity. Shortly afterwards the Cabinet was almost entirely reconstituted, and men came into office who, with two exceptions, have never been known as anything else than office holders. The first of the two exceptions is the leader of the Centre, Dr. Spahn; the second is the new Foreign Secretary, Dr. Kühlmann, who organized in England the German spy system, and who so woefully misinformed his master about the likelihood of Britain's going to war. It is said that he opposed the submarine campaign. The main subject of the new Chancellor's first speech was the peace which it is now Germany's chief concern to bring about—upon her own terms. It gave no promise of the "complete restoration, full reparation, effectual guarantees" which the Allies demand.

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# With Our Readers.

SOCIOLOGISTS when brought face to face with definite concrete problems frequently expend their energy and their information in stating how they ought to be met, while others, who make no claim to the title, are actually meeting them. The present problems created by the formation of the vast military camps, the removal of hundreds of thousands of our young men from ordinary conditions and safeguards of life into conditions abnormal and replete with moral dangers, can only be met by immediate, practical measures.

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A CLEAR example of the exaggerated value placed upon theory is seen in the July issue of *The American Journal of Sociology*, where a large number of sociologists had under consideration the problem of the present war situation. The papers are for the most part not only a pitiful index of the poverty of positive principle, the chaotic condition of thought characteristic of much modern writing, but as a rule state nothing in practical concrete terms. One contributor, the Rev. Dr. William J. Kerby, admirably suggests that in the present crisis "problems of thought may wait," yet it is with problems of thought that most of these writers engage themselves, forgetting the actual problems that face the country.

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THE discussion, as one reads it carefully, brings home the pitiful truth that it is not alone the individual writer on fundamental subjects who is hopelessly beggared of definite principles, but that the many such writers have so far affected the social body in its social thinking, that the primary principles of civilized and Christian society are either questioned or forgotten. It is safe to say that there is not one fundamental principle upon which Christian civilization has been built, that is not questioned or denied in the course of this discussion.

* * * *

MORE thoroughly than the present Great War, this warfare on truth and the principles of right living has upset the world. The existence of God is seldom seriously considered. Many of these sociologists consider the law of life and death to be matters upon which God has nothing to say. Man has no direct personal responsibility to a personal God; nor has God ever spoken in intelligible terms to man, defining for him the law and stating the measure of his obligation. Upon that personal responsibility of the individual to God is founded all the

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well-being of society. External law may by external sanctions police society—for a time—but it cannot even police it all the time. Human nature, unless subjected to a power greater than itself, will break beyond all police restrictions; and sow injustice, tyranny, hatred, quarrels and wars between nations and between the children of the same nation. The individual man must by the acceptance of a definite spiritual law, ordained by God for his right development, make himself one of that human society, all of whom are governed by the same law. Otherwise he can never be an orderly part of the orderly whole. To frame his own theories, to make his own laws out of what he thinks social necessities; to create God according to his own image is to prove himself an eccentric; an opponent of order; of justice; of well-being; of progress.

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MUCH of value may be found in the detailed information presented by many of these sociologists, but when they speak of truths that are fundamental, when they begin to give a theory of society as a whole, they, as a rule, pronounce their entire unfitness for the task.

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LET us take one example from these many papers dealing with the discussion. More than one of them state that a necessary element in the successful solution, for the welfare of the nation, of the problem presented is the preaching and practice of birth control. We might appropriately review what we said above about the necessary consideration by creatures in this creative act of the Creator. But these sociological writers evidently admit no such obligation. Leaving aside the higher truth which they will not admit, we will say that even on the ground of purely human considerations these sociologists are the enemies of the race and the enemies of the nation. Inevitably they who deny the Source of truth will deny truth itself. Having lost sight of the necessity of a foundation there is nothing on which to plumb their building. And at best it is a hopeless process thus starting from nowhere and ignorant of what is ultimately aimed at.

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"THE growth of population," says one writer, "must be so controlled that excessive pressure will never occur." This, he concludes, offers the best hope for the right solution of the problems that face us as a nation.

As a matter of fact the exact contrary is true. There is no greater enemy against our country today than the preaching of this nefarious, inhuman and sinful practice of birth control. It is defended not only by atheists but by many who call themselves ministers of the Gospel of Christ. Love of ease; unwillingness to endure sacrifice have led many

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of our American people to defend and to practise it. Economic reasons are employed as a respectable cloak for their immoral conduct, for immoral, subversive of the law of man and of God, it certainly is.

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WE think it well to reprint here the greater part of an editorial from the June issue of the *Month:* "This detestable propaganda has not ceased during the war. The hundreds of thousands of young lives that have been sacrificed, to the inevitable detriment of future generations, have not given these doctrinaires pause. They will not recognize that the need of the moment and of all time is to secure conditions for the bulk of the population in which both quality and quantity in the matter of children can be secured. Let them study the sad case of our gallant ally, France, now expiating on the blood-drenched field the crime and folly that made so many of her citizens neglect their duty of handing on the torch of life. Our contemporary the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* has from time to time done excellent service in pointing out frankly how the curse of Malthusianism has been depopulating France, and in its issues of March 15th and April 15th of this year it returns to the charge with an array of figures of terrible significance. Some of these may be quoted here to show whither the teaching of Major Leonard Darwin, Dean Inge, and other such sociologists would lead us. Since the boundaries of most European States have been constantly changed, we may restrict ourselves to a comparison of population between France and this country, where the areas have not been altered.

"In 1700, France numbered about 20 million inhabitants; the British Isles numbered from 8 to 10 millions. In 1789, France numbered about 26 millions; the British Isles numbered about 12 millions. In 1814, France numbered about 29½ millions; the British Isles numbered about 19 millions. In 1880, France numbered about 37.2 millions; the British Isles numbered about 34.8 millions. In 1913, France numbered about 39.5 millions; the British Isles numbered about 46.0 millions.

"In these last two periods the decay of Christian morality had its effect in both countries, but to a far greater extent in France, especially when we consider how the population of Ireland steadily decreased owing, not to race-suicide, but to the causes and consequences of the Famine, from over 8 millions in 1841 to less than 4½ millions in 1914.

"In 1881 France had about 10 million more inhabitants than Italy but 144,000 less births. In 1910 France was only three millions ahead of Italy and yet fell short of the latter's number of births by 370,000.

"Many indications show that the main cause of this terrible decay is voluntary sterility. The number of marriages is increasing (282,000

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in 1881; 308,000 in 1911; a greater percentage than in Germany). There is no trace of organic incapacity. Few unions prove entirely sterile, and one authority places the number of abortive births at 500,000 per annum. Voluntary sterility is proved by the fact that the 282,000 marriages in 1881 produced 937,000 births, whilst the 308,000 marriages in 1911 produced only 740,000. In 100 French families 16 have no children, 50 have one or two, 23 have three or four, 8 have five or six, and only 3 over seven! The average family is 2.7 in France, 3.7 in England, 4.2 in Germany, 4.5 in Italy, 4.7 in Russia.

"The lesson is only too clear. France cannot be saved as a nation but by a return to the principles of the Gospel, and the decline of Great Britain, and of every nation that countenances race-suicide, can only be arrested by the same means."

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THAT the attitude of the Socialist party today is incompatible with sincerity and patriotism is pointed out by Chester M. Wright, former managing editor of *The New York Call*, in explaining his resignation from the party. He characterizes it as "anti-American, anti-democratic"—"anti-social." Anti-American because: "By its attitude the Socialist party has placed itself in the position of being a friend of the German cause." Anti-democratic because the cause of labor and democracy is "a cause so bound up in the fortunes of this war that to desert the cause of America would be to desert everything that the normal heart holds dear and that the normal mind clings to." The party is anti-social and insincere for while professing friendship for progress, it has espoused the cause of reaction and "become an enemy of human freedom in the hour of freedom's greatest need." Mr. Wright says further:

"The world today is psychologized for democracy. Democracy is the household word of the world. And every shot fired on the Allied front, as it tears away the defences of autocracy, helps erect the foundations for more democracy than earth has ever known. The Socialist party ought to know enough about psychology to perceive something of what this world cry for democracy portends; it ought to know enough about evolution to see in which direction we are moving. If it does not know it only proves what some have suspected—that the movement never has been a real Socialist movement; that it never has fitted American conditions and the American people, and that sooner or later it would have to give way before some more native effort.

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THESE conclusions are interesting, coming from one who has been on the "inside" and ought to know, but for us they possess no novelty. In every crisis it is the man behind the gun—the thought behind

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the movement—that counts: to reckon truly with any system or party, we must reckon with the philosophy which directs and mobilizes it. Socialism claims no higher philosophy than materialism. To the greed of capitalism it opposes the greed of labor, nothing more. That its cause is that of the many against the few has, to some, seemed to justify it, but to those who hold that spirit is above matter, that nothing can rise above its own level it has ever seemed a futile thing, answering no problem, pointing no way: of earth earthy, doomed to die.

* * * *

LOVE is a spiritual thing, it is of God, the breath of life informing the "body of this death;" love of country, love of kind, love of race cannot thrive in the sterile soil of materialism. All love demands service and sacrifice, and sacrifice and service are bred of something higher than self-seeking, and must tend to ends beyond the things of time. The true "brotherhood of man" rests upon the "Fatherhood of God" and through God alone may be obtained. And so it is not surprising to find attention drawn to the inadequacies and inconsistencies of Socialism. True patriotism must rise above personal gain and party aim; true democracy must be grounded in justice and truth: these are spiritual values, requiring spiritual sanction—for this a materialistic philosophy makes no provision.

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IN the fight against the unwholesome literary ideals generally covered by the term "realism," Catholic writers have taken a leading part, a part which cannot be too much praised. However it may be doubted whether those who wish to sweep away the dubious "problem" novel in the interests of cleaner fiction always see clearly the danger of the opposite literary extreme—the danger of sentimentalism. It is possible to discard the devices of "realism" so thoroughly that the impression of reality itself is lost, and, in the attempt to portray unmixed virtue and unexceptionable situations, the narrative becomes simply flaccid and unconvincing.

* * * *

A SOUND novel, however light, should entertain by the fresh, wholesome presentation of recognizable realities. A make-believe universe is of no possible service. It is not a question, merely, of satisfying artistic canons, though these assuredly have their claim; it is a question of furthering or stultifying the whole campaign for decent literature. If an author aims to inspire by depicting unsullied innocence and high decision, he must give them a context familiar and credible to human beings. An unreal book, however laudable its moral tone, has no positive authority over the mind; and it may have the misfortune of actually enervating spiritual ideals by conveying the

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impression that innocence and duty and piety are, somehow, sentimental, or "goody-goody," or faintly ridiculous.

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PRECISELY the deepest criticism of realistic literature applies here also: it is not life. Realism frequently errs by stressing the sordid and painful, and producing a picture gloomily out of the perspective. The type of writing under consideration errs by abandoning altogether the serious attempt to render actuality, and appeals instead to a sentimental and weakly derivative fancy. The first may do—too frequently does—much harm. But it is hard to believe that the second accomplishes any positive good by adding to the prestige of Catholic letters or rewarding the reader for the time spent in its perusal.

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THE CHAPLAINS' AID ASSOCIATION wishes to express its thanks to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for the generous response made by them to its appeal in our August issue. The generous response has permitted us to send thousands of prayer books and devotional articles to our Catholic soldiers, both at home and abroad. The demands made upon the Association from all parts of the country have been many, showing the extreme need and urgency of the work which it has undertaken.

* * * *

THE Association has endeavored, in every case, to send what has been asked for, but the requests at times have included such numbers of prayer books, rosaries and scapular medals, as to make it impossible for it, at the present time, to meet every demand. Already the Association has fitted out ten of the priests who will serve as army chaplains with full outfit. This outfit consists of a well-made bag, containing a folded mahogany altar, sets of vestments, full sets of altar linens, missal and missal-stand; a silver chalice, candles, candle sticks, crucifix, altar cards and everything needed for the celebration of holy Mass, and the ordinary administration of the sacraments by the priest.

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THE Association has been able, by purchasing wholesale, to make up these outfits at a cost of $100.00 apiece. It has, therefore, during the past month spent over $1,000.00 in furnishing and distributing these chaplains' outfits.

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THE work of The Chaplains' Aid Association has not forgotten the needs of our Catholic soldiers who are already in France. It has sent five hundred dollars ($500.00) worth of prayer books, rosaries and religious articles to Father John J. Brady, of the Fifth Regiment Marines, now serving in France, and it has also sent a large supply of

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religious articles with Father Feinler, an army chaplain, who recently sailed for France. Later, a large consignment of religious articles went with Father Pontur who sailed about the middle of August for France, as a supplementary Catholic chaplain.

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WITH regard to our soldiers now mobilized in camps in this country, and our sailors, the Association has distributed a large number of prayer books and religious articles. Quantities of such articles have been sent to Rev. E. A. Duff, U. S. N. *Nevada;* Rev. M. G. Gleeson, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.; Rev. Eugene Burke, U. S. S. *Michigan;* Rev. I. J. Bouffard, U. S. S. *South Carolina;* Rev. E. Rosecrans, San Diego, California; Syracuse, New York; Fort Totten, New York, and many other camps and regiments.

Besides this work, the Association is sending both to France and to the camps all their currents issues of Catholic magazines, and also secular publications that are healthy and wholesome in tone.

Any information as to how and where such magazines and reading matter may be forwarded, may be obtained from the office of the Association at 580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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THE Association has also compiled at the request of The American Library Association, suitable lists of books for the camp libraries. This Association has promised to coöperate with us, and thereby extend the reading of the books that we recommend, not only through the Catholic recreation halls, but also through the other recreation halls that will be built on camp sites.

The Chaplains' Aid Association has extended its activity through local chapters, and also through other societies who have taken up the work, retaining their full autonomy, but all working in coöperation with one another.

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THE office at New York provides a central purchasing office, and this insures a great saving in procuring the necessary goods. The Association finds that there is a wide-spread demand for a pocket edition of the New Testament on the part of Catholic soldiers and sailors, and it is anxious to receive contributions that it may be able to provide, free, a Testament to all of our Catholic soldiers and sailors. This will be an enormous task, of course, but the Association intends to undertake it, and will be most grateful for any contributions sent for the purpose.

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ON August 11th and 12th there was held at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., a conference called by the authority of their Eminences James, Cardinal Gibbons, John, Cardinal Farley and Wil-

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liam, Cardinal O'Connell, which included representatives from fifty-eight dioceses throughout the country; representatives of all the leading Catholic societies of the country, both men and women and representatives of the Catholic press. The conference met to consider the problems which the War has obliged American Catholics to face; to decide how in the work common to all, unity of action and aim: the full coördination of all our societies might be secured. The conference unanimously agreed upon a national organization which, through the Ordinaries in every diocese and through a national executive board, composed of a representative from each archdiocese appointed by the Archbishop of that diocese, should, during the war, study to coöperate and coördinate the work of every Catholic society. This was the unanimous decision of all the representatives and the societies present, and it is hoped that the vast, generous agencies of Catholic activity will thus be made more efficient, saved from loss of effort and money caused by overlapping, and enabled to work together under the hierarchy with a common purpose for a common end.

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DOGMATIC truth, it is frequently stated, has grown unfashionable. Arnold Bennett, the well-known novelist, recently in criticizing G. K. Chesterton said: "In my opinion, at this time of day, it is absolutely impossible for a young man with a first-class intellectual apparatus to accept any form of dogma, and I am therefore forced to the conclusion that Mr. Chesterton has not got a first-class intellectual apparatus."

One phrase in Bennett's criticism interested Chesterton very much. It was not merely the idea that "dogmas" are incompatible with first-class intellect, but that "the dogmas are considered untenable *at this time of day.*" He goes on to say:

"Mr. Bennett probably did not even notice that he was using a metaphor, still less that the metaphor exposes and explodes his whole philosophy. He would think it very absurd to say he could believe in Reincarnation at 12.30 A. M., but not at 3.30 P.M. He would think it ridiculous to say after lunch that Mahomet was the true prophet, and then to say after tea, 'One cannot believe in Mahomet at this time of day.' Yet it is every bit as irrational to deal thus with mere centuries as to deal thus with mere hours. My apparatus, not to mention his own apparatus, is at any rate a more subtle, lively and flexible apparatus than a clock. He does not worship an eight-day clock (if I may so far intrude upon his private habits), and I will not worship an eight-century clock either."

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CENTURY CO., New York:
*Inside the British Isles, 1917.* By Arthur Gleason. $2.00 net. *In the World.* By Maxim Gorky. $2.00 net. *The Inner Door.* By A. Sullivan. $1.35 net.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., New York:
*The Sport of Kings.* By A. S. Roche. $1.40 net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*Italy: Mediæval and Modern.* By E. M. Jamison, C. M. Ady, K. D. Vernon and C. S. Terry.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:
*A Young Lion of Flanders.* By J. van A. Kueller. $1.50 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
*A Catholic Soldier's Diary.* Pamphlet. 5 cents.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
*The Sorry Tale.* By Patience Worth. $1.90 net.

DUFFIELD & CO., New York:
*The New Carthage.* By G. Eekhoud. $1.50 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
*The Method in the Madness.* By C. Bevan.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., New York:
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The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

| | |
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| *Black tea (hot)—1 cupful (5 fl. oz.)* | *1.54* |
| *Green tea (cold)—1 glassful (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)* | *2.02* |
| *Coca-Cola (fountain)—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)* | *1.21* |
| *Coca-Cola (bottlers)—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)* | *1.12* |

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